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M. O. F.
ex dono
Geo. G. Löwe

1829

SHAKSPEARE.

AS YOU LIKE IT.
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

TAMING THE SHREW.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
TWELFTH NIGHT ; OR,
WHAT YOU WILL.

VOL. II.

Instituted 1770.

P. L. A. Y. S.

D. F.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

L. P.

SIX VOLUMES.



"WE THAT WERE TORN MEET AGAIN."

NEW-YORK
Harper & Brothers.

Harper's Fine Edition—Numerous Steel Engravings.

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
WITH
THE CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
DR. JOHNSON, G. STEEVENS, AND OTHERS.
REVISED BY
ISAAC REED, ESQ.

Time, which is continually washing away the dissolute fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by
the adamant of Shakespeare.—*Dr. Johnson's Preface.*

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, CLIFF-STREET.

1846.

KD42670



AS YOU LIKE IT.

OBSERVATIONS.

As you like it,] Was certainly borrowed, if we believe Dr. Grey and Mr. Upton, from the Coke's *Tale of Gamelyn*; which by the way was not printed till a century afterward; when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of MSS. contented himself solely with Lodge's *Rosalyn*, or Euphues' *Golden Legacie*, 4to. 1590.

FARMER.

Shakespeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription.

It should be observed, that the characters of *Jaques*, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of the poet's own formation.

Although I have never met with any edition of this comedy before the year 1623, it is evident, that such a publication was at least designed. At the beginning of the second volume of the entries at Stationers' Hall, are placed two leaves of irregular prohibitions, notes, &c. Among these are the following:

Aug. 4.

“*As you like it*, a book.
“*Henry the Fist*, a book.
“*The Comedy of Much Ado*, a book. } to be staid.”

The dates scattered over these plays are from 1596 to 1615.

STEEVENS.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1600. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays*.

MALONE.

VOL. II.

1*

THE YOUNG TALE
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke, living in exile.
FREDERICK, brother to the duke, and usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, } lords attending upon the duke in his banishment.
JAQUES, }
LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
CHARLES, his wrestler.
OLIVER, } sons of sir Rowland de Bois.
JAQUES, }
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, } servants to Oliver.
DENNIS, }
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT, a vicar.
CORIN, } shepherds.
SILVIUS, }
WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.
ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.
CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a shepherdess.
AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's house; afterwards, partly in the usurper's court, and partly in the forest of Arden.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard near OLIVER's House. Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

Orlando.

AS I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home: or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orla. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orla. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain:¹ I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this ~~other~~ had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent?

[1] The word *villain* is used by the elder brother, in its present meaning for a *worthless, wicked, or bloody man*; by Orlando in its original signification, for a *fellow of base extraction*. JOHNSON.

Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in.—[*Exit DENNIS.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good-morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young

gentlemen flock to him every day ; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke ?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir ; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall : To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit ; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender ; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in : therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal ; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into ; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it ; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France ; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother ; therefore use thy discretion ; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger : And thou wert best look to't ; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other : for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him ; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you : If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment : If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more : And so, God keep your worship ! [Exit.]

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester : I hope, I shall see an end of him ; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet

[2] *Gamester*, in the present instance, and some others, does not signify a man viciously addicted to games of chance, but a frolicsome person. JOHNSON

he's gentle ; never school'd, and yet learned ; full of noble device ; of all sorts enchantingly beloved ; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprized : but it shall not be so long ; this wrestler shall clear all : nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Lawn before the Duke's Palace. Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of ; and would you yet I were merrier ? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee : if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love, to take thy father for mine ; so wouldest thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have ; and, truly, when he dies, thou sha: be his heir : for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection ; by mine honour, I will ; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster : therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports : let me see ; What think you of falling in love ?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal : but love no man in good earnest ; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then ?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.⁸

[8] The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *housewife*. Shakespeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncertainty and vicissitude, with the destiny that spins the shread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. JOHNSON

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of his wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st ?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him.
Enough ! speak no more of him ; you'll be whip'd for taxation, one of these days.⁴

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true : for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show.⁵ Here comes monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better ; we shall be the more marketable.

—*Bon jour*, monsieur Le Beau : What's the news ?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport ? Of what colour ?

Le Beau. What colour, madam ? How shall I answer you ?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said ; that was laid on with a trowel.⁶

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies :⁷ I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end ; for the best is yet to do ; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

[4] Taxation is censure, or satire. So again in this play :

" My taxing, like a wild-goose flies—" STEEVENS.

[5] Shakespeare probably alludes to the use of *fools* or *jesters*, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated. JOHNSON.

[6] To lay on with a trowel, is, to do any thing strongly, and without delicacy. If a man flatters grossly, it is a common expression to say, that he *lays it on with a trowel*. M. MASON.

[7] To amaze, here, is not to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex ; to confuse, so as to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNEON.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men of excellent growth and presence ;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents,*—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler ; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so he served the second, and so the third : Yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas !

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost ?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day ! It is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides ? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking ?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin ?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here : for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming : Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lordy, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on ; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man ?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young : yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin ? are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

Ros. Ay, my liege ; so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men : In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated : Speak to him, ladies ; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so ; I'll not be by. [Duke goes apart.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orla. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler ?

Orla. No, fair princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years : You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength : if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprize. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir ; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised : we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts ; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial : wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed, that was never gracious ; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so : I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you !

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

Orla. Ready, sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace ; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after ; you should not have mocked me before : but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man !

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg ! [CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.]

Ros. O excellent young man !

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES is thrown. Shout.]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orla. Yes, I beseech your grace ; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles ?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away.— [CHARLES is borne out.]

What is thy name young man ?

Orla. Orlando, my liege ; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else. The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy : Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed, Hadst thou descended from another house. But fare thee well ; thou art a gallant youth ; I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exe. Duke FRED. Train, and LE BEAU.]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this ?

Orla. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son, His youngest son ;—and would not change that calling, To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind : Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin, Let us go thank him, and encourage him : My father's rough and envious disposition Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd : If you do keep your promises in love, But justly, as you have exceeded promise, Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman, [Giving him a chain from her neck.] Wear this for me ; one out of suits with fortune ; That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.— Shall we go, coz ?

Cel. Ay :—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up, Is but a quintain,⁸ a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes: I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?— Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue? I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

[8] A *quintain* was a *post* or *butt*, set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. The allusion is beautiful. *I am*, says Orlando, *only a quintain, a lifeless block on which love only exercises his arms in jest*; the great disparity of condition between Rosalind and me, not suffering me to hope that love will ever make a serious matter of it. The famous satirist Regnier, who lived about the time of our author, uses the same metaphor, on the same subject, though the thought be different:

"Et qui depuis dix ans jusqu'en ses derniers jours,
"A soutenu le prix en l'escrime d'amours;
"Lasse en fin de servir au peuple de quintaine,
"Elle," &c. WARBURTON.

This is but an imperfect (to call it no worse) explanation of a beautiful passage. The *quintain* was not the object of the darts and arms; it was a stake driven into a field, upon which were hung a shield and other trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode, with a lance. When the shield and the trophies were all thrown down, the quintain remained. Without this information, how could the reader understand the allusion of

My better parts GUTHRIE.

Shakespeare has most probably alluded to that sort of quintain which resembled the human figure; and if this be the case, the speech of Orlando may be thus explained: *I am unable to thank you; for, surprised and subdued by love, my intellectual powers, which are my better parts, fail me; and I resemble the quintain, whose human or active part being thrown down, there remains nothing but the lifeless trunk or block which once upheld it.* Or if better parts do not refer to the quintain, "that which here stands up" means the *human part* of the quintain, which may be also not unaptly called a lifeless block.

As a military sport or exercise, the use of the quintain is very ancient, and may be traced even among the Romans. It is mentioned in Justinian's *Code*, Lib. III. tit. 43; and its most probable etymology is from *Quintus*, the name of its inventor. In the days of chivalry it was the substitute or rehearsal of tilts and tournaments, and was at length adopted, though in a ruder way, by the common people, becoming amongst them a very favourite amusement. In Wales it is still practised at weddings, and at the village of Offham, near Town Malling in Kent, there is now standing a quintain, opposite the dwelling-house of a family that is obliged under some tenure to support it; but I do not find that any use has been ever made of it within the recollection of the inhabitants. DOUCE.

For a more particular description of a *quintain*, see a note on a passage in Jonson's *Underwoods*, Whalley's edit. Vol. VII. p. 55. M. MASON.

A humorous description of this amusement may also be read in Laneham's Letter from "Killingworth Castle." HENLEY.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place : Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love ;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous ; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orla. I thank you, sir : and, pray you, tell me this ;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling ?

Le B. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners ,
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece ;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well ;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orla. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well !

[Exit LE BEAU.]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother :—
But heavenly Rosalind !

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace. Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin ; why, Rosalind ;—Cupid have mercy !—Not a word ?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
upon curs, throw some of them at me ; come, lame me
with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up ; when the
one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad
without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father ?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father :⁹ O, how full of briers is this working-day world !

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery ; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat ; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try ; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you ! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest : Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son ?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly ? By this kind of chace, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly ;¹ yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not ? doth he not deserve well ?

Ros. Let me love him for that ; and do you love him, because I do :—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle ?

Duke F. You, cousin : Within these ten days if thou be'st found So near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace, Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me : If with myself I hold intelligence, Or have acquaintance with mine own desires ;

[9] i. e. for him whom I hope to marry, and have children by. THEOBALD.

[1] That is, by this way of following the argument. *Dear* is used by Shakespeare in a double sense for *beloved*, and for *hurtful, hated, baleful*. Both senses are authorised, and both drawn from etymology ; but properly, *beloved*, is *dear*, and *hateful* is *dere*. Rosalind uses *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad sense. JOHNSON.

If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors ;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself :—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor :
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his dukedom ;
So was I, when your highness banish'd him :
Treason is not inherited, my lord ;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay ;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse ;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her : if she be a traitor,
Why so am I ; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee ; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone : then open not thy lips ;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have past upon her ; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege ;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool :—You, niece, provide yourself
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke FREDERICK and Lords*

[2] When she was seen alone, she would be more noted.

JOHNSON.

Cel. O my poor Rosalind ! whither wilt thou go ?
Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin ;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful : know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No ? hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teaches thee that thou and I am one :

Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ?
No ; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us :
And do not seek to take your change upon you,³
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out ;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my uncle.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far ?
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face ;⁴
The like do you ; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man ?
A gallant curtle-ax⁵ upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand ; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside ;
As many other manly cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man ?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd ?

[3] i. e. to take your *change* or *reverse of fortune* on yourself, without any aid or participation. MALONE.

[4] *Umbre*—a dusky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy.

MALONE.

[5] *Curtle-ax*—or *cutlasse*, a broad sword. JOHNSON.

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state ;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court ?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;
Leave me alone to woo him : Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together ;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight : Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.* Enter Duke senior,
AMIENS, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.

Duke S.

NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference ; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery : these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;⁶
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it : Happy is your grace,

[6] It was the current opinion in Shakespeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This stone has been often sought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the skull. JOHNSON.

In a book called *A Green Forest, or a Natural History*, &c. by J. Maplett, 1667, is the following account of this imaginary gem : " In this stone is apparently scene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with despotted and coloured feete, but those uglye and defusedy. It is available against envenoming." STEEVENS.

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune

Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :⁷
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,⁸
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques ?

Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream ;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much : Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;
'Tis right, quoth he ; thus misery doth part
The flux of company : Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him ; *Ay, quoth Jaques,*

[7] "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 And pour upon the brook that bubbles by." Gray's *Elegy*. STEEV.

[8] It is said in one of the marginal notes to a similar passage in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, that "the harte weepeth at his dying : his tears are held to be precious in medicine." STEEVENS.

*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
 'Tis just the fashion : Wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life : swearing, that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
 In their assign'd and native dwelling place.*

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation ?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place ;
 I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
 For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A Room in the Palace. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords,
 and Attendants.*

Duke F. Can it be possible, that no man saw them ?
 It cannot be : some villains of my court
 Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
 The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
 Saw her a-bed ; and, in the morning early,
 They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
 Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
 Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
 Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard
 Your daughter and her cousin much commend
 The parts and graces of the wrestler
 That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;
 And she believes, wherever they are gone,
 That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother ; fetch that gallant hither ;
 If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
 I'll make him find him : do this suddenly ;
 And let not search and inquisition qual⁹
 To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*]

[9] To qual is to faint, to sink into dejection. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

Before OLIVER's House. Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orla. Who's there ?

Adam. What ! my young master ?—O, my gentle master, O, my sweet master, O you memory Of old sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ? Why are you virtuous ? Why do people love you ? And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ? Why would you be so fond to overcome The bony priser of the humorous duke ? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you. Know you not, master, to some kind of men Their graces serve them but as enemies ? No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master, Are sanctified and holy traitors to you. O, what a world is this, when what is comely Envenoms him that bears it ?

Orla. Why, what's the matter ?

Adam. O unhappy youth, Come not within these doors ; within this roof The enemy of all your graces lives : Your brother—(no, no brother ; yet the son— Yet not the son ;—I will not call him son— Of him I was about to call his father,)— Hath heard your praises ; and this night he means To burn the lodging where you use to lie, And you within it : if he fail of that, He will have other means to cut you off : I overheard him and his practices. This is no place,¹ this house is but a butchery ; Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go ?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food ? Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce A thievish living on the common road ? This I must do, or know not what to do : Yet this I will not do, do how I can ; I rather will subject me to the malice

(1) *Place* here signifies a *seat*, a *mansion*, a *residence*. So, in the first Book of *Samuel*: "Saul set him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal." We still use the word in compound with another, as St. James's *place*, &c. STEEVENS.

Plas in the Welsh language, signifies a mansion-house. MALONE.

Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.*

Adam. But do not so : I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown ;
Take that : and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providentially caters for the sparrow;³
Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;
All this I give you : Let me be your servant ;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty :
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orla. O good old man ; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion ;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having : it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry :
But come thy ways, we'll go along together ;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on ; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
But at fourscore it is too late a week :
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[Exe.]

[2] Blood turned out of the course of nature. JOHNS.—To *divert* a water-course, that is, to change its course, was a common legal phrase, and an object of litigation in Westminster Hall, in our author's time, as it is at present. REED

[3] See *Saint Luke*, xii. 6, and 24. DOUCÉ.

SCENE IV.

The forest of Arden. Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA drest like a shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter ! how weary are my spirits !

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman : but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat : therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, hear with me ; I cannot go no farther.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you : yet I should bear no cross,^[4] if I did bear you ; for, I think, you have no money in your purse,

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now I am in Arden : the more fool I ; when I was at home, I was in a better place ; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be it so, good Touchstone :—Look you, who comes here ; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her !

Cor. I partly guess ; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess ;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy.

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily ;
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd :
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in my mistress' praise
Thou hast not lov'd :
Or if thou hast not broke from company

[4] A cross was a piece of money stamped with a cross. On this our author is perpetually quibbling. STEEVENS

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd :—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe !

[Exit SILVIUS.]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine : I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile : and I remember the kissing of her batlet,⁵ and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd : and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her ; from whom I took two cods,⁶ and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers ; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove ! Jove ! this shepherd's passion Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine ; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man, If he for gold will give us any food ; I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla ; you, clown !

Ros. Peace, fool ; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls ?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say :— Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold, Can in this desert place buy entertainment,

[5] *Batlet*, the instrument with which washers beat coarse clothes. JOHNS.

[6] For *cods* it would be more like sense to read *peas*, which having the shape of pearls, resembled the common presents of lovers. JOHNSON.

In a schedule of jewels in the 15th Vol. of Rymer's *Fædera*, we find, " Item, two peascodes of gold with 17 pearlyes." FARMER.

The *peascod* certainly means the whole of the pea as it hangs upon the stalk. It was formerly used as an ornament in dress, and was represented with the shell open exhibiting the peas. The passage cited from Rymer, by Dr. Farmer, shows that the peas were sometimes made of pearls, and rather overturns Dr. Johnson's conjecture, who probably imagined that Touchstone took the *cods* from the *peascodes*, and not from his mistress. DOUCE.

[7] A ridiculous expression from a sonnet in Lodge's *Rosalyn*, the novel on which this comedy is founded. STEEVENS.

Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed :
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her :
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze ;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality :
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture ?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but ere while,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages : I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold :
Go with me ; If you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The same. Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza; Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too ~~despitable~~ for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come

SONG

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.
And loves to live i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass.

*Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,*
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:

*Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to Ami.*

Ami. What's that *ducдame*?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.—I'll go sleep if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first born of Egypt.⁸

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke ; his banquet is prepar'd

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI.

The same. Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further : O, I die for food ! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orla. Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little : If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable ; hold death awhile at the arm's end : I will here be with thee presently ; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die : but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said ! thou look'st cheerily : and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air : Come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The same. A table set out. Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast ; For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence ; Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,

[8] A proverbial expression for high-born persons.

JOHNSON.

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres :—
Go, seek him ; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.
Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company ?
What ! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool !—I met a fool i' th' forest,
A motley fool ;—a miserable world !—
As I do live by food, I met a fool ;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I : *No, sir,* quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune :
And then he drew a dial from his poke ;
And looking on it with a lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock :*
Thus may we see, quoth he, *how the world wags :*
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine ;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !
A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this ?
Jaq. O worthy fool !—One that hath been a courtier
And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms :—O, that I were a fool !
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.
Jaq. It is my only suit ;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have :
 And they that are most galled with my folly,
 They most must laugh : And why, sir, must they so ?
 The *why* is plain as way to parish church :
 He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob : if not,
 'The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
 Even by the squandering glances of the fool.'^[9]
 Invest me in my motley ; give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fye on thee ! I can tell what thou wouldest do

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good ?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin :
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself ;
 And all th' embossed sores, and headed evils,
 That thou with license of free foot has caught,
 Wouldest thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
 That can therein tax any private party ?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 Till that the very very means do ebb ?
 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say, The city-woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders ?
 Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour ?
 Or what is he of basest function,
 That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
 (Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
 His folly to the mettle of my speech ?
 There then ; How, What then ? Let me see wherein
 My tongue hath wrong'd him : if it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himself ; if he be free,
 Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
 Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here ?

[9] Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power, and the wise man will have his folly *anatomized*, that is, *dissected* and *laid open* by the *squandering glances* or *random shots* of a fool. JOHNSON

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress ;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty ?

Orla. You touch'd my vein at first ; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility : yet am I inland bred,^[1]
And know some nurture :^[2] But forbear, I say ;
He dies, tha' touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.

Duke S. What would you have ? Your gentleness shall
force

More than your force moves us to gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orla. Speak you so gently ? Pardon me, I pray you
I thought, that all things had been savage here ;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment : But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;
If ever you have look'd on better days ;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church ;
If ever sat at any good man's feast ;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied ;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days ;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church ;
And sat at good men's feasts ; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :

[1] *Inland* here, and elsewhere in this play, is the opposite to *outland*, or *splend*. Orlando means to say, that he had not been *bred among clowns*. HOLT WHITE.

[2] *Nurture* is *education*. STEEVENS.

St. Paul advises the Ephesians, in his Epistle, ch. vi. 4, to bring their children up “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” HARRIS.

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orla. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love ; till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orla. I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good comfort ! [Exit.]

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy :
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits, and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school : And then, the lover ;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow : Then, a soldier ;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,³
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,⁴
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the justice ;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts

[3] Beards of different cut were appropriated in our author's time to different characters and professions. The soldier had one fashion, the judge another, the bishop different from both, &c. MALONE.

[4] Lest it should be supposed that these epithets are synonymous, it is necessary to be observed that one of the ancient senses of sudden, is violent. STEEVENS.

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes,
 And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome : Set down your venerable burden,
 And let him feed.

[5] There is a greater beauty than appears at first sight in this image. He is here comparing human life to a *stage play* of seven acts, (which is no unusual division before our author's time.) The sixth he calls the *lean and slipper'd pantaloon*, alluding to that general character in the Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalone*; who is a thin emaciated old man in *slippers*; and well designed, in that epithet, because *Pantalone* is the only character that acts in *slippers*.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton boldly asserts that this was "no unusual division of a play before our author's time." One of Chapman's plays (*Two wise Men and all the rest Fools*) is indeed in seven acts. This, however, is the only dramatic piece that I have found so divided. But surely it is not necessary to suppose that our author alluded here to any such precise division of the drama. His comparisons seldom run on four feet. It was sufficient for him that a play was distributed into several acts, and that human life, long before his time, had been divided into seven periods. In *The Treasury of the ancient and modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is said to have divided the lifetime of man into seven ages; over each of which one of the seven planets was supposed to rule. "The first age is called *Infancy*, containing the space of four years.—The second age continueth ten years, until he attaine to the yeares of fourteene: this age is called *Child-hood*.—The third age consisteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients *Adolescencie or Youth-hood*; and it lasteth from fourteene, till two and twenty yeares be fully compleate.—The fourth age paceth on, till a man have accomplished two and fortie yeares, and is termed *Young Manhood*.—The fifth age, named *Mature Manhood*, hath (according to the said authour) fifteeene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progress so far as six and fifty yeares.—Afterwards, in adding twelve yeares to fifty-sixe, you shall make up sixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the sixth age, and is called *Old Age*.—The seventh and last of these seven ages is limited from sixty-eight yeares, so far as four-score and eight, being called *weak, declining, and Decrepit Age*.—If any man chance to goe beyond this age, (which is more admired than noted in many,) you shall evidently perceive that he will returne to his first condition of *Infancy againe*."—Hippocrates likewise divided the life of man into seven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each period. See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, folio, 1686, p. 173. MALONE.

I have seen, more than once, an old print, entitled, *The Stage of Man's Life*, divided into seven ages. As emblematical representations of this sort were formerly stuck up, both for ornament and instruction, in the generality of houses, it is more probable that Shakespeare took his hint from thence, than from Hippocrates or Proclus. HENLEY.

One of the representations to which Mr. Henley alludes, was formerly in my possession; and considering the use it is of in explaining the passage before us, "I could have better spared a better print." I well remember that it exhibited the school-boy *with his satchel hanging over his shoulder*.

STEEVENS.

Orla. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need;

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes:
—Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS sings.

SONG.

1
Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh, Ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

2
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.

Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you are the good sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness

[6] The surface of *waters*, so long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane: whereas, when they are, this surface deviates from its exact flatness, or *warps*. This is remarkable in small ponds, the surface of which, when frozen, forms a regular concave; the ice on the sides rising higher than that in the middle.

KENRICK.

To *warp* was, probably, in Shakespeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no distant allusion to any thing else, physical or mechanical. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change*: when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now say it is *turned*: when water is *changed* or *turned* by frost, Shakespeare says, it is *curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural state. JOHNS.—The meaning is this: Though the very waters, by thy agency, are forced, against the law of their nature, to *bend* from their stated level, yet thy sting occasions less anguish to man, than the ingratitude of those he befriended. HENLEY.

Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
 Be truly welcome hither : I am the duke,
 That lov'd your father : The residue of your fortune,
 Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome, as thy master is :
 Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt]

—
ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*A Room in the Palace. Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F.

Not see him since ? Sir, sir, that cannot be :
 But were I not the better part made mercy,
 I should not seek an absent argument⁷
 Of my revenge, thou present : But look to it ;
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;
 Seek him with candle ; bring him dead or living,
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.
 Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands ;
 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
 Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this !
 I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out
 doors ;
 And let my officers of such a nature
 Make an extent upon his house and lands :⁸
 Do this expediently,⁹ and turn him going. [Exeunt.]

[7] An argument is the contents of a book, whence Shakespeare considered it as meaning the subject, and then used it for subject in yet another sense. JOHNSON.

[8] Alluding, probably, to St. Luke's Gospel, ch. xv. 8. STEEVENS.

[9] "To make an extent of lands," is a legal phrase, from the words of a writ (*extendit facias*) whereby the sheriff is directed to cause certain lands to be appraised to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the person entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how soon the debt will be paid. MALONE.

[11] i. e. Expediently. JOHNS.—*Expedient*, throughout our author's plays, signifies expeditions. STEEVENS

SCENE II.—*The Forest. Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.*

Orla. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love :
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,² survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.

O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando ; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

[Exit.]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone ?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well ; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends :—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn : That good pasture makes fat sheep ; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun : That he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.³ Wast ever in court, shepherd ?

[2] Alluding to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorial lines :

*Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis.* JOHNSON.

[3] The shepherd had said all the philosophy he knew was the property of things, that *rain wetted*, *fire burnt*, &c. And the Clown's reply, in a satire on physics or natural philosophy, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely just. For the natural philosopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithstanding all his parade of knowledge) of the *efficient* cause of things, as the rustic. It appears, from a thousand instances, that our poet was well acquainted with the physics of his time ; and his great penetration enabled him to see this remediless defect of it.

WARBURTON.

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd ; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court ? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners ; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked : and wickedness is sin and sin is damnation : Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone : those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands ; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly ; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes ; and their fell's you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtiers' hands sweat ? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man ? Shallow, shallow : A better instance, I say ; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again : A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep ; And would you have us kiss tar ? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man ! Thou worms-meat, in re-

Shakespeare is responsible for the quibble only, let the commentator answer for the refinement. STEEVENS.

The Clown calls Corin a *natural philosopher*, because he reasons from his observations on nature. M. MASON.

[4] There is a proverb, that *a fool is the best roaster of an egg, because he is always turning it.* This will explain how an egg may be damn'd all on one side ; but will not sufficiently show how Touchstone applies his simile with propriety. STEEVENS.

I believe there was nothing intended in the corresponding part of the simile, to answer to the words, " all on one side." Shakespeare's similes (as has been already observed) hardly ever run on four feet. Touchstone, I apprehend, only meant to say, that Corin is completely damned ; as irretrievably destroyed as an egg that is utterly spoiled in the roasting, by being done all on one side only. So, in a subsequent scene, " and both in a tune like two gypsies on a horse." Here the poet certainly meant that the speaker and his companion should sing in unison, and thus resemble each other as perfectly as two gypsies on a horse ; not that two gypsies on a horse sing both in a tune. MALONE.

spect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed!—Learn of the wise and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.⁵

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether;⁶ and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,

No jewel is like Rosalind.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,

Through all the world bears Rosalind.

All the pictures, fairest lin'd,⁷

Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no face be kept in mind,

But the face of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.⁸

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a heart do lack a hind,

Let him seek out Rosalind.

[5] Raw, i. e. ignorant, unexperienced. MALONE.

[6] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the same meaning. JOHNSON.

[7] i. e. most fairly delineated. STEEVENS.

[8] "The right butter-woman's rank to market" means the *jug-trot trade* (as it is vulgarly called) with which butter-women uniformly travel one after another in their road to market: in its application to Orlando's poetry, it means a set or string of verses in the same coarse cadence and vulgar uniformity of rhyme. WHITER.

*If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind ;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses; Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. Why should this desert silent be ?

For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.

Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence's end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.'

[9] The allusion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phrase in our author's time was "Painted in little." MALONE.

*Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd :
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart ;
Cleopatra's majesty ;
Atalanta's better part ;^[1]
Sad Lucretia's modesty.²*
*Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd ;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.³*
*Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter !—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people !*

Cel. How now ! back friends ;—Shepherd, go off a little :—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat ; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [Exe. CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses ?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too ; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter ; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees ?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came ; for look here what I found on a palm-

[1] I know not well what could be the *better part* of Atalanta here ascribed to Rosalind. Of the Atalanta most celebrated, and who therefore must be intended here where she has no epithet of discrimination, the *better part* seems to have been her heels, and the worse part so bad that Rosalind would not thank her lover for the comparison. There is a more obscure Atalanta, a huntress and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her better part.

JOHNSON.

I think this stanza was formed on an old tetrastrick epitaph, which I have read in a country church-yard :

“ She who is dead, and sleepeth in this tomb,
“ Had Rachel's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb :
“ Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open heart,
“ And Martha's care, and Mary's better part.”

WHALLEY.

[2] Sad,—grave, sober, not light. [3] Touches—features; les traits JOHNS.

tree : I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time,
that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.⁴

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this ?

Ros. Is it a man ?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck :
Change you colour ?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who ?

Cel. O lord, lord ! it is a hard matter for friends to meet ;
but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so
encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it ?

Cel. Is it possible ?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary ve-
hement, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful won-
derful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all
whooping !⁵

Ros. Good my complexion !⁶ dost thou think, though I
am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in
my disposition ? One inch of delay more is a South-sea-
off discovery.⁷ I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it ? quickly,
and speak apace : I would thou couldst stammer, that
thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth,
as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle ; either too
much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork
out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making ? What manner of man ?
Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard ?

[4] Rosalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an *Irish rat*, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatises*. Dr. Gray has produced a similar passage from Randolph :

" —— My poets

" Shall with a satire, steep'd in gall and vinegar,

" Rhyme them to death as they do *rats in Ireland*." JOHNSON.

[5] This appears to have been a phrase of the same import as another formerly in use, " out of all cry." The latter seems to allude to the custom of giving notice by a crier of things to be sold. MAL.—An *outcry* is still a provincial term for an *auction*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Good my complexion!* My native character, my female inquisitive disposition, canst thou endure this !—For thus characterizing the most beautiful part of the creation, let our poet answer. MALONE.

[7] *Every delay*, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest *voyage*, as a *voyage of discovery* on the *South-sea*. How much voyages to the *South-sea*, on which the English had then first ventured, engaged the conversation of that time, may be easily imagined. JOHNSON.

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.⁸

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first:⁹ 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, *ay*, and *no*, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets very unseasonably.¹ He was furnish'd like a hunter.

[8]—*speak sad brow, and true maid*, i. e. speak with a grave countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin; speak seriously and honestly. RITSON.

[9] Rosalind requires nine questions to be answered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua the giant of Rabelais. JOHNS.—Garagantua swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in salad. STEEVENS.

[1] *Holla* was a term of the manege, by which the rider restrained and stopp'd his horse. MALONE.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden : thou bring'st the out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman ? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out :—Soft ! comes he not here ?

Ros. 'Tis he ; slink by, and note him.

[CELIA and ROSALIND retire.]

Jag. I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orla. And so had I ; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jag. God be with you ; let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jag. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly

Jag. Rosalind is your love's name ?

Orla. Yes, just.

Jag. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jag. What stature is she of ?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

Jag. You are full of pretty answers : Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings ?

Orla. Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

[2] This alludes to the fashion in old tapestry hangings, of mottos and moral sentences from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them. THEOBALD.

The rooms in public houses were usually hung with what Falstaff calls *water-work*. On these hangings, perhaps, moral sentences were depicted as issuing from the mouths of the different characters. STEEVENS.

I suppose Orlando means to say, that Jaques's questions have no more of novelty or shrewdness in them than the trite maxims of the painted cloth. The following lines, which are found in a book with this fantastic title.—*No whipping nor tripping, but a friendly kind of snapping*, 8vo. 1601, may serve as a specimen of painted cloth language :

" Read what is written on the painted cloth :
 " Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor;
 " Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth.
 " And ever have an eye unto the door;
 " Trust not a fool, a villain, nor a whore;
 " Go neit, not gay, and spend but as you spare;
 " And turn the colt to pasture with the mare," &c. MAL.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit ; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me ? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook ; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you : farewell, good signior love. [Exit.]

Orla. I am glad of your departure ; adieu, good monsieur melancholy. [CEL. and ROS. come forward.]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, fo-rester ?

Orla. Very well ; What would you ?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a'clock ?

Orla. You should ask me, what time o'day ; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest ; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the swift foot of time ? had not that been as proper ?

Ros. By no means, sir : Time travels in divers paces with divers persons : I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal ?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized. if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal ?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout : for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study ; and the other lives merrily, because

he feels no pain : the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning ; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury : These time ambles withal.

Orla. Who doth he gallop withal ?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows : for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orla. Who stays it still withal ?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation : for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister ; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place ?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many : but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man ; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it ; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women ?

Ros. There were none principal ; they were all like one another, as half-pence are : every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No ; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind : if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is so love-shaked ; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you : he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orla. What were his marks ?

Ros. A lean cheek ; which you have not : a blue eye, and sunken ; which you have not : an unquestionable³ spirit ; which you have not : a beard neglected ; which you have not :—but I pardon you for that ; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue :—Then your hose should be ungart'rd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man ; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements ;⁴ as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it ? you may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does : that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

Orla. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak ?

Orla. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness : and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do : and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too : Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any so ?

Ros. Yes, one ; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress ; and I set him every day to woo me : At which time would I, being but a moonish youth,⁵ grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking ; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant,

[3] i. e. a mind not *inquisitive*, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences. Here Shakespeare has used a passive for an active mode of speech: so, in a former scene, "the Duke is too *disputable* for me," i. e. too disputatious. JOHNSON.

May it not mean, *unwilling to be conversed with* ? CHAMIER.

Mr. Chamier is right in supposing that it means a spirit averse to conversation. In the very next scene, Rosalind says—"I met the Duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him." And in the last scene, Jaques de Bois says—"The Duke was converted after some *question* with a religious man." In which places, *question* means *discourse* or *conversation*. M. MASON.

[4] *Point-device*, i. e. exact, drest with finical nicety. MALONE.

[5] *Moonish*, i. e. variable. STEEVENS.

full of tears, full of smiles ; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour : would now like him, now loath him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ; that I drove my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness ; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic : And thus I cured him ; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will ; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you : and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live : Will you go ?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind :—Come, sister, will you go ?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY ; JAQUES at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey ; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey : And how, Audrey ? am I the man yet ? doth my simple feature content you ?

Aud. Your features ! Lord warrant us ! what features ?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [Aside.] O knowledge ill-habited ! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house !

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room :⁶—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

[6] Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phrase of *the quarter of an hour of Rabelais* : who said, there was only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and paying it.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is : Is it honest in deed, and word ? Is it a true thing ?

Touch. No, truly ; for the truest poetry is the most feigning ; and lovers are given to poetry ; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical ?

Touch. I do, truly : for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest ; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest ?

Touch. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd : for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [Aside.] A material fool !⁷

Aud. Well, I am not fair ; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest !

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness ! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee : and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village ; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [Aside.] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy !

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt ; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though ? Courage ! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods : right : many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife ; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns ? Even so :—Poor men alone ?—No, no ; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.⁸ Is the single man therefore bless-

When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are disposed to laugh. One of the company says a good thing : the jest is not taken ; all are silent, and he who said it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollity interrupted by the coming in of a great reckoning. WARBURTON.

[7] A fool with matter in him ; a fool stocked with notions. JOHNSON

[8] Lean, poor deer, are called rascal deer. HARRIS.

ed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [Discovering himself.] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master *What ye call't*: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ld you for your last company:¹ I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the faulcon her bells, so man hath his desire; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [Aside.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey; We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good master Oliver!

[9] Degrees were at this time considered as the highest dignities; and it may not be improper to observe, that a clergyman, who hath not been educated at the Universities, is still distinguished in some parts of North Wales by the appellation of *Sir John*, *Sir William*, &c. Hence the Sir Hugh Evans of Shakespeare is not a Welsh knight who hath taken orders, but only a Welsh clergyman without any regular degree from either of the Universities. See Barrington's *History of the Quaker Family*. NICHOLS.

[1] *God'ld you*, i. e. God yield you. —God reward you. STEEVENS.

Not—O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behi' thee ;²
But—Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding wi' thee.

[Exe. JAQUES, TOUCH. and AUD.]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The same. Before a Cottage. Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.³

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.⁴

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously;⁵ the very ice of chastity is in them.

[2] Some words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

[3] There is much of nature in this pettiness or perverseness of Rosalind; she finds faults in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts herself rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication. JOHNSON.

[4] We should read *beard*, i. e. as the kiss of an holy hermit, called the *kiss of charity*. This makes the comparison just and decent; the other impious and absurd. WARBURTON.

[5] This is finely expressed. Shakespeare means an *unfruitful sisterhood* which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sisterhood of the spring were the votaries of Venus; those of summer the votaries of Ceres; those of autumn, of Pomona; so these of the *sisterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana; called *of winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. On this account it is, that when the poet speaks of what is most *poor*, he instances it in *winter*, in these fine lines in *Othello*:

"But riches fineless is as poor as winter"

"To him that ever fears he shall be poor."

The other property of winter, that made him term them of its sisterhood, is its coldness. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"To be a barren sister all your life,"

"Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon." WARBURTON.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so ?

Cel. Yes I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer ; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love ?

Cel. Yes, when he is in ; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was is not is : besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster ; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings : He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him : He asked me, of what parentage I was ; I told him, of as good as he ; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando ?

Cel. O, that's a brave man ! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover ; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose : but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides :—Who comes here ?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love ;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him ?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love

[6] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a disgrace to have his lance broken across, as it was a mark either of want of courage or address. This happened when the horse flew on one side, in the career : and hence, I suppose, arose the jocular proverbial phrase of *spurring the horse only on one side*. Now as breaking the lance against his adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking *across* against his breast was, for the reason above, dishonourable. This is the allusion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the fashion (for *brave* is here used, as in other places, for *fashionable*) is represented either *weakful* in courtship, or timorous. The lovers meeting or appointment corresponds to the tilter's career ; and as the one breaks staves, the other breaks oaths. WARBURTON

And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove ;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love :—
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Another part of the Forest. Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not, Phebe :
Say, that you love me not ; but say not so
In bitterness : The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustomed sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon ; Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner ;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye :
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers !
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee ;
Now counterfeit to swoon ; why now fall down ;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee :
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice⁷ and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near,)

[7] Cicatrice is here not very properly used; it is the scar of a wound. Capable impressure, hollow mark JOHNSON.

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible.
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [Advancing.] Who might
be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have more beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work: — Od's my little life! —
I think, she means to tangle my eyes too: —
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hepe not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship. —
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children: —
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her. —
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear, —
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer. '
So, take her to thee, shepherd; — fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;

[8] It is common for the poets to express cruelty by saying, of those who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or suckled by tigresses. JOHNSON.

[9] i. e. Those works which nature makes up carelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of mechanics, whose work bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*. WARBURTON.

[1] i. e. the ugly seem most ugly, when, though ugly, they are scoffers. JOH

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger : If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me ?

Phe. For no ill-will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am² ~~am~~ falser than vows made in wine :
Besides, I like you not : If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by :—
Will you go, sister ?—Shepherd, ply her hard :—
Come, sister :—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud : though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.—³
Come, to our flock.

[Exe. Ros. CEL. and COR.]

Phe. Dead shepherd ! now I find thy saw of might ;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?⁴

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha ! what say'st thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be ;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love ; Is not that neighbourly ?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee ;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love :
But since that thou canst talk of love so well, —
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure ; and I'll employ thee too :
But do not look for further recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man⁴

[2] Though all mankind could look on you, none could be so deceived as to think you beautiful but he. JOHNSON.

[3] This line is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*. STEEVENS.

[4] Perhaps Shakespeare owed this image to the second chapter of Ruth :—
“ Let fall some handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them that she may glean them.” STEEVENS.

That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere
while ?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of.⁵

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him ;
'Tis but a peevish boy :—yet he talks well ;—
But what care I for words ? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth :—not very pretty :—
But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes him :
He'll make a proper man : The best thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall ; yet for his years he's tall :
His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :
There was a pretty redness in his lip ;
A little riper and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.⁶

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me ?

He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black ;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :
I marvel, why I answer'd not again :
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it ; Wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight ;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart :
I will be bitter with him, and passing short :
Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

[5] *Carlot*, i. e. peasant, from *carl* or *churl*. DOUCE.

[6] "Constant red" is uniform red. "Mingled damask" is the silk of that name, in which, by a various direction of the threads, many lighter shades of the same colour are exhibited. STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaq.

I PR'YTHEE, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects: and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often ruminations wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

[Exit]

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gon-

[7] *Nice,* i. e. silly, trifling.

dola.⁸—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orla. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapt him o' th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orla. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orla. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orla. How if the kiss be denied?

[8] That is, *been at* Veniee, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion.—The fashion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was considered by the wiser men as one of the principal causes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely censured by Ascham in his *Schoofmaster*, and by bishop Hall in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here, and in other passages, ridiculed by Shakespeare JOHNSON.

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I, your Rosalind?

Orla. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orla. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age,⁹ found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind, in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

[9] Sir T. Hanmer reads *coroners*, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of some anonymous critic. JOHNSON.—The allusion is evidently to a coroner's inquest, which Rosalind supposes to have sat upon the body of Leander, who was drowned in crossing the Hellespont, and that their verdict was, that Hero of Sestos was the cause of his death. The word *found* was the legal term on such occasions. We say, that a jury *found* it lunacy, or *found* it manslaughter; and the verdict is called the *finding* of the jury. M. MASON.

Orla. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—*Will you, Orlando,*—

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orla. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orla. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orla. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,¹ and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.²

Orla. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orla. O, but she is wise.

[1] The allusion is to the cross in Cheapside; the religious images, with which it was ornamented, being defaced (as we learn from Stowe) in 1596: "There was then set up, a curious wrought tabernacle of gray marble, and in the same an alabaster image of *Diana*, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breast." WHALLEY.

[2] The bark of the Hyena was anciently supposed to resemble a loud laugh.
STEEVENS.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this : the wiser the waywarder : make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement ; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole ; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*³

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuse that ?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,⁴ let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool

Orla. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I must attend the duke at dinner ; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways ;—I knew what you would prove ; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less :—that flattering tongue of yours won me :—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour ?

Orla. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful : therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orla. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind : So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try : Adieu ! [Exit ORLANDO.]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate : we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

[3] This was an exclamation much in use, when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him.

STEEVENS.

[4] i. e. represent her fault as occasioned by her husband. JOHNSON.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathoms deep I am in love ! But it cannot be sounded ; my affection bath as unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless ; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness : that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love :—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando : I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Another part of the Forest. Enter JAQUES and Lords in the habit of Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer ?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror ; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory :—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose ?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it ; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. *What shall he have, that kill'd the deer ?*

2. *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*

1. *Then sing him home :*

*Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn ; } The rest shall bear
It was a crest ere thou wast born. } this burden.*

1. *Thy father's father wore it ;*

2. *And thy father bore it :*

All. *The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Forest. Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now ? Is it not past two o'clock ?
and here much Orlando !

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain,
he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to
sleep : Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth ;—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this : [Giving a letter.
I know not the contents ; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour : pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer ; bear this, bear all :
She says, I am not fair ; that I lack manners ;
She calls me proud ; and, that she could not love me
Were man as rare as Phoenix ; Od's my will !
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt :
Why writes she so to me ?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents ;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand ; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands ;
She has a huswife's hand : but that's no matter :
I say, she never did invent this letter ;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and cruel style,
A style for challengers ; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian : woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention ;
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance :—Will you hear the letter ?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet ;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me : Mark how the tyrant writes.
[Reads.] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?—

Can a woman rail thus ?

Sil. Call you this railing ?

Ros. Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?—

Whiles the eye of man did woo me;
That could do no vengeance⁵ to me.—

Meaning me a beast.—

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspéct?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—
Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,⁶) and say this to her;—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [Exit SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom, The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream, Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:

[5] *Vengeance* is used for *mischief*. JOHNSON.

[6] This term was, in our author's time, frequently used to express a poor contemptible fellow. MALONE

But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I should know you by description ;
Such garments, and such years : *The boy is fair,*
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister : but the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for ?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both ;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin ; Are you he ?

Ros. I am : What must we understand by this ?

Oli. Some of my shame ; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself !
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'er grown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;

[7] i. e. passing by the rank of osiers, and leaving them on your right hand, you will reach the place. MALONE.

And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando ;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so :
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling,⁸
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd ?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?—

Oli. By, and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd ;
As, how I came into that desert place ;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him ; bound up his wound ;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood ; unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede ?—sweet Ganymede ?

[ROSA

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

[8] To *hurle* is to move with impetuosity and tumult. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book I. c. viii.

"Came hurtling in full fierce, and forc'd the knight retire." STEEVENS "

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!¹⁹

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you; will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go? [Exe.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touchstone.

We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

[19] Celia, in her first fright, forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out cousin, then recollects herself, and says, Ganymede JOHNSON.

Wil. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Wil. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend : Cover thy head, cover thy head ; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend ?

Wil. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age : Is thy name William ?

Wil. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name : Wast born i' th' forest here ?

Wil. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God ;—a good answer : Art rich ?

Wil. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good :—and yet it is not ; it is but so so. Art thou wise ?

Wil. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying ; *The fool dōth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher,¹ when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth ; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid ?

Wil. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand : Art thou learned ?

Wil. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me ; To have, is to have : For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other : For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he ; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Wil. Which he, sir ?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman : Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female ; or, clown thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage : I will deal in poi-

[1] This was designed as a sneer on the several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philosophers, by the writers of their lives, such as Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wise sayings*. WARBURTON

son with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will o'er-run thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways ; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Wil. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you ; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey ;—I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. *Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.*

Orla. Is't possible,² that on so little acquaintance you should like her ? that, but seeing, you should love her ? and, loving, woo ? and, wooing, she should grant ? And will you perséver to enjoy her ?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say with her, that she loves me ; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other : it shall be to your good ; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orla. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow : thither will I invite the duke, and all his

[2] Shakespeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deserting his original. In Lodge's novel, the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who "thought to steal her away, and to give her to the king for a present, hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumstance, the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed. Our author's acquaintance, however, with the manners of heroines in romances, perhaps rendered him occasionally inattentive, as in the present instance, to probability. In *The Sowdon of Babyloyn* I find the following very singular confession from the mouth of a Princess :

" Be ye not the duke of Burgoyne sir Gy,
 " Nevewe unto king Charles so fre ?
 " Noe, certes lady, it is not I,
 " It is yonder knight that ye may see.
 " A, him have I loved many a day,
 " And yet know I him nocht,
 " For his love I do all that I maye,
 " To chere you with dede and thought."

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contented followers : Go you, and prepare Aliena ; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orla. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief ?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are :—Nay, 'tis true : there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—I *came, saw, and overcame* : For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked ; no sooner looked, but they loved ; no sooner loved, but they sighed ; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason ; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy : and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage : they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together ; clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They shall be married to-morrow ; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes ! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind ?

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit : I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are ; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things : I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in

this art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Alienā, shall you marry her : I know into what straits of fortune she is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.³

Orla. Speakest thou in sober meanings ?

Ros. By my life, I do ; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician : ' Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends ; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall ; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have : it is my study,
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you :
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd ;
Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orla. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service ;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orla. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;
All adoration, duty and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance ;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orla. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

[3] I. e. not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. JOHNSON.

[4] Hence it appears this was written in James's time, when there was a severe inquisition after witches and magicians. WARBURTON.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[To Ros.]

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[To PHE.]

Orla. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, *why blame you me to love you?*

Orla. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, if I can. [To SILVIUS.]—I would love you, if I could: [To PHEBE.]—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [To PHEBE] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [To ORLANDO] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [To SILVIUS] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you love Rosalind, meet; [To ORLANDO]—As you love Phebe, meet; [To SILVIUS.]—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope, it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.⁵ Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i' th' middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

[5] To go to the world, is to be married. An anonymous writer supposes, that in this phrase there is an allusion to St. Luke's Gospel, xx. 34: "The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage." STEEVENS

SONG.

1.

*It was a lover, and his lass,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
 In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
 Sweet lovers love the spring.*

2.

*Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 These pretty country folks wauld lie,
 In spring time, &c.*

3.

*This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 How that a life was but a flower,
 In spring time, &c.*

4.

*And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;
 For love is crowned with the prime
 In spring time, &c.*

Touch. Truly, young gentleman, though there was no greater matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices!—Come, Audrey. [Exe.

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Forest. Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience, once more, whilst our compact is urg'd:—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [To the Duke.
You will bestow her on Orlando here.

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring
her? [To ORLANDO.

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

[To PHEBE.

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

[To SILVIUS.

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one
thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even. [Exe. Ros. and CEL.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,

Methought he was a brother to your daughter

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great magician,

Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these
couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair o'
very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome; This is the
motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the
forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my
purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a

lady ; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone three tailors ; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up ?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause ?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ld you, sir ; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear ; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks :—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own ; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will : Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house ; as your pearl, in your soul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause ; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause ?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed ;—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey :—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard ; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was : This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself : This is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment : This is call'd the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true : This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie : This is called the *Counter-check quarrelsome* : and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut ?

Touch. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct* ; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie ?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;⁶ as you have books for good manners:⁷ I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN,⁸ leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes; and CELIA. Still Music.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even,
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.*

[6] The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his Clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Salviolo, entitled, *Of Honour and honourable Quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, *A discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, wherupon the Duello and the Combat in divers Forms doth ensue; and many other Inconveniences, for lack only of true Knowledge of Honour, and the right Understanding of Words, which here is set down*. The contents of the several chapters are as follows:—I. *What the Reason is that the Party unto whom the Lie is given ought to become Challenger, and of the Nature of Lies.* II. *Of the Manner and Diversity of Lies.* III. *Of Lies certain, [or direct.]* IV. *Of conditional Lies. [or the lie circumstantial.]* V. *Of the Lie in general.* VI. *Of the Lie in particular.* VII. *Of foolish Lies.* VIII. *A Conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the Lie, [or the countercheck quarrelsome.]* In the chapter of *conditional Lies*, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, “—Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these wordes:—*if thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or if thou sayest so hereafter thou shalt lie.* Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in wordes,—whereof no sure conclusion can arise.” By which he means, they cannot proceed

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Duke S.

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To ORLA.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he : [To Duke S.

—I'll have no husband, if you be not he :— [To ORLA.

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [To PHEBE.

Hym. Peace, ho ! I bar confusion :

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events :

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part :

[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.

You and you are heart in heart :

[To OLIVER and CELIA.

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord :—

[To PHEBE.

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather. [To TOU. and AUB.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning ;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reason of Shakespeare making the Clown say, " I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel : but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but *if* an *if* ; as, *if you said so, then I said so*, and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*." Caranza was another of these authentic authors upon the Duello. Fletcher, in his last Act of *Love's Pilgrimage*, ridicules him with much humour. WARBURTON.

[7] One of these books I have. It is entitled, *The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children, with stans puer ad mensam*; 12mo. black letter, without date. STEEVENS.

Another is, *Galates of Maister John Casa. Archbisshop of Benevento*; or rather, *a Treatise of the Manners and Behaviours it behoveth a Man to use and exerche in his familiar Conversation. A work very necessary and profitable for all Gentlemen or other*; translated from the Italian, by Robert Peterson, 4to. 1576. REED.

[8] Rosaliad is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen. JOHNSON.

SONG.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown ;
O blessed bond of board and bed !
'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;
High wedlock then be honoured :
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town !*

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me ;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. [To Sir.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two ;
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly :—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power ; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,⁹
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world :
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother.
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd : This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man ;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :
To one, his lands with-held ; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot :
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

[9] In Lodge's novel the usurping Duke is not diverted from his purpose by the pious counsel of a hermit, but is subdued and killed by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of Rosader (the Orlando of this play) to assist him in the recovery of his right STEEVENS

According to the measure of their states
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry :—

Play, music ;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience ; If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath [To Duke S.
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it :—
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit :

[To ORLANDO

—You to your land, and love, and great allies : [To OLI.
—You to a long and well-deserved bed : [To SILV.
—And you to wrangling ; for thy loving voyage [To Touch.

Is but for two months victuall'd :—So to your pleasures ;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I :—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit.

Duke S. Proceed, proceed : we will begin these rites,
And we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[A Dance.

[9] Amidst this general festivity, the reader may be sorry to take leave of Jaques, who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unreconciled to society. He has, however, filled with a gloomy sensibility the space allotted to him in the play, and preserves that respect to the last, which is due to him as a consistent character, and an amiable though solitary moralist.

It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakespeare has, on this occasion, forgot old Adam, the servant of Orlando, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his master.

STEEVENS.

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam is forgotten ; since, at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captaine of the king's wa.* FARMER.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue . but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush,¹ 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes ; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can- not insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play ? I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not be- come me : my way is, to conjure you ; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please them : and so I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman,² I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell.

[Exeunt.

[1] It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. I suppose *ivy* was rather chosen than any other plant, as it has relation to Bacchus. STEEVENS.

The practice is still observed in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, at statute-hirings, wakes, &c. by people who sell ale at no other time. And hence, I suppose, the *Bush* tavern at Bristol, and other places. RITSON

[2] Note, that in this author's time, the parts of women were always performed by men or boys. HANMER.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

OBSERVATIONS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.] THIS play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 8, 1600, by Thomas Fisher. It is probable that the hint for it was received from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*.

There is an old black letter pamphlet by W. Bettie, called *Titana and Theseus*, entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1608; but Shakespeare has taken no hints from it. *Titania* is also the name of the Queen of the Fairies in Decker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607.

STEEVENS.

Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great.

JOHNSON.

Johnson's concluding observation on this play, is not conceived with his usual judgment. There is no analogy or resemblance whatever between the Fairies of Spenser, and those of Shakespeare. The Fairies of Spenser, as appears from his description of them in the second book of the Fairy Queen, canto x. were a race of mortals created by Prometheus, of the human size, shape, and affections, and subject to death. But those of Shakespeare, and of common tradition, as Johnson calls them, were a diminutive race of sportful beings, endowed with immortality and supernatural power, totally different from those of Spenser.

M. MASON.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Athens. A Room in the Palace of THESEUS.*
Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

Theseus.

NOW, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace ; four happy days bring in
Another moon : but, oh, methinks how slow
This old moon wanes ! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights ;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time ;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments ;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth ;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [Ex. PHIL.
—Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries ;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke !

The. Thanks, good Egeus : What's the news with thee ?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
—Stand forth, Demetrius :—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her :
—Stand forth, Lysander ;—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child :

—Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my child :
 Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love ;
 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats ; messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth :
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart ;
 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness :—And, my gracious duke,
 Be it so she will not here before your grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens ;
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her :
 Which shall be either to this gentleman,
 Or to her death ; according to our law,
 Immediately provided in that case.¹

The. What say you, Hermia ? be advis'd, fair maid .
 To you your father should be as a god ;
 One that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax,
 By him imprinted, and within his power
 To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
 Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is :
 But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
 The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
 I know not by what power I am made bold ;
 Nor how it may concern my modesty,
 In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts :
 But I beseech your grace that I may know
 The worst that may befall me in this case,
 If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death,* or to abjure

[1] By a law of Solon, parents had an absolute power of life and death over their children. So it suited the poet's purpose well enough to suppose the Athenians had it before. Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter.

WARBURTON.

[2] Shakespeare employs this scriptural expression in King John; and I meet with it again in the 2d part of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington.

STEEVENS.

For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice
You can endure the livery of a nun ;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage :
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, with'ring on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty

The. Take time to pause : and, by the next new moon
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would :
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity, and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia ;—And, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius ;
Let me have Hermia's : do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander ! true, he hath my love ;
And what is mine my love shall render him ;
And she is mine ; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd ; my love is more than his ;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius' ;
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia :
Why should not I then prosecute my right ?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,

Upon this spotted and inconstant man.³

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
—For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.

—Come, my Hippolyta; What cheer, my love?
—Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire, we follow you.

[*Exe. THES. HIP. EGEUS, DEM. and train.*]

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem⁴ them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear ~~my~~ tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth
But, either it was different in blood;—

Her. O cross! too high to be entrall'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgrafted, in respect of years;—

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,⁵

[3] As *spotted* is innocent, so *spotted* is wicked. JOHNSON.

[4] Give them, bestow upon them. The word is used by Spenser. JOHN.

"So would I, said the enchanter, glad and fain

"Beteem to you his sword, you to defend." *Fairy Queen.*

But I rather think that to *beteem*, in this place, signifies (as in the northern counties) to pour out; from *tommer*, Danish. STEEVENS.

[5] *Collied*, i. e. black, smutted with coal, a word still used in the midland countries. STEEVENS.

That, in a spleen, unfolds⁶ both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny :
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross ;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion ; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child :
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues ;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee ,
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us : If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night ;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander !
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow ;
By his best arrow with the golden head ;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves ;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves :
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen ;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke ; —
In that same place thou hast appointed me.
To-morrow, truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love : Look, here comes Helena.

[6] Though the word *spleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakespeare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, assumes every now and then an uncommon license in the use of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is usual with him to employ one, only to express a very few ideas of that number of which it is composed. Thus, wanting here to express the ideas—of a sudden, or—in a trice, he uses the word *spleen* ; which, partially considered, signifying a hasty sudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himself about the further or fuller signification of the word. Here, he uses the word *spleen* for a sudden hasty fit ; so just the contrary, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he uses *sudden* for *spleenetic* : “ sudden quips.” And it must be owned this sort of conversation adds a force to the diction. WARBURTON.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
 Your eyes are load-stars;⁷ and your tongue's sweet air
 More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
 Sickness is catching; O, were favour so!⁸
 Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
 My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
 My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
 Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
 The rest I'll give to be to you translated.⁹
 O, teach me how you look; and with what art
 You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such
 skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were
 mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
 Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
 Before the time I did Lysander see,¹
 Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
 O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
 That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
 To-morrow-night, when Phoebe doth behold
 Her silver visage in the watry glass,

[7] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The *lode-star* is the *leading* or *guiding star*, that is, the pole-star. The magnet is, for the same reason, called the *lode-stone*, either because it leads iron, or because it leads the sailor. Davies calls Queen Elizabeth:

"*Lode-stone* to hearts, and *lode-stone* to all eyes." JOHNSON.

[8] *Favour* is *feature, countenance.* STEEVENS.

[9] *To translate*, here signifies to *change, to transform.* STEEVENS.

[1] Perhaps every reader may not discover the propriety of these lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to consider the power of pleasing, as an advantage to be much envied or much desired, since Hermia, whom she considers as possessing it in the supreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loss of happiness.

JOHNSON

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet:²
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

—Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight. [Exit.]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—*Helena*, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [Exit.]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves ferswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,³
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:

[2] Mr. Heath observes, that our author seems to have had the following passage in the 55th Psalm, (v. 14, 15;) in his thoughts: "But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. We took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends." MALONE.

[3] *Eyne*—This plural is common both in Chaucer and Spenser. STEEVENS

But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in a Cottage. Enter SNUG, BOTTOM,
FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, and STARVELING.⁴*

Quin. Is all your company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.⁵

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.⁶

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll:—Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure.⁷ To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

[4] In this scene Shakespeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man pants to perform when he first steps upon the stage. The same Bottom, who seems bred in the tiring-room, has another histrionical passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is therefore desirous to play Pyramus, Thisby, and the Lion, at the same time. JOHNSON.

[5] A *scrip*, Fr. *escript*, now written *escrit*. STEEVENS.

[6] This is very probably a burlesque on the *title-page* of *Cambyses*: “A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant Mirth,” &c. STEEVENS.

[7] When we use this verb at present, we put *with* before the person for whose misfortune we profess concern. Anciently it seems to have been employed without it STEEVENS.

“ The raging rocks,
 “ With shivering shocks,
 “ Shall break the locks
 “ Of prison-gates :
 “ And Phibus’ car
 “ Shall shine from far,
 “ And make and mar
 “ The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—
 This is Ercles’ vein, a tyrant’s vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard a coming.

Quin. That’s all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.⁸

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I’ll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisne, Thisne,*—*Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus;—and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby’s mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

[8] This passage shows how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was at that time a part of a lady’s dress so much in use, that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene: and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone, might play the woman very successfully. It is observed in Downes’s *Roscius Anglicanus*, that Kynaston, one of these counterfeit heroines, moved the passions more strongly than the women that have since been brought upon the stage. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson here seems to have quoted from memory. Downes does not speak of Kynaston’s performance in such unqualified terms. His words are: “It has since been disputable, whether any women that succeeded him, (Kynaston,) so sensibly touched the audience as he.” REED.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father ; myself, Thisby's father ;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part :—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written ? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.^[9]

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too : I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me ; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, Let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek ; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us : but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove ; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.^[10]

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus : for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man ; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day ; a most lovely, gentleman-like man ; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in ?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.^[11]

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters here are your parts : and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night ; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light ; there will we rehearse : for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and

[9] *Study* is still the cant term used in a theatre for getting any nonsense by rote. Hamlet asks the player if he can “*study* a speech.” STEEVENS.

[10] *An* means *as if*. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :—“ He will weep you, as ‘twere a man born in April.” STEEVENS.

[11] Here Bottom again discovers a true genius for the stage by his solicitude for propriety of dress, and his deliberation wh'ch beard to choose among many beards, as unnatural. JOHNSON.

our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings.³ [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Wood near Athens. Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck at another.*

Puck.

HOW now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moone's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;

[3] This proverbial phrase came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word, that their *bow-strings* were broke, i. e. their arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially—*hold, or cut bow-strings*—i. e. whether the bow-string held or broke. For *cut* is used as a neuter, like the verb *fret*. As when we say, the *string frets the silk frets*, for the passive, it is *cut*, or *fretted*. WARBURTON.

This interpretation is very ingenious, but somewhat disputable. The excuse made by the militia soldiers is a mere supposition, without proof; and it is well known that while bows were in use, no archer ever entered the field without a supply of strings in his pocket; whence originated the proverb, *to have two strings to one's bow*. STEEVENS.

To meet, whether *bow-strings hold or are cut*, is to meet in all events. To cut the bowstring, when bows were in use, was probably a common practice of those who bore enmity to the archer. “He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, (says Don Pedro in *Much Ado about Nothing*), and the little hangman dare not shoot at him.” MALONE.

[4] The *orbs* here mentioned are circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairies' care to water them. Thus, DRAYTON.

“They in their courses make that round,
“In meadows and in marshes found,
“Of them so called the fairy ground.” JOHNSON.

[5] This was said in consequence of Queen Elizabeth's fashionable establishment of a band of military courtiers, by the name of *pensioners*. They were some of the handsomest and tallest young men, of the best families and fortune, that could

In their gold coats spots you see ;⁶
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours :
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone ;⁷
 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night ;
 Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king ;
 She never had so sweet a changeling :⁸
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild :
 But she, perforce, withholdes the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy ;
 And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
 But they do square ;⁹ that all their elves, for fear,
 Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
*Call'd Robin Good-fellow :*¹⁰ are you not he,

be found. Hence, says Mrs. Quickly, in *The Merry Wives*, “—and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners.” They gave the modes of dress and diversions. They accompanied the Queen in her progress to Cambridge, where they held staff-torches at a play on Sunday evening, in King’s College Chapel.

T. WARTON.

[6] Shakespeare, in *Cymbeline*, refers to the same red spots :

“ *A mole cinque-spotted like the crimson drops*

“ *I' the bottom of a cowslip.*” PERCY.

[7] *Lob, lubber, loby, lobcock*, all denote both inactivity of body and dulness of mind. JOHNSON.

[8] *Changeling* is commonly used for the child supposed to be left by the fairies but here for a child taken away. JOHNSON.

It is here properly used, and in its common acceptation; i. e. for a child got in exchange. A fairy is now speaking. RITSON.

[9] *Sheen*, shining, bright, gay. To *square* here is to quarrel. The French word *contrecarrer* has the same meaning. JOHNSON.

It is somewhat whimsical, that the glaziers use the words *square* and *quarrel* as synonymous terms for a pane of glass. BLACKSTONE.

[10] This account of Robin Good-fellow corresponds, in every article, with that given of him in Harseneuf’s *Declaration*, ch. xx. p. 143. “ And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Sisse, the dairy-maid, why then either the porridge was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peeter-penny, or an houale-egge were behind, or

That fright the maidens of the villagery ;
 Skim milk ; and sometimes labour in the quern,²
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn :
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm ;³
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,⁴
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck :
 Are not you he ?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright ;⁵
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab ;⁶
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
 Thea slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And tailor cries, and falls into a cough ;⁷
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe ;

a patch of tythe unpaid,—then 'ware of bull-beggars, spirits,' &c. He is mentioned by Cartwright as a spirit particularly fond of disconcerting and disturbing domestic peace and economy. T. WARTON.

[2] A *Quern* is a hand-mill, *kuerna*, *mola*, Icelandic. STEEVENS.

[3] *Barm* is a name for *yeast*, yet used in our midland counties, and universally in Ireland. STEEVENS.

[4] To those traditionary opinions Milton has reference in *L'Allegro*: and a like account of Puck is given by Drayton, in his *Nymphidia*.—It will be apparent to him that shall compare Drayton's poem with this play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was then some system of the fairy empire generally received, which they both represented as accurately as they could. Whether Drayton or Shakespeare wrote first, I cannot discover.

JOHNSON.

—sweet Puck)—The epithet is by no means superfluous; as *Puck* alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It signified nothing better than *fiend* or *devil*. It seems to have been an old Gothic word. *Puke*, *pukon*; *Sathanas*, *Gudm.* *And. Lexicon Island.* TYRWHITT.

[5] It seems that in the fairy mythology, Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the servant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakespeare, Titania. For in Drayton's *Nymphidia*, the same fairies are engaged in the same business. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggin; Oberon being jealous, sends Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs opposes him by a spell. JOHNSON.

[6] i. e. a wild apple of that name. STEEVENS.

[7] The custom of crying *taller* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair falls as a tailor squats on his board. JOHNSON.

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

—But room, Faery,⁸ here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress :—'Would that he were
gone !

SCENE II.

Enter OBERON, at one door, with his train, and TITANIA,
at another, with her's.

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon ?—Fairy, skip hence ;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, rash wanton ; Am not I thy lord ?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady : But I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn,¹ and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India ?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded ; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ob. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night²

[8] The word Fairy, or Faery, was sometimes of three syllables, as often in Spenser. JOHNSON.

As to the *Fairy Queen*, (says Mr. Warton, in his *Observations on Spenser*,) considered apart from the race of fairies, Chaucer, in his *Rime of Sir Thopas*, mentions her, together with a Fairy land. Again, in the *The Wif of Bathes Tale*, v. 6439 :

“ In old days of the king Artour,
“ Of which that Bretons spoken gret honour ;
“ All was this lond fulfilled of faerie ;
“ The Elf-quene, with hire joly compagnie
“ Danced ful oft in many a grene mede :
“ This was the old opinion as I rede.” STEEVENS.

[1] Richard Brathwaite, (*Strappado for the Devil*, 1615), has a poem addressed “ To the queen of harvest, &c. much honoured by the reed, corn-pipe, and whistle ;” and it must be remembered, that the shepherd boys of Chaucer's time, had—

“many a flofte and litling horne,

“ And pipe made of greene corne.” RITSON.

[2] The glimmering night is the night fatally illuminated with stars.

STEEVENS.

From Perignia, whom he ravished?³
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiope?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy :
And never, since the middle summer's spring,⁴
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain,⁵ or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs ; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river⁶ made so proud,
That they have over-borne their continents :⁷
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat ; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard :
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock ;⁸

[3] Thus all the editors; but our author who diligently perused Plutarch, and gleaned from him, where his subject would admit, knew, from the life of *Theseus*, that her name was Perygine, (or Perigune,) by whom Theseus had his son Menalippus. She was the daughter of Sinnis, a cruel robber, and tormenter of passengers in the Isthmus. Plutarch and Athenaeus are both express in the circumstance of Theseus' ravishing her. THEOBALD.

Arie, Ariadne, and Antiope, were all at different times mistresses to Theseus. See Plutarch.

Theobald cannot be blamed for his emendation; and yet it is well known that our ancient authors, as well as the French and the Italians, were not scrupulously nice about proper names, but almost always corrupted them.

STEEVENS.

[4] By the middle summer's spring our author seems to mean the beginning of middle or mid summer. Spring, for beginning, he uses again in *King Henry IV* Part II.

" As flaws congealed in the spring of day :" which expression has authority from the scripture, St. Luke, i. 78 : " whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us." STEEVENS.

[5] A fountain laid round the edge with stone. JOHNSON.
The epithet seems here intended to mean no more than that the beds of these fountains were covered with pebbles, in opposition to those of the rushy brooks which are oozy. HENLEY.

[6] Thus the quartos : the folio reads, *petty*. Shakespeare has in *Lear* the same word, *low pelting farms*. The meaning is plainly, *despicable, mean, sorry, wretched*; but as it is a word without any reasonable etymology, I should be glad to dismiss it for *petty*: yet it is undoubtedly right. We have "*petty pelting officer*" in *Measure for Measure*. JOHNSON.

[7] Bore down the banks that contained them. So, in *Lear*:

" _____ close pent up guilty,
Rive your concealing continents." JOHNSON.
[8] The murrain is the plague of cattle. STEEVENS.

The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud ;¹
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,²
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable :
 The human mortals want their winter here ;³
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest :—
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound :⁴
 And thorough this distemperature,⁵ we see
 The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;
 And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set :⁶ The spring, the summer,
 The chilidg autumn,⁶ angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries ; and the 'mazed world,

[1] In that part of Warwickshire where Shakespeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonshire, the shepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to represent a sort of imperfect chess-board. It consists of a square, sometimes only a foot diameter, sometimes 3 or 4 yards. Within this is another, every side of which is a parallel to the external square; and these squares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both squares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other stones, which they move in such a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner square is called the pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. These figures are by the country people called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Morris*; and are so called, because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the grass at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be *choaked up with mud*.

JAMES.

[1] This alludes to a sport still followed by boys; i. e. what is now called *running the figure of eight*. STEEVENS.

[2] The confusion of seasons here described, is no more than a poetical account of the weather, which happened in England about the time when this play was first published. For this information I am indebted to chance, which furnished me with a few leaves of an old meteorological history. STEEVENS.

[3] *Rheumatic diseases* signified in Shakespeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatism*, but distillations from the head, catarrhs, &c. MALONE.

[4] I. e. this *perturbation* of the elements. STEEVENS.

By *distemperature*, I imagine is meant, in this place, the perturbed state in which the king and queen had lived for some time past. MALONE.

[5] This singular image was, I believe, suggested to our poet by Golding's translation of Ovid, Book II:

" And lastly, quaking for the colde, stood Winter all forlorne,

" With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all to torne,

" Forliden with iycles, that dangled up and downe

" Upon his gray and hoarie beard, and snowie frozen crown."

MAL.

[6] The *chilidg autumn* is the *pregnant autumn*, *frugifer autumnus*. STE

Chilidg is an old term of botany, when a small flower grows out of a large one; "the *chilidg autumn*," therefore means the autumn which unseasonably produces flowers on those of summer. Florists have also a *chilidg daisy*, and a *chilidg scabious*. HOLT WHITE.

By their increase,⁷ now knows not which is which ;
 And this same progeny of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissention ;
 We are the parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then ; it lies in you :
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my henchman.⁸

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a vot'ress of my order :
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood ;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind ;
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 Following (her womb, then rich with my young 'squire,)
 Would imitate ; and sail upon the land
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy :
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay ?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
 If you will patiently dance in our round,
 And see our moon-light revels, go with us ;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away :
 We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[Exe. TITA. and her Train.]

Ob. Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this grove,
 Till I torment thee for this injury.

[7] i. e. By their produce. JOHNS.—The expression is scriptural : “ Then shall the earth bring forth her increase, and God, even our God, shall give us his blessing.” Psalm lxvii. MALONE.

[8] Page of honour. This office was abolished by queen Elizabeth. GREY.
 Upon the establishment of the household of Edward IV. were “ henzmen six enfants, or more, as it pleyseth the king, eatinge in the halle, &c. There was also a maister of the henzmen, to shewe them the schoole of nurture, and learne them to ride, to weartheir harnessse ; to have all curtesie—to teach them all languages, and other virtutes, as harping, pipynge, singing, dauncing, with honest behavioure of temperaunce and patyence.” MS. Harl. 293. TYRWHITT.

—My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's music.⁹

[9] ——————thou remember'st
*Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's music.]*

The first thing observable on these words is, that this action of the *mermaid* is laid in the same time and place with Cupid's attack upon the *vestal*. By the *vestal* every one knows is meant Queen Elizabeth. It is very natural and reasonable then to think, that the *mermaid* stands for some eminent personage of her time. And if so, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of satire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude, that this person was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to speak openly, either in praise or dispraise. All this agrees with Mary queen of Scots, and with no other. Queen Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her successor would not forgive her satyr. But the poet has so well marked out every distinguishing circumstance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret meaning. She is called, *mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom situated in the sea, and 2. her beauty, and intemperate lust:

“—————Ut turpiter atrum
 “Desinat in piscent mulier formosa superne.”

For as Elizabeth for her chastity is called a *vestal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a *mermaid*. 3. An ancient story may be supposed to be here alluded to. The emperor Julian tells us, Epis. 41, that the Syrens (which, with all the modern poets, are mermaids) contended for precedence with the Muses, who, overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause, and the same issue.

—————on a *dolphin's back*.] This evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, son of Henry II.

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath.] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while she was in that court, she pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the Louvre, with so much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;] By the *rude sea* is meant Scotland encircled with the ocean; which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was in France. But her return home presently quieted those disorders; and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greater beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the *mermaid* always sings in storms.

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres

To hear the sea-maid's music.] This concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several of the English nobility, whom she drew in to support her cause. This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres*: By which he meant the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great duke of

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon ;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.¹
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :

Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences. Here again the reader may observe a peculiar justness in the imagery. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction by her songs. To which opinion Shakespeare alludes in his *Comedy of Errors*:

" O train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears."

On the whole, it is the noblest and justest allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the speaker. And on these occasions Shakespeare always excels himself. He is borne away by the magic of his enthusiasm, and hurries his reader along with him into these ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verse, which we may well fancy to be like what,

" —Olim fauni vatesque canebant." —WARBURTON.

Every reader may be induced to wish that the foregoing allusion, pointed out by so acute a critic as Dr. Warburton, should remain uncontroverted; and yet I cannot dissemble my doubts concerning it.—Why is the *thrice-married* Queen of Scotland styled a *Sea-maid*, and is it probable that Shakespeare (who understood his own political as well as poetical interest) should have ventured such a panegyric on this ill-fated Princess, during the reign of her rival Elizabeth? If it was unintelligible to his audience, it was thrown away; if obvious, there was danger of offence to her Majesty.

" A star dis-orb'd," however, (See *Troilus and Cressida*.) is one of our author's favourite images: and he has no where else so happily expressed it as in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —the good stars that were my former guides,
" Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
" Into th' abyss of hell."

To these remarks may be added others of a like tendency, which I met with in *The Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786.—" That a compliment to Queen Elizabeth was intended in the expression of the *fair Vestal throned in the West*, seems to be generally allowed; but how far Shakespeare designed, under the image of the Mermaid, to figure Mary Queen of Scots, is more doubtful. If by the *rude sea grew civil at her song*, is meant, as Dr. Warburton supposes, that the tumulis of Scotland were appeased by her address, the observation is not true; for that *sea* was in a storm during the whole of Mary's reign. Neither is the figure just, if by the *stars shooting madly from their spheres to hear the sea-maid's music*, the poet alluded to the fate of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and particularly of the Duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with Mary was the occasion of his ruin. It would have been absurd and irreconcileable to the good sense of the poet, to have represented a nobleman *aspiring to marry a Queen*, by the image of a star *shooting or descending from its sphere.*" STEEVENS.

{1} i.e. exempt from the power of love. STEEVENS

It fell upon a little western flower,—
 Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's wound,—
 And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.³
 Fetch me that flower ; the herb I show'd thee once ;
 The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again,
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes.

[Exit.]

Ob. Having once this juice,
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
 The next thing then she waking looks upon,
 (Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,) She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
 And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
 (As I can take it, with another herb)
 I'll make her render up her page to me.
 But who comes here ? I am invisible ;
 And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 Where is Lysander and fair Hermia ?
 The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
 Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,
 And here am I, and wood⁴ within this wood,
 Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant ;
 But yet you draw not iron, for my heart

[2] The flower or violet, commonly called pansies, or heart's ease, is named *love-in-idleness* in Warwickshire, and in Lyte's *Herbal*. There is a reason why Shakespeare says it is "now purple with love's wound," because one or two of its petals are of a purple colour. TOLLET.

[3] I thought proper here to observe, that, as Oberon and Puck his attendant may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their entering; they are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play; and to mix as they please, as spirits, with the other actors; and embroil the plot, by their interposition, without being seen, as heard, but when to their own purpose. THEOBALD.

[4] *Weed*, or *mad*, wild, raving. POPE.

Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not so much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

[5] This passage is paraphrased from two lines of an ancient poet (Tibullus)

"—Tu nocte vel atra

"Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis." JOHNSON.

As the works of King David might be more familiar to Shakespeare than Roman poetry, perhaps, on the present occasion, the 11th verse of the 139th Psalm was in his thoughts: "Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day." STEEVENS.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions ; let me go.
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fye, Demetrius !
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex :
We cannot fight for love, as many men do ;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph : ere he do leave this
grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

[*Re-enter PUCK.*

Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips⁵ and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady : Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.⁶
Effect it with some care ; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love :
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt*

[5] The *oxlip* is the greater *conslip*. STEEVENS.

[6]—the man—had ou.] I desire no surer evidence to prove that the broad Scotch pronunciation once prevailed in England, than such a rhyme as the first of these words affords to the second. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

Another part of the wood. Enter TITANIA, with her Train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel,⁷ and a fairy song ;
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ;⁸
 Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;
 Some, war with rear-mice for their leather wings,⁹
 To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
 At our quaint spirits : Sing me now asleep .
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

I.

1 Fai. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,¹
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;
 Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;²
 Come not near our fairy queen :

Chorus. Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :
 Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh ;
 So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 Fai. Weaving spiders, come not here ;
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence :
 Beetles black, approach not near ;
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus. Philomel, with melody, &c.

[7] A roundel is a dance in a ring. GRAY.

[8] Dr. Warburton reads :—for the third part of the night.—But the persons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a minute might not be a very short time to do such work in. The critic might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy bestows on the *cowslip*. But Shakespeare, through the play, has preserved the proportion of other things in respect of these tiny beings, compared with whose size, a cowslip might be tall, and to whose powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age. STEEVENS.

[9] A *rere-mouse* is a bat, a *mouse* that raises itself from the ground by the aid of wings. STEEVENS.

[1] By both these terms, I suppose, our author means—*forked* ; as the tongues of snakes are sometimes represented in ancient tapestry and paintings, and, it may be added, are so in nature. STEEVENS.

[2] The *newt* is the *eft*, the *blind-worm* is the *Cacilia* or *slow-worm*. They are both ingredients in the cauldron of *Macbeth*. See *Macbeth* Act IV. sc. i.

STEEVENS.

1 Fai. Hence, away ; now all is well :
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies.* TITANIA sleeps]

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost awake,
[*Squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eye-lids.*

Do it for thy true love take ;

Love, and languish for his sake :

Be it ounce,² or cat, or bear,

Pard, or boar with bristled hair,

In thy eye that shall appear

When thou wak'st, it is thy dear ;

Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit.*]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood ;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way ;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander : find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both ;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander ; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence ;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.³
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit ;
So that but one heart can we make of it :
Two bosoms interchained with an oath ;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny :
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily :—
Now much besrew⁴ my manners, and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.

[2] The ounce is a small tiger, or tiger cat. JOHNSON.

[3] The idea is exactly similar to that of St. Paul : " Love thinketh no evil." HENLEY

[4] This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a spiteful wish, and means the same as if she had said " now ill befall my manners," &c. STEEVENS

See Minshew's etymology of it, which seems to be an imprecation or wish of such evil to one, as the venomous biting of the shrew-mouse. TOLLET.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy,
 Lie further off ; in human modesty
 Such separation, as, may well be said,
 Becomes a virtuous bachelor, and a maid :
 So far be distant ; and good night, sweet friend :
 Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end !

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I ;
 And then end life, when I end loyalty !
 Here is my bed : Sleep give thee all his rest !

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd !
 [They sleep.]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
 But Athenian found I none,
 On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring love.
 Night and silence ! who is here ?
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear :
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the Athenian maid ;
 And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty soul ! she durst not lie
 Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe :
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
 So wake, when I am gone ;
 For I must now to Oberon.

[Exit]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me ? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril ; I alone will go. {Exit.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chace !

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies ;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright ? Not with salt tears :

If so, my eyes are oft'ner wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear ;

For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear :

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne ?
—But who is here ?—Lysander ! on the ground !
Dead ? or asleep ? I see no blood, no wound :—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[Waking.]

Transparent Helena ! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius ? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword !

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander ; say not so :
What though he love your Hermia ? Lord, what though ?
Yet Hermia still loves you ; then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia ? No : I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now I love :
Who will not change a raven for a dove ?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd ;
And reason says, you are the worthier maid .
Things growing are not ripe until their season :
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason ;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will.⁶
And leads me to your eyes ; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born ?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn ?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency ?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well : perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.⁷
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd !

[Exit.]

Lys. She sees not Hermia :—Hermia, sleep thou there ;

[6] That is, My will now follows reason. JOHNSON.

[7] Gentleness is equivalent to what, in modern language, we should call the spirit of a gentleman. PERCY.

And never may'st thou come Lysander near ;
 For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
 The deepest loathing to the stomach brings ;
 Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
 Are hated most of those they did deceive ;
 So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
 Of all be hated ; but the most of me !
 And all my powers, address your love and might,
 To honour Helen, and to be her knight ! [Exit.]
 Her. [starting.] Help me, Lysander, help me ! do thy
 best,
 To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast !
 Ah me, for pity ! — what a dream was here ?
 Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear :
 Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey :—
 Lysander ! what, remov'd ? Lysander ! lord !
 What, out of hearing ? gone ? no sound, no word ?
 Alack, where are you ? speak, an if you hear ;
 Speak, of all loves ; I swoon almost with fear.
 No ? — then I well perceive you are not nigh :
 Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*
*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.*⁷

Bottom. ARE we all met ?
 Quin. Pat, pat ; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal : This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-house ; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom ?

[7] In the time of Shakespeare there were many companies of players, sometimes five at the same time, contending for the favour of the public. Of these some were undoubtedly very unskilful and very poor, and it is probable that the design of this scene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival house, and is therefore honoured with an ass's head.

JOHNSON.

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'rakin, a parlous fear.⁸

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed, indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.⁹

[8] By our *lady-kin*, or *little lady*; as *ifakin* is a corruption of *by my faith*.
Parlous, a word corrupted from *perilous*, i. e. dangerous. STEEVENS.

[9] There are probably many temporary allusions to particular incidents and characters scattered through our author's plays, which gave a poignancy to certain passages, while the events were recent, and the persons pointed at yet living.—In the speech now before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before Queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuscript collection of anecdotes, stories, &c entitled, *Merry Pastages and Jeasts*, MS. Hart. 6395: "There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others Harry Golding ~~him~~ was to represent Arion upon the dolphin's back; but finding his voice to be

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things ; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber : for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine, that night we play our play ?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar ! look in the almanac ; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open ; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay ; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing : we must have a wall in the great chamber ; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom ?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall : and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast, about him, to signify wall ; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin : when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake ;¹ and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen ?

What, a play toward ? I'll be an auditor ;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus :—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—*

Quin. Odours, odours.

verye boarre and unpleasant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham, which blunt discoverie pleased the queene better than if it had gone through in the right way," &c. MALONE.

[1] *Brake* in the west of England is used to express a large extent of ground overgrown with furze, and appears both here and in the next scene to convey the same idea. HENLEY.

Pyr. —odours savours sweet :
So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—
But, hark, a voice ! stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit PYR.
Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here !

[Aside. Exit.

This. Must I speak now ?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you : for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man : Why you must not speak that yet ; that you answer to Pyramus : you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter ; your cue is past ;² it is, never tire.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

This. O,—as true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine :—

Quin. O monstrous ! O strange ! we are haunted
 Pray, masters ! fly, masters ! help ! [Exe. Clowns

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
 Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
 brier ;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
 A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire ;
 And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
 Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [Exit.

Bot. Why do they run away ? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.³

Re-enter SNOOT.

Snoot. O Bottom ! thou art changed ! what do I see on thee ?

Bot. What do you see ? you see an ass's head of your own ; Do you ?

[2] A cue, in stage cant, is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next. STEEVENS.

[3] Afear is from to fear, by the old form of the language, as an hungered, from to hunger. So a dry for thirsty JOHNSON

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art translated.

[Exit.]

Bot. I see their knavery : this is to make an ass of me ; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can : I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[Sings.]

*The ouzel-cock,⁴ so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill ;*

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed ?

[Waking]

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,⁵
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay ;—*

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird ? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never so ?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again : Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note, So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ; And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me, On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that : And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days : The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke,⁶ upon occasion.

[4] The *ousel cock* is generally understood to be the cock black-bird. STEEVENS.

The *Ousel* differs from the *Black-bird* by having a white crescent upon his breast, and is besides rather larger. See Lewin's *English Birds*. DOUCE.

[5] That is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of strains, sings in *plain song*, or in *plano canto*; by which expression the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chant* was anciently distinguished, in opposition to *prick-song*, or variegated music sung by note. Skelton introduces the birds singing the different parts of the service of the funeral of his favourite sparrow : among the rest is the cuckoo.

T. WARTON.

[6] *Gleek* was originally a game at cards. The word is often used by other ancient comic writers, in the same sense as by our author. Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Flodden*, that, in the North, to *gleek* is to *deceive* or *bewile*; and that the reply made by the queen of the fairies, proves this to be the meaning of it. STEEVENS

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither : but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go ;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit, of no common rate ;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee : therefore, go with me ;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

—Peas-blossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard-seed !

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* Where shall we go ?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,⁷
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries ;
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,⁶
To have my love to bed, and to arise ;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes :
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

[7] *Dewberries* are gooseberries, which are still so called in several parts of the kingdom. HENLEY.

[8] I know not how Shakespeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail. JOHNSON.

The blunder is not in Shakespeare, but in those who have construed too literally a poetical expression. It appears from every line of his writings that he had studied with attention the book of nature, and was an accurate observer of any object that fell within his notice. He must have known that the light of the glow-worm was seated in the tail; but surely a poet is justified in calling the luminous part of a glow-worm the *eye*. It is a liberty we take in plain prose; for the point of greatest brightness in a furnace is commonly called the *eye* of it.

Dr. Johnson might have arraigned him with equal propriety for sending his fairies to *light* their tapers at the fire of the glow-worm, which in *Hamlet* he terms *uneffectual*:

" The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
" And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire." M. MASON.

1 Fai. Hail, mortal!

2 Fai. Hail!

3 Fai. Hail!

4 Fai. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well:^[9] that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [Exe.

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Wood. Enter OBERON.

Ob. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,

[9] These words are spoken ironically. According to the opinion prevailing in our author's time, mustard was supposed to excite choleric. REED.

A crew of patches,¹ rude mechanicals,
 That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
 Were met together to rehearse a play,
 Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
 Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
 Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake :
 When I did him at this advantage take,
 An ass's nowl I fixed on his head ;
 Anon, his Thisby must be answered,
 And forth my mimic comes : When they him spy,
 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
 Or russet pated choughs² many in sort,
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly :
 And, at our stamp,³ here o'er and o'er one falls ;
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
 Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong :
 For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch ;
 Some, sleeves ; some, hats : from yielders all things catch.
 I led them on in this distracted fear,

[1] *Patch* was in old language used as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the same import as we use *raggamuffin*, or *tatteredmalton*. JOHNSON.

I should suppose *patch* to be merely a corruption of the Italian *pazzo*, which signifies properly *a fool*. TYRWHITT.

[2] The *chough* is a bird of the daw kind. STEEVENS.

[3] This seems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never represented stamping, or of a size that should give force to a stamp, nor could they have distinguished the stamp of Puck from those of their own companions. I read: *And at a stamp here o'er and o'er one falls.* JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading. The *stamp* of a fairy might be efficacious though not loud; neither is it necessary to suppose, when supernatural beings are spoken of that the size of the agent determines the force of the action. That fairies did *stamp* to some purpose, may be known from the following passage in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*:—“ Vero saltum adeo profunde in terram impresserant, ut locus insigni adore orbiculariter persus, non parit arenti redivivum cespite gramen.” Shakespeare's own authority, however, is most decisive. See the conclusion of the first scene of the fourth Act:

“ Come, my queen, take hand with me,

“ And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.” STEEVENS.

Honest Reginald Scott, says: “ Our grandams maids were want to set a boll of milke before Incubus, and his cousin Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight: and—that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion of his nakedness, laid anie clothes for him be sides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith, What have we here ? Hemton, hamten, here will I never more tread nor stampen.” *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1548. p. 85. RITSON

And left sweet Pyramus translated there :
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Ob. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd⁴ the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I bid thee do ?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side ;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Ob. Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so ?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse ,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me : Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia ? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd ; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him ;
So should a murderer look ; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look ; and so should I ,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty :
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander ? where is he ?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me ?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog ! out, cur ! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then ?
Henceforth be never number'd among men !
O ! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake ;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake ?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping ? O brave touch !⁵

[4] *Latch'd*, or *lech'd*, *lick'd over*, *lecher*, to lick, French. HANMER.
In the North, it signifies to infect. STEEVENS.

[5] *Touch* in Shakespeare's time was the same with our *exploit*, or rather *stroke*
A brave touch, a noble stroke, *un grand coup*. JOHNSON

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much ?
 An adder did it ; for with doubler tongue
 Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood :⁶
 I am not guilty of Lysander's blood ;
 Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore ?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more —
 And from thy hated presence part I so :
 See me no more, whether he be dead, or no. [Exit.]

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein :
 Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
 So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
 For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe ;
 Which now, in some slight measure it will pay,
 If for his tender here I make some stay. [Lies down.]

Ob. What hast thou done ? thou hast mistaken quite,
 And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight :
 Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
 Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules ; that, one man holding
 troth,
 A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
 And Helena of Athens look thou find :
 All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer⁷ With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear :⁸
 By some illusion see thou bring her here ;
 I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go ; look, how I go ; Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.]

[6] i. e. Mistaken; so below *misprision* is mistake. JOHNSON.

I rather conceive that—"on a mispris'd mood" is put for—"in a mispris'd mood," i. e. "in a mistaken manner." The preposition—*on*, is licentiously used by ancient authors. When Mark Antony says that Augustus Cæsar "dealt on lieutenancy," he does not mean that he "dealt his blows on lieutenants," but that he "dealt to them;" i. e. achieved his victories by their conduct.

STEEVENS

[7] *Cheer* from the Italian *cara*, is frequently used by the old English writers for countenance. Even Dryden says—

"Pale at the sudden sight, she chang'd her cheer" *Edin. Magazine.*

STEEVENS

[8] So, in *King Henry VI.* we have "blood-consuming," "blood-drinking," and "blood-sucking sighs." All alluding to the ancient supposition that every sigh was indulged at the expense of a drop of blood. STEEVENS.

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,⁹
Sink in apple of his eye !
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand ;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee ;
Shall we their fond pageant see ?
Lord, what fools these mortals be !

Ob. Stand aside : the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once, woo one ;
That must needs be sport alone ;
And those things do best please me,
That besal prepost'rously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn ?
Scorn and derision never come in tears :
Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true ?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray !
These vows are Hermia's ; Will you give her o'er ?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh :
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh ; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [awaking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,
divine !

[9] This alludes to what was said before :

" —the bolt of Cupid fell :

" It fell upon a little western flower,

" Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound." STEEVENS.

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
 Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
 Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
 That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,^[1]
 Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
 When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
 This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!^[2]

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
 To set against me, for your merriment.
 If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
 You would not do me thus much injury.
 Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
 But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?
 If you were men, as men you are in show,
 You would not use a gentle lady so;
 To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
 When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
 You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
 And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
 With your derision! none, of noble sort,
 Would so offend a virgin; and extort^[3]
 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
 For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
 And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
 And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
 Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
 If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
 My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd;
 And now to Helen it is home return'd,
 There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
 Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
 —Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

[1] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Asia. JOHNSON.

[2] He has in *Measure for Measure*, the same image:

“But my kisses bring again,

“Seals of love, but seal'd in vain. JOHNSON.

[3] Harass, torment. JOHNSON.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
 The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;
 Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
 It pays the hearing double recompense :—
 Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found ;
 Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
 But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side ?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him 'bide,
 Fair Helena ; who more engilds the night
 Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.⁴
 Why seek'st thou me ? could not this make thee know,
 The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so ?

Her. You speak not as you think ; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy !

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
 To fashion this false sport in spite of me.—
 Injurious Hermia ! most ungrateful maid !
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
 To bait me with this foul derision ?
 Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us,—O, and is all forgot ?⁵
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needls created both one flower ;⁶
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

[4] Shakespeare uses O for a circle. STEEVENS.

D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 650, mentions a patent to make spangles and oes of gold ; and I think haberdashers call small curtain rings O's, as being circular. TOLLET.

[5] Mr. Gibbon observes, that in a poem of Gregory Nazianzen on his own life, are some beautiful lines which burst from the heart, and speak the pangs of injured and lost friendship, resembling these. He adds, "Shakespeare had never read the poems of Gregory Nazianzen ; he was ignorant of the Greek language ; but his mother tongue, the language of nature, is the same in Cappadocia and in Britain." Gibbon's *Hist.* Vol. III. p. 15. REED.

[6] Most of our modern editors, with the old copies, have—needles ; but the word was probably written by Shakespeare *needls*, (a common contraction in the inland counties at this day,) otherwise the verse would be inharmonious. In the age of Shakespeare many contractions were used. Of the evisceration and extension of words, however, T. Churchyard affords the most numerous and glaring instances ; for he has not scrupled even to give us *rune* instead of *ruin*, and *mist* instead of *mist*, when he wants rhymes to *soon* and *cries*.

STEEVENS.

Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted ;
 But yet a union in partition,
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,⁷
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it ;
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words :
 I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?
 And made your other love, Demetrius,
 (Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates ? and wherefore doth Lysander
 Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
 And tender me, forsooth, affection ;
 But by your setting on, by your consent ?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate ;
 But miserable most, to love unlov'd ?
 This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, perséver, counterfeit sad looks,
 Make mouths upon me, when I turn my back ;
 Wink at each other ; hold the sweet jest up :
 This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me such an argument.
 But, fare ye well : 'tis partly mine own fault ;
 Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

[7] These are, as Theobald observes, terms peculiar to heraldry ; but that observation does not help to explain them.—Every branch of a family is called a *house*, and none but the *first* of the *first house* can bear the arms of the family, without some distinction. *Two of the first*, therefore, means *two coats of the first house*, which are properly due but to one. M. MASON.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse ;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat ;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
prayers.—

Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do ;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop !

Dem. No, no, sir :—he will

Seem to break loose ; take on, as you would follow ;
But yet come not : You are a tame man, go !

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr : vile thing let
loose ;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude ? what change is this,
Sweet love ?

Lys. Thy love ? out, tawny Tartar, out !
Out, loathed medicine ! hated potion, hence !

Her. Do you not jest ?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth ; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond ; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you ; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead ?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate ?
Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what news, my love ?

Am not I Hermia ? Are not you Lysander ?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.

Since night, you lov'd me ; yet, since night you left me .

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid !—

In earnest, shall I say ?

Lys. Ay, by my life ;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,

Be certain, nothing truer ; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me ! you juggler ! you canker-blossom !⁸
You thief of love ! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him ?

Hel. Fine, i' faith !
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness ? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue ?
Fye, fy ! you counterfeit, you puppet you !

Her. Puppet ! why so ? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height ;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low ?
How low am I, thou painted may-pole ? speak ;
How low am I ? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me : I was never curst ;
I have no gift at all in shrewdness ;
I am a right maid for my cowardice ;
Let her not strike me : You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower ! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you ;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood :
He follow'd you ; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence ; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too :
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further : Let me go :

[8] The *canker-blossom* is not in this place the blossom of the *canker* or *wild rose*, which our author alludes to in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. sc. iii. but a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So is the famous passage,

“ Like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.” STEEVENS.

You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone : Who is't that hinders you ?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander ?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid : she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir ; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd :

She was a vixen,⁹ when she went to school ;

And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again ? nothing but low and little ?—

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf ;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made ;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone ; speak not of Helena ;
Take not her part : for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.¹⁰

Lys. Now she holds me not ;
Now follow, if thou dar'st ; to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow ? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.
[Exe. LYSAN. and DEM.

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you :
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I ;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray ;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [Exit.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[Exit, pursuing HELENA.

[9] *Vixen*, or *fieen*, primitively signified a *female fox*. STEEVENS.

[10] It appears that *knot-gras*: was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child. Daisy-roots were supposed to have the same effect.

That prince of verbose and pedantic coxcombs, Richard Tomlinson, apothecary, in his translation of *Renodus his Dispensatory*, 1657, informs us that *knot-grass* "is a low reptant herb, with exile, copious, nodose, and geniculated branches." Perhaps no hypocondriac is to be found, who might not derive his cure from the perusal of any single chapter in this work. STEEVENS.

[2] *Aby it*, is *abide by it*; i. e. stand to it, answer to it. So, in *Psalm cxxx. v.* in Common Prayer : " If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done ~~amiss~~: O Lord, who may abide it?" HARRIS.

Ob. This is thy negligence : still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did you not tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on ?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes :
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Ob. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight :
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With dropping fog, as black as Acheron ;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep :
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,³
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;
And back to Athens shall the loyers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste ;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits all,⁴

[3] Salutiferous. So he calls, in *The Tempest*, *poisonous dew*, wicked *dew*.
JOHNSON.

[4] The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads ; and of those
who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients)
to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly
bestowed on their bodies. That the waters were sometimes the place of residence

That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone ;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully exile themselves from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort :
I with the morning's love have oft made sport ;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[Exit Ob.]

Puck. Up and down, up and down ;
I will lead them up and down :
I am fear'd in field and town ;
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain ; drawn and ready. Where art thou ?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [Exit Lys. as following the voice.]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander ! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled ?
Speak. In some bush ? Where dost thou hide thy head ?
Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come ? Come, recreant ; come, thou child ;
I'll whip thee with a rod : He is desil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea ; art thou there ?

Puck. Follow my voice ; we'll try no manhood here.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on ;

for damned spirits, we learn from the ancient bl. l. romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artois*, no date :

" Let some preest a gospel says,

" For doute of sendes in the flode." STEEVENS

[5] What the fairy monarch means to inform Puck of, is this. That he was not compelled, like meaner spirits, to vanish at the first appearance of the dawn. STEEVENS.

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
 The villain is much lighter heel'd than I :
 I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ;
 That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
 And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[*Lies down.*

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
 I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [Sleeps.]

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho ! ho, ho ! Coward, why comest thou not ?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st ; for well I wot,
 Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place ;
 And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
 Where art thou ?

Puck. Come hither ; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy
 this dear,
 If ever I thy face by day-light see :
 Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
 To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
 By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
 Abate thy hours : shine, comforts, from the east ;
 That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
 From these that my poor company detest :—
 And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
 Steal me a while from mine own company. [Sleeps.]

Puck. Yet but three ? Come one more ;

Two of both kinds make up four.

Here she comes, curst and sad :—

Cupid is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in wo,
 Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers ;
 I can no further crawl, no further go ;
 My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
 Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
 Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray !

[*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground

Sleep sound :

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER's eye.*

When thou wak'st,

Thou tak'st

True delight

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye :

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown :

Jack shall have Jill ;

Nought shall go ill ;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

[*Exit Puck.—Dem. Hel. &c. sleep.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending; OBERON behind unseen.
Titania.

COME, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflowed with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your nief,⁶ monsieur Mustard-seed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch.⁷ I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. let us have the tongs and the bones.⁸

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.—
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,
Gently entwist,⁹—the female ivy¹ so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[They sleep.]

[6] i. e. fist. GREY.

[7] Without doubt it should be *cavalero Peas-blossom*: as for *cavalero Cobweb*, he had just been despatched upon a perilous adventure. GREY.

[8] The old rustic music of the *tongs and key*. This rough music is likewise mentioned by Marston, in an address *ad rhythmum* prefixed to the second Book of his Satires, 1598:

“Yee wel-match'd twins (whose like-tun'd *tongs* affords

“Such musical delight,”) &c. STEEVENS.

[9] What Shakespeare seems to mean, is this—*So the woodbine, i. e. the sweet honey-suckle, doth gently entwist the barky fingers of the elm, and so does the female ivy enring the same fingers.* It is not unfrequent in the poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reason why Shakespeare thought *woodbine* wanted illustration, perhaps is this. In some counties, by *woodbine* or *woodbind* would have been generally understood the *ivy*, which he had occasion to mention in the very next line. STEEVENS.

[1] Shakespeare calls it *female ivy*, because it always requires some support, which is poetically called its husband. So Milton:

“——led the vine

“To wed her elm: she spous'd, 'bout him twines

“Her marriageable arms.”

“Ulmo conjuncta marito.” *Catull.*

“Platanusque celeb”

“Evincet ulmos.” *Hor* STEEVENS.

OBERON advances. Enter PUCK.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight ?
 Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
 For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
 Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
 I did upbraid her, and fall out with her :
 For she his hairy temples then had rounded
 With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;
 And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
 Stood now within the pretty flowrets' eyes,²
 Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
 When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
 And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child ;
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of this Athenian swain ;
 That he awaking when the other do,
 May all to Athens back again repair ;
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the fairy queen.—

Be, as thou wast wont to be ;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*]

See, as thou wast wont to see :

Dian's bud³ o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania ; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon ! what visions have I seen !

Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass ?

O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now !

Ob. Silence a while.—Robin, take off this head.—

[2] The eye of a flower is the technical term for its centre. STEEVENS.

[3] Dian's bud, is the bud of the *Agnus Castus*, or *Chaste Tree*. Thus, in " *Ma-
cer's Herball, practysyd by Doctor Lynacre, translated out of Latyn into Englyshe,*"
sc. bl. l. no date : " The vertue of this herbe is, that he wyll kepe a man and wo-
 man chaste," &c. Cupid's flower, is the *Viola tricolor*, or *Love in Idleness*.

STEEVENS

*Titania, music call ; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.*

Tita. Music, ho ! music ; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's
eyes peep.

Ob. Sound, music. [Still music.] Come, my queen, take
hand with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity ;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity :
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark ;
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade :
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tita. Come, my lord ; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground.

[Exeunt.
[Horns sound within.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester ;—
For now our observation is perform'd :⁴
And since we have the vaward of the day,⁵
My love shall hear the music of my hounds
—Uncouple in the western valley ; go :—
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.
—We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

[4] The honours due to the morning of *May*. I know not why Shakespeare calls this play, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, when he so carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding *May day*. JOHNSON.

I imagine that the title of this play was suggested by the time it was first introduced on the stage, which was probably at *Midsummer*. "A Dream for the entertainment of a Midsummer-night." *Twelfth-Night* and *The Winter's Tale* had probably their titles from a similar circumstance. MALONE.

[5] *Vaward* is compounded of *van* and *ward*, the forepart. In Knolle's *History of the Turks*, the word *vayved* is used in the same sense. *Edin. Magazine.*
STEEVENS

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd,⁷ so sanded;⁸ and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But soft; what nymphs are these.

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder at their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May;⁹ and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

*Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA,
and HELENA, wake and start up.*

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.]

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you are two rival enemies;

[7] *So flew'd.*] Sir T. Hanmer justly remarks, that *flew's* are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound. T. WARTON.

[8] *Sanded* means of a sandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound. STEEVENS.

[9] The rite of this month was once so universally observed, that even authors thought that their works would obtain a more favourable reception, if published on *May-Day*. STEEVENS.

[1] Alluding to the old saying, that birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. STEEVENS.

How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking : But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here :—
But, as I think (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is ;)
I came with Hermia hither : our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord ; you have enough :
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me :
You, of your wife ; and me, of my consent ;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood ;
And I in fury hither follow'd them ;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.²
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon :
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia :
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food :
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will ;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,

[2] *Fancy* is here taken for *love* or *affection*, and is opposed to *fury*, as before :

" Sighs and tears, poor *Fancy's* followers."

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his *fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for a florist, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. JOHNSON.

Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens : Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—

Come, Hippolyta. [Exe. THE. HIP. EGE. and train.

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks :
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here and bid us follow him ?

Her. Yea ; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake : let's follow him ;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [Exeunt.

As they go out, Bottom awakes

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer :—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.—Hey, ho !—Peter Quince ! Flute, the bellows-mender ! Snout, the tinker ! Starveling ! God's my life ! stolen hence, and left me asleep ! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was : Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patched fool,³ if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen ; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream : it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom ; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke : Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.⁴

[Exit.

[3] —patched fool,] That is, a fool in a particolour'd coat. JOHNSON.

[4] He means the death of Thisbe, which his head is at present full of. STEEVENS

SCENE II.

Athens. A Room in QUINCE's House. Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house ? is he come home yet ?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred ; it goes not forward, doth it ?

Quin. It is not possible : you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No ; he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too : and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon : a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married : if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom ! Thus hath he lost six pence a-day during his life ; he could not have 'scaped six pence a-day : an the duke had not given him six pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged ; he would have deserved it : six pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads ? where are these hearts ?

Quin. Bottom !—O most courageous day ! O most happy hour.

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders : but ask me not what ; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined : Get your apparel together ; good strings to your beards,³ new ribbons to your pumps ; meet presently at the palace ; every man look o'er his part ; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen ; and

[3] i.e. to prevent the false beards which they wear, from falling off.
MALONE

let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath ; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words ; away ; go, away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An Apartment in the Palace of THESEUS. Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.*

Hippolyta.

'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.
The. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact :
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
That is; the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination ;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear ?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy ;
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

—Joy, gentle friends ! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts !

Lys. More than to us

Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed !

The. Come now ; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time ?
Where is our usual manager of mirth ?
What revels are in hand ? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour ?
Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment⁶ have you for this evening ?
What mask ? what music ? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight ?

Phil. There is a brief,⁷ how many sports are ripe ;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.]

The. [reads.] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*

We'll none of that : that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device ; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death

Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.

That is some satire, keen and critical,⁸
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,

And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.

Merry and tragical ? Tedious and brief ?

That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord ?

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long ;
Which is as brief as I have known a play ;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long ;
Which makes it tedious : for in all the play

[6] By abridgment our author may mean a dramatic performance, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. a short account or enumeration. STEEVENS.

[8] Critical here means criticising, censuring. So, in Othello :

'O, I am nothing if not critical.' STEEVENS.

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is ;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now ;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories'
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you : I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world ;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,¹
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play ;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in ;—and take your places, ladies.

[Exit PHIL.]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake :
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.²
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,

[1] That is, unexercised, unpractised memories. STEEVENS.

[2] To *intend* and to *attend* were anciently synonymous. *Intents* therefore may be put for the object of their *attention*. We still say a person is *intent* on his business. STEEVENS.

[3] And what dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives with complacency, estimating it not by the actual *merit* of the performance, but by what it *might* have been, were the abilities of the performers equal to their zeal.—Such, I think, is the true interpretation of this passage; for which the reader is indebted partly to Dr. Johnson, and partly to Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome : Trust me, sweet,
 Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome ;
 And in the modesty of fearful duty
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
 Of sawcy and audacious eloquence.
 Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
 In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

Phil. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.
The. Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets.]

Enter Prologue.

Prol. If we offend, it is with our good will.
 That you should think, we come not to offend,
 But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
 That is the true beginning of our end.
 Consider then, we come but in despite.
 We do not come as minding to content you,
 Our true intent is. All for your delight,
 We are not here. That you should here repent you,
 The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
 You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt ; he
 knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord : It is not
 enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue, like a
 child on a recorder ;^[4] a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain ; nothing im-
 paired, but all disordered. Who is next ?

*Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LI-
 ON, as in dumb show.*

Prol. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show ;
 But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
 • This man is Pyramus, if you would know :
 • This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.^[5]

[4] *Recorder*,—a kind of flute. Shakespeare introduces the same instrument in *Hamlet*; and Milton says:—"To the sound of soft recorders." STEEVENS.

[5] A burlesque was here intended on the frequent recurrence of "certain" as a bungling rhyme in poetry more ancient than the age of Shakespeare.

STEEVENS

‘ This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
 ‘ Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder :
 ‘ And through wall’s chink, poor souls, they are content
 ‘ To whisper ; at the which let no man wonder.
 ‘ This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
 ‘ Presenteth moon-shine : for, if you will know,
 ‘ By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn
 ‘ To meet at Ninus’ tomb, there, there to woo.
 ‘ This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,^[6]
 ‘ The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
 ‘ Did scare away, or rather did affright :
 ‘ And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall ;
 ‘ Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain :
 ‘ Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,
 ‘ And finds his trusty Thisby’s mantle slain :
 ‘ Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,^[7]
 ‘ He bravely broach’d his boiling bloody breast ;
 ‘ And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
 ‘ His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
 ‘ Let Lion, Moon-shine, Wall, and lovers twain,
 ‘ At large discourse, while here they do remain.’

[Ex. PROL. THIS. LION, and MOON-SHINE.]

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord : one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. ‘ In this same interlude, it doth befall,
 ‘ That I, one Snout by name, present a wall :
 ‘ And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 ‘ That had it in a cranny’d hole, or chink,

[6] *Hight*, in old English, signifies—*is called*. I think it probable that a line, following the words—*by night*, has been lost. MALONE.

[7] Mr. Upton rightly observes, that Shakespeare in this line ridicules the affection of beginning many words with the same letter. He might have remarked the same of—*The raging rocks*, &c. Gascoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the same affection. JOHNSON.

This alliteration seems to have reached the height of its fashion in the reign of Henry VIII. The following stanza is quoted from a poem *On the Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, written in 1537, by Wilfride Holme:

‘ Loe, leproous lurdeins, lubricke in loquacitie,
 ‘ Vah, vaporous villeins, with venim vulnerate,
 ‘ Proh, prating parenticides, plexious to pinnositie,
 ‘ Fie, frantike fabulators, furibund, and fatuate,
 ‘ Out, oblatrant, oblict, obstacle, and obsecate,
 ‘ Ah addict algoses, in acerbite acclamant,
 ‘ Magnall in mischief, malicious to mugilate,
 ‘ Repriving your Roy so renoured and radiant.’

In Tusser’s *Husbandry*, p. 104, there is a poem of which every word begins with a T. STEEVENS.

- Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
- Did whisper often very secretly.
- This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
- That I am that same wall ; the truth is so :
- And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
- Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.'
- The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better ?
- Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.
- The. Pyramus draws near the wall : silence !

Enter PYRAMUS.

- Pyr. ' O grim-look'd night ! O night with hue so black !
- ' O night, which ever art, when day is not !
- O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
- ' I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot !—
- And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
- ' That stand'st between her father's ground and mine ,
- Thou wall, O wall, O sweet, and lovely wall,
- ' Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
- [WALL holds up his fingers.]
- Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee wall for this !
- ' But what see I ? No Thisby do I see.
- O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss ;
- ' Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me !'
- The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is Thisby's cue : she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you :—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

- This. ' O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
- ' For parting my fair Pyramus and me :
- My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones ;
- ' Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.'
- Pyr. ' I see a voice : now will I to the chink,
- ' To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
- Thisby !'
- This. ' My love ! thou art my love, I think.'
- Pyr. ' Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace ;
- And like Limander am I trusty still.'*

[8] Limander and Helen, are spoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris. JOHNSON.

This. 'And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.'

Pyr. 'Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.'

This. 'As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.'

Pyr. 'O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.'

This. 'I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.'

Pyr. 'Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straight-way ?'

This. 'Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.'

Wall. 'Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so ;
' And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.'

[*Exeunt WALL, PYRAMUS, and THISBE.*]

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows : and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. ' You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
' The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
' May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
' When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.'

Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am

A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam :⁹

For if I should as lion come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.'

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True ; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord : for his valour cannot carry his discretion ; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his val-

[9] That is, that I am Snug the joiner; and neither a lion, nor a lion's dam. Dr. Johnson has justly observed in a note on *All's well that ends well*, that *nor* in the phraseology of our author's time often related to two members of a sentence, though only expressed in the latter. So in the play just mentioned :

"—contempt nor bitterness

"Were in his pride or sharpness." MALONE.

our ; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well : leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. ‘ This lantern doth the horned moon present ? —

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. ‘ This lantern doth the horned moon present ; ‘ Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.’

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest : the man should be put into the lantern : How is it else the man i' th' moon ?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle ; for, you see, it is already in snuff.’

Hip. I am a-weary of this moon : Would, he would change !

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane : but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon ; I, the man in the moon ; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush ; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern ; for they are in the moon. But, silence ; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. ‘ This is old Ninny's tomb : Where is my love ?’

Lion. ‘ Oh—.’ [The Lion roars.—THISBE runs off.

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well moused, lion.*

[The Lion tears THISBE's mantle, and exit.

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vanishes.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. ‘ Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams ;

‘ I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright :

‘ For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

‘ I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

[1] An equivocation. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle, and hasty anger. JOHNSON.

[2] To *mouse* signified to mammock, to tear in pieces, as a cat tears a mouse.

MALONE.

‘ But stay ;—O spite !
 ‘ But mark ;—Poor knight,
 ‘ What dreadful dole is here ?
 ‘ Eyes, do you see ?
 ‘ How can it be ?
 ‘ O dainty duck ! O dear !
 ‘ Thy mantle good,
 ‘ What, stain'd with blood ?
 ‘ Approach, ye furies fell !³
 ‘ O fates ! come, come ;
 ‘ Cut thread and thrum ;
 ‘ Quail, crush, conclude, and quell !⁴

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. ‘ O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame ?

‘ Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear :

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

‘ That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

‘ Come, tears, confound ;

‘ Out, sword, and wound

‘ The pap of Pyramus :

‘ Ay, that left pap,⁵

‘ Where heart doth hop :—

‘ Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

‘ Now am I dead,

‘ Now am I fled ;

‘ My soul is in the sky :

‘ Tongue, lose thy light !

‘ Moon, take thy flight .

‘ Now die, die, die, die, die.’

[Dies. Ex. MOONSH.]

[3] The poet here, and in the following lines spoken by Thisbe—

“ O sisters three,

“ Come, come to me,

“ With hands as pale as milk—”

probably intended to ridicule a passage in *Damon and Pythias*, by Richard Edwards, 1582. MALONE.

[4] *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp ; it is popularly used for very coarse yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop*.

WARNER

[5] To *quell* is to murder, to destroy. STEEVENS

[6] Lest our author should seem chargeable with an inefficient rhyme, it ought to be remembered that the broad pronunciation, now almost peculiar to the Scotch, was anciently current in England. Throughout the old copies of Shakespeare's plays, “tattered” is always spelt “tottered,” *Pap* therefore was sounded *Pop*. The context reminds us of a passage in the seventh Satire of *Juvenal*:

“ —lara in parte mamilla

“ Nil salit STEEVENS.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him ; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man ; for he is dead ; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass ?

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ?

The. She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus : I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, ^s videlicet.—

This. ‘Asleep, my love ?

‘What, dead, my love ?

‘O Pyramus, arise,

‘Speak, speak. Quite dumb ?

‘Dead, dead ? A tomb

‘Must cover thy sweet eyes.

‘These lily brows,

‘This cherry nose,

‘These yellow cowslip cheeks,

‘Are gone, are gone :

‘Lovers, make moan !

‘His eyes were green as leeks.

[7] The character of Theseus throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity, than its greatness. Though some sensible observations on life, and animated descriptions fall from him, as it is said of Iago, *you shall taste him more as a soldier than as a wit*, which is a distinction he is here striving to deserve, though with little success : as in support of his pretensions he never rises higher than a pun, and frequently sinks as low as a quibble. STEEVENS.

[8] The old copies concur in reading—means. STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald altered means to moans : but means had anciently the same signification. Mr. Pinkerton (under the name of Robert Heron, Esq.) observes that it is a common term in the Scotch law, signifying to tell, to relate, to declare ; and the petitions to the lords of session in Scotland, run : “To the lords of council and session humbly means and shows your petitioner.” Here, however, it evidently signifies complains. Bills in chancery begin in a similar manner : “Humbly complaining sheweth unto your lordship,” &c. The word occurs in an ancient manuscript in my own possession:

“ This ender day wen me was wo,
“ Under a bugh ther I lay,

“ Naght gale to mene me to.”

So again, in a very ancient Scottish song :

“ I hard ane may sair mwrne and meyne.” RITSON.

' O sisters three,
 ' Come, come, to me,
 ' With hands as pale as milk ;
 ' Lay them in gore,
 ' Since you have shore
 ' With shears his thread of silk.
 ' Tongue, not a word :—
 ' Come, trusty sword ;
 Come, blade, my breast imbrue :
 ' And farewell, friends :—
 ' Thus Thisby ends :
 ' Adieu, adieu, adieu.'

[Dies.]

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company ?

The. No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy : and so it is, truly ; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask : let your epilogue alone. [Here a dance of Clowns.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve :—

Lovers, to bed ; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed....

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,'

And the wolf behowls the moon ;

[9] A *Bergomask* dance (as Sir T. Hanmer observes in his *Glossary*) is a dance after the manner of the peasants of *Bergomasco*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people, as well as their manner of dancing. STEEVENS.

[1] It has been justly observed by an anonymous writer, that among this assemblage of familiar circumstances attending midnight, either in England

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task fordone.¹
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch-ing loud,
 Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the church-way paths to glide :
 And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecat's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolic ; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
 I am sent, with broom, before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.²

Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train.

Ob. Through this house give glimmering light,
 By the dead and drowsy fire :
 Every elf, and fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as bird from brier ;
 And this ditty, after me,
 Sing, and dance it trippingly.
Tit. First, rehearse the song by rote :
 To each word a warbling note,
 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
 Will we sing, and bless this place.

or its neighbouring kingdoms, Shakespeare would never have thought of intermixing the exotic idea of the *hungry lion roaring*, which can be heard no nearer than in the deserts of Africa. if he had not read in the 104th *Psalm*. " Thou makest darkness that it may be night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do move ; the *lions* roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God " MALONE.

I do not perceive the justness of the foregoing anonymous writer's observation. Puck, who could " encircle the earth in forty minutes," like his fairy mistress, might have snuffed " the spiced Indian air;" and consequently an image, foreign to Europeans, might have been obvious to him. Our poet, however, inattentive to little proprieties, has sometimes introduced his wild beasts in regions where they are never found. STEEVENS.

[1] *For done*—i. e. overcome. STEEVENS.

[2] Cleanliness is always necessary to invite the residence and the favour of the fairies :

" These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,
 " By pinching them both black and blue,
 " And put a penny in their shoe
 " The house for cleanly sweeping." Drayton. JOHNSON

SONG, AND DANCE.

Ob. Now, until the break of day,
 Through this house each fairy stray.
 To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be ;
 And the issue, there create,
 Ever shall be fortunate.
 So shall all the couples three
 Ever true in loving be :
 And the blots of nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand ;
 Never mole, hare-lip,⁴ nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious,⁵ such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be.—
 With this field-dew consecrate,
 Every fairy take his gait :⁶
 And each several chamber bless,
 Through this palace with sweet peace :
 E'er shall it in safety rest,
 And the owner of it blest.

[3] I am afraid this song is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two songs are lost. The series of the scene is this; after the speech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a song, which song is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next Titania leads another song, which is indeed lost like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon dismisses his fairies to the despatch of the ceremonies.

The songs, I suppose were lost, because they were not inserted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed. JOHNSON.

[4] This defect in children seems to have been so much dreaded, that numerous were the charms applied for its prevention. The following might be as efficacious as any of the rest. " If a woman with chylde have her smocke slyt at the neather ende or skyrte thereof, &c. the same chylde that she then goeth withall, shall be safe from having a cloven or *hare tippe*." Thomas Lupton's *Fourth Book of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. 1. STEEVENS.

[5] *Prodigious* has here its primitive signification of *portentous*. STEEVENS.

[6] i. e. take his way, or direct his steps. STEEVENS.

Gait, for a path or road, is commonly used at present in the northern counties. HARRIS.

[7] The same superstitious kind of benediction occurs in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, v. 3479, Tyrwhitt's edition :

" I crouche thee from elves, and from wightes.
 " Therwith the nightspel said he aно rightes
 " On four halves of the hous aboute,
 " And on the threshwoold of the dore withoute.
 " Jesu Crist, and Seint Benedight,
 " Blisse this hous from every wicked wight,
 " Fro the nightes mare, the wite Paternoster," &c. STEEVENS

Trip away ;
 Make no stay ;
Meet me all by break of day.
 [Exe. OBER. TITA. and Train.]

Puck. *If we shadows have offended,*
Thunk but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend ;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck⁸
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,⁹
We will make amends ere long :
Else the puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands,¹⁰ if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit.]

[8] I. e. if we have better fortune than we have deserved. STEEVENS.

[9] That is, if we be dismissed without hisses. JOHNSON.

[10] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applause. JOHNSON

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

OBSERVATIONS.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.] IT is true, as Mr. Pope has observed, that somewhat resembling the story of this play is to be found in the fifth book of the *Orlando Furioso*. In Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, as remote an original may be traced. A novel, however, of Belleforest, copied from another of Bandello, seems to have furnished Shakespeare with his fable, as it approaches nearer in all its particulars to the play before us, than any other performance known to be extant. I have seen so many versions from this once popular collection, that I entertain no doubt but that a great majority of the tales it comprehends have made their appearance in an English dress. Of that particular story which I have just mentioned, viz. the 18th history in the third volume, no translation has hitherto been met with.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Aug. 23,
1600.
STEEVENS.

Ariosto is continually quoted for the fable of *Much Ado about Nothing*; but I suspect our poet to have been satisfied with the *Geneura* of Turberville. "The tale (says Harrington) is a pretie comical matter, and hath bin written in *English* verse some few years past, learnedly and with good grace, by M. George Turbervil." *Ariosto*, fol. 1591, p. 39.
FARMER.

This play may be justly said to contain two of the most sprightly characters that Shakespeare ever drew. The wit, the humourist, the gentleman, and the soldier, are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the first and most splendid of these distinctions, is disgraced by unnecessary profaneness; for the goodness of

his heart is hardly sufficient to atone for the license of his tongue. The too sarcastic levity, which flashes out in the conversation of Beatrice, may be excused on account of the steadiness and friendship so apparent in her behaviour, when she urges her lover to risque his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, however, there is an imperfection similar to that which Dr. Johnson has pointed out in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* :—the second contrivance is less ingenious than the first :—or, to speak more plainly, the same incident has become stale by repetition. I wish some other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very one which before had been successfully practised on Benedick.

STEEVENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Don PEDRO, prince of Arragon.

Don JOHN, his bastara brother.

Claudio, a young lord of Florence, favourite to Don Pedro
BENEDICK, a young lord of Paana, favourite likewise of Don
Pedro.

LEONATO, governor of Messina.

ANTONIO, his brother.

BALTHAZAR, servant to Don Pedro.

BORACHIO, } *followers of Don John.*

CONRADE, } *followers of Don John.*

DOGBERRY, } *two foolish officers.*

VERGES, } *two foolish officers.*

A Sexton.

A Friar.

A Boy.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.

BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.

MARGARET, } *gentlewomen attending on Hero.*

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE.—*Messina.*



LA CHANSON DE BOHÈME

LETTRE 3

THE
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY
OF
THE
UNITED
STATES

MEMOIRS

OF THE
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY
OF THE
UNITED
STATES

EDITED
BY
JOHN
F. W.
BLANTON,
MICHIGAN,
AND
CHARLES
W.
HARVEY,
NEW
YORK.

IN
TWO
VOL.
VOLUME
I
1850
VOLUME
II
1851

THE
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY
OF THE
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PUBLISHED
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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before LEONATO's House. Enter **LEONATO**, **HERO**, **BEATRICE**, and others, with a **Messenger**.

Leonato.

I LEARN in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.¹

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

[1] This is judiciously expressed. Of all the transports of joy, that which is attended with tears is least offensive; because, carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that usually attends another's happiness. This he finely calls a *modest* joy, such a one as did not insult the observer by an indication of happiness unmixed with pain. WARBURTON

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness : There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping ?

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto^o returned from the wars, or no ?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady ; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece ?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned ; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight :³ and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.⁴—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars ? But how many hath he killed ? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much ; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it : he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady ;—But what is he to a lord ?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man ; stuffed with all honourable virtues.⁵

[2] *Montante*, in Spanish, is a huge two-handed sword, a title given, with much humour, to one whom the speaker would represent as a boaster or bravado.

WARBURTON.

Montanto was one of the ancient terms of the fencing-school. So, in *The Wives of Windsor*

“ —thy reverse, thy distance, thy *montant*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Flight* (as M. Douce observes to me) does not here mean an arrow, but a sort of shooting called *roving*, or shooting at long lengths. The arrows used at this sport are called *flight*-arrows ; as were those used in battle for great distances.

STEEVENS.

[4] The *bird-bolt* is a short thick arrow without a point, and spreading at the extremity so much, as to leave a flat surface, about the breadth of a shilling. Such are to this day in use to kill rooks with, and are shot from a cross-bow.

STEEVENS.

The meaning of the whole is—Benedick, from a vain conceit of his influence over women, challenged Cupid at *roving* (a particular kind of archery, in which *flight*-arrows are used.) In other words, he challenged him to *shoot at hearts*. The fool, to ridicule this piece of vanity, in his turn challenged Benedick to shoot at crows with the cross-bow and bird-bolt ; an inferior kind of archery used by fools, who, for obvious reasons, were not permitted to shoot with pointed arrows : Whence the proverb—"A fool's bolt is soon shot." DOUCE.

[5] *Stuffed*, in this first instance, has no ridiculous meaning. Mr. Edwards observes, that Mede, in his *Discourses on Scripture*, speaking of Adam, says, “—he

Beat. It is so, indeed ; he is no less than a stuffed man : but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece : there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her : they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits⁶ went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one : so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse ; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now ? He hath every month a new sworn brother.⁷

Mess. Is it possible ?

Beat. Very easily possible : he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.⁸

Beat. No : an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion ? Is there no young squarer now,⁹ that will make a voyage with him to the devil ?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O lord ! he will hang upon him like a disease : he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio ! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

whom God had *stuffed* with so many excellent qualities." *Un homme bien étoffé*, signifies, in French, *a man in good circumstances*. STEEVENS.

[6] In our author's time *wit* was the general term for intellectual powers. The *wits* seem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the five lets to ideas. JOHNSON.

[7] i. e. one with whom he hath *sworn* (as was anciently the custom among adventurers) to share fortunes. STEEVENS.

[8] *To be in a man's books*, originally meant to be in the list of his *retainers*. Sir John Mandeville tells us, " alle the mynstrelles that comen before the great Chan ben withholden with him, as of his houshold, and entred in his *bookes*, as for his own men." FARMER.

A *servant* and a *lover* were in Cupid's Vocabulary, synonymous. Hence perhaps the phrase—*to be in a person's books*—was applied equally to the *lover* and the *serval attendant*. MALONE.

[9] A *squarer* I take to be a choleric, quarrelsome fellow, for in this sense Shakespeare uses the word to *square*. JOHNSON.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others, Don JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble : the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace : for trouble being gone, comfort should remain ; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge^[1] too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her ?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no ; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick : we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself :—Be happy, lady ! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick ; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain ! are you yet living ?

Beat. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick ? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat :—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted : and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart ; for, truly, I l^eve none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women ; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that ; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

[1] Charge does not mean, as Dr. Johnson explains it, *burden, incumbrance*, but "the person committed to your care." So it is used in the relationship between guardian and ward. DOUCE

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind ! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue ; and so good a continuer : But keep your way, o'God's name ; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick ; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all : Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month ; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer : I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my Lord : being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you : I am not of many words, but I thank you.^{*}

Leon. Please it your grace lead on ?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato ; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato ?

Bene. I noted her not ; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady ?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment ? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex ?

Clau. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little ~~for~~ a great praise : only this commendation I can afford her ; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome ; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

[2] The poet has judiciously marked the gloominess of Don John's character, by making him averse to the common forms of civility. Sir J. HAWKINS.

Claud. Thou thinkest, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her?

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is it come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

[3] Do you mean to tell us that love is not blind, and that fire will not consume what is combustible? for both these propositions are implied in making Cupid a good hare-finder, and Vulcan (the god of fire) a good carpenter.

STEEVENS.

I explain the passage thus: Do you scoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder, which requires a quick eye-sight; and that Vulcan, a blacksmith, is a rare carpenter? TOLLET.

After such attempts at decent illustration, I am afraid that he who wishes to know why Cupid is a good hare-finder, must discover it by the assistance of many quibbling allusions of the same sort, about hair and hoar, in Mercutio's song in the second Act of Romeo and Juliet. COLLINS.

[4] That is, subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy. JOHNSON.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord : it is not so, nor 'twas not so ; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her ; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me ; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her ; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks ; but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead,⁵ or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me : Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none ; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord ; not with love : prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat,⁶ and shoot

[5] *A recheate* is a particular lesson upon the horn, to call dogs back from the sweat : from the old French word *rechet*, which was used in the same sense as *re-traire*. HANMER.

[6] As to the *cat and bottle*, I can procure no better information than the following : In some counties in England, a cat was formerly closed up with a quantity of oo. in a wooden bottle. (such as that in which shepherds carry their liquor,) and

at me ; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.⁷

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try :
In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may ; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead : and let me be vilely painted ; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign,—*Here you may see Benedick the married man.*

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldest be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's ; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper ; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage ; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, (if I had it,)—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July : Your loving friend, Benedick.⁸

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither :⁹ ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience ; and so I leave you. [Exit.

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

was suspended on a line. He who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to escape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diversion. STEEVENS.

[7] Adam Bel, Clym of the Cloughe, and Wyllyam of Cloudesle, were, says Dr. Percy, three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle. At what time they lived does not appear. STEEVENS.

[8] The ridicule here is to the formal conclusions of *Epistles dedicatory and Letters*. Barnaby Googe thus ends his dedication to the first edition of *Palingentus*, 12mo. 1560 : "And thus commytyng your Ladiship with all yours to the fracion of the moste merciful God, I ende. From Staple Inne at London, the eighte and twenty of March." REED.

[9] Guards were ornamented lace or borders. STEEVENS.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach ; teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord ?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir :
Dost thou affect her, *Claudio* ?

Claud. O my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love :
But now I am return'd, and that war-thought
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words :
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it ;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her : Was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story ?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion !
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than
the flood ?
The fairest grant is the necessity :
Look, what will serve, is fit : 'tis once, thou lov'st;¹
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have revelling to-night ;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio ;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale :
Then, after, to her father will I break ;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine :
In practice let us put it presently.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] Once has here, I believe, the force of—*once for all*. So, in *Coriolanus* ;
“Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.” MALONE

SCENE II.

A Room in LEONATO's House. Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother ? Where is my cousin, your son ? Hath he provided this music ?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamed not of.

Leon. Are they good ?

Ant. As the event stamps them ; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine : The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance ; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this ?

Ant. A good sharp fellow : I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no ; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself :—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [Several persons cross the stage.] Cousins,^[2] you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend ; you go with me, and I will use your skill :—Good cousins, have a care this busy time. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Another room in LEONATO's house. Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

Conr. What the godjere, my lord ! why are you thus out of measure sad ?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conr. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it ?

Conr. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

[2] Cousins were anciently enrolled among the dependants, if not the domestics, of great families, such as that of Leonato.—Petruchio, while intent on the subject of Katharine, calls out in terms imperative, for his cousin Ferdinand.

STEEVENS.

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am :³ I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests ; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure ; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business ; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.⁴

Conr. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace ; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself : it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace ;⁵ and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any : in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog ; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage : If I had my mouth, I would bite ; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking : in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no use of your discontent ?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here ? what news, Borachio ?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper ; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato ; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on ? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness ?

[3] This is one of our author's natural touches. An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure, and too sullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence. JOHNSON.

[4] To claw is to flatter. So, *the pope's claw-backs*, in Bishop Jewel, are the pope's flatterers. The sense is the same in the proverb. *Mulus mulum scabit.* JOHNSON.

[5] A canker is the canker-rose, *dog-rose*, *cynosbatus*, or *hip*. The sense is, I would rather live in obscurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or estimation to my brother. He still continues his wish of gloomy independence. JOHNSON.

Bora. Marry, it is to your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who ? the most exquisite Claudio ?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire ! And who, and who ? which way looks he.

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick ! How came you to this ?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room,⁶ comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference : I whipt me behind the arras ; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither ; this may prove food to my displeasure ; that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow ; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way : You are both sure, and will assist me ?

Conr. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper ; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued : 'Would the cook were of my mind !—Shall we prove what's to be done ?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in LEONATO's House.* Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.

Leonato.

Was not count John here at supper ?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks ! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.⁷

[6] The neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors, rendered such precautions too often necessary. In the Harleian Collection of MSS. No. 6850, fol. 90, in the British Museum, is a paper of directions drawn up by Sir John Puckering's Steward, relative to Suffolk Place before Queen Elizabeth's visit to it in 1594. The 15th article is—"The sweetynge of the house in all places by any means." Again, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*,—"the smoak of Juniper is in great request with us at Oxford, to sweeten our chambers." See also *King Henry IV.* P. II. act 5, sc. 4. STEEVENS.

[7] The pain commonly called the *heart-burn*, proceeds from an *acid* humour in the stomach, and is therefore properly enough imputed to *tart* looks.

JOHNSON

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick : the one is too like an image, and says nothing ; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou walt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst : I shall lessen God's sending that way : for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns*, but to a cow too curst, he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband ; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening : Lord ! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face ; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him ? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman ? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth ; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man : and he that is more than a youth, is not for me ; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him : Therefore I will even take six-pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell ?

Beat. No ; but to the gate ; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven ; here's no place for you maids* : so deliver I up my apes, and away to saint Peter for the heavens ; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

[To HERO.]

Beat. Yes, faith ; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please you* :—but yet for

all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important,^[8] tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure,^[9] and a cinquepace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and antiquity; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; Don JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

[8] Important here, and in many other places, is importunate. JOHNSON

[9] A measure in old language, beside its ordinary meaning, signified also a dance MALONE.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Ped. Speak low, if you speak love. [Takes her aside.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake ; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one ?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better ; the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer !

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done !—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words ; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough ; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man : Here's his dry hand up and down ; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come ; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit ? Can virtue hide itself ? Go to, mum, you are he : graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so ?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are ?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales* ;—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he ?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh ?

Bene. I pray you, what is he ?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester : a very dull fool ; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders : none but libertines delight in him ; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany ; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him : I am sure, he is in the fleet ; I would he had board-ed me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do : he'll but break a comparison or two on me ; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy ; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [Music within.] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [Dance. Then exit all but DON JOHN,

BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it : The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio : I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick ?

Claud. You know me well ; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love : he is enamoured on Hero ; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth : you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her ?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too ; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

{*Exit Don John and Bora.*

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear this ill news with the ears of Claudio.—

“Tis certain so ;—the prince woos for himself.

Friendship is constant in all other things,

Save in the office and affairs of love :

Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues ;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,

And trust no agent : for beauty is a witch,

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof,

Which I mistrusted not : Farewell therefore, Hero !

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio ?

[1] i. e. as wax when opposed to the fire kindled by a witch, no longer preserves the figure of the person it was designed to represent, but flows into a shapeless lump : so fidelity, when confronted with beauty, dissolves into our ruling passion, and is lost there like a drop of water in the sea.

STEVENS.

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain?² or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike the blind man; ³twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO, HERO, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count; Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren;³ I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

[2] Chains of gold, of considerable value, were in our author's time, usually worn by wealthy citizens, and others, in the same manner as they now are, on public occasions, by the Aldermen of London. REED.

[3] A parallel thought occurs in the first chapter of *Isaiah*, where the prophet, describing the desolation of Judah, says: "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a *lodge* in a garden of cucumbers," &c. I am informed, that near Aleppo, these lonely buildings are still made use of, it being necessary, that the fields where water-melons, cucumbers, &c. are raised, should be regularly watched. I learn from Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, that "so soone as the cucumbers, &c. be gathered, these lodges are abandoned of the watchmen and keepers, and no more frequented." From these forsaken buildings, it should seem, the prophet takes his comparison. STEEVENS.

D. Pedro. To be whipped ! What's his fault ?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy ; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression ? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet, it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too ; for the garland he might have worn himself ; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you ; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block ; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her ; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her : She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester ; that I was duller than a great thaw ; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me : She speaks poniards, and every word stabs : if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her ; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed : she would have made Hercules have turned spit ; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her ; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her ;⁴ for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary ; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither ; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, and BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to

[4] As Shakespeare always attributes to his *exorcists* the power of raising spirits, he gives his *conjuror*, in this place the power of laying them. M. MASON.

the world's end ? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on ; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia ; bring you the length of Prester John's foot ; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard ;⁵ do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy : You have no employment for me ?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not ; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [Exit.]

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come ; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while ; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one : marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I wold not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Ped. Why, how now, count ? wherefore are you sad ?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then ? Sick ?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well : but civil, count ; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true ; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false.—Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won ; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained : name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy !

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes : his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it !

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you

[5] i. e. I will undertake the most difficult task, rather than have any conversation with lady Beatrice. Alluding to the difficulty of access to either of those monarchs, but more particularly to the former. STEEVENS.

are mine, I am yours : I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin ; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak, neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord ; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care :—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance !—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned ; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho ! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting : hath your grace ne'er a brother like you ? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady ?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days ; your grace is too costly to wear every day : But, I beseech your grace, pardon me ; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you ; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cry'd ; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy !

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of ?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [Exit BEATRICE.]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord : she is never sad, but when she sleeps ; and not ever sad then ; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness,⁵ and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means ; she mocks all her woes out of suit.

[5] *There's little of the melancholy element in her.*] “ Does not our life consist of the four elements ? ” says Sir Toby, in *Twelfth-Night*. So, also in *King Henry V.* : “ He is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.” MALONE.

[6] *Unhappiness.*—a wild, wanton, unlucky trick

WARBURTON.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief toe, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice, into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain,⁷ of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practice on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room in LEONATO'S House. Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

[7] i. e. descent, lineage. REED.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me : I am sick in displeasure to him ; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage ?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord ; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage ?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother ; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that ?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato : Look you for any other issue ?

D. John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro, and the count Claudio, alone : tell them, that you know that Hero loves me ; intend a kind of zeal^[8] both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match ; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial ; offer them instances ; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window ; hear me call Margaret, Hero ; hear Margaret term me Borachio ; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding : for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent ; and there shall appear such seeming truths of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

[8] *Intend,* i. e. pretend. So, in *King Richard III* :
“Intending deep suspicion.” STEEVENS

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice : Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Borsa. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

LEONATO'S Garden. Enter **BENEDICK** and a **Boy**.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book ; bring it hither to me in the orchard.⁹

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that ;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.]—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love : And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and fife ; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe : I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour ; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carvings the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier ; and now is he turn'd orthographer ; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes ? I cannot tell ; I think not : I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster ; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair ; yet I am well : another is wise ; yet I am well : another virtuous ; yet I am well : But till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain ; wise, or I'll none ; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her ; fair, or I'll never look on her ; mild, or come not near me ; noble, or not I for an angel ; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour

[9] Gardens were anciently called orchards. STEEVENS.

it please God.' Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [Withdraws.]

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—how still the evening is, As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.²

Enter BALTHAZAR, with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection:— I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing: Since many a woer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos; Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come: Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes, There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchetts that he speaks; Note, notes, forsooth, and noting! [Music.]

Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

[1] Perhaps Benedick alludes to a fashion, very common in the time of Shakespeare, that of *dying the hair*. STEEVENS.

The practice of dying the hair was one of those fashions so frequent before and in Queen Elizabeth's time, as to be thought worthy of particular animadversion from the pulpit. In the Homily against excess of apparel, B. I 1547, after mentioning the common excuses of some nice and vain women for painting their faces, *dying their hair*, &c. the preacher breaks out into the following invective: "Who can paynte her face, and curle her heere, and chauge it into an unnaturall colour, but therein doth worke reprofe to her Maker who made her? as thoughte she could make herselfe more comelye than God hath appoynted the measure of her beautie. What do these women but go about to resourme that which God hath made? not knowyng that all thynges naturall is the worke of God: and thynges disguised and unnatural be the workes of the devyll," &c. REED.

[2] A *kid-fox* seems to be no more than a *young fox* or *cub*. In *As you like it*, we have the expression of—"two *day-axes*." RITSON

BALTHAZAR sings.

1.

Balth. *Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,*
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

2.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo'
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [Aside.] An he had been a dog, that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [To CLAUDIO.]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [Exe. BALTH. and music.]—Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on; ³ the fowl sits. [Aside to PEDRO.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that

[3] This is an allusion to the *stalking-horse*; a horse either real or factitious, by which the fowler anciently sheltered himself from the sight of the game.

STEEVENS.

she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible ? Sits the wind in that corner ?

[*Aside.*]

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it ; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God ! counterfeit ! There never was counterfeit of passioin came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she ?

Claud. Bait the hook well ; this fish will bite. [*Aside.*]

Leon. What effects, my lord ! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you ? You amaze me : I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord ; especially against Benedick.

Bene [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it : knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection ; hold it up. [*Aside.*]

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick ?

Leon. No ; and swears she never will : that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed ; so your daughter says : *Shall I, says she, that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him : for she'll be up twenty times a night ; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper :—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O,—when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet ?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence ; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write

to one that she knew would flout her : *I measure him, says she, by my own spirit ; for I should flout him, if he writ to me ; yea, though I love him, I should.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses ;—*O sweet Benedick ! God give me patience !*

Leon. She doth, indeed ; my daughter says so : and the ecstacy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself ; It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end ? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him : She's an excellent sweet lady ; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory.⁴ I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would, she had bestowed this dotage on me ; I would have daff'd all other respects,⁵ and made her half myself : I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you ?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die : for she says, she will die if he love her not ; and she will die ere she make her love known ; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well : if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it ; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.⁶

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

[4] Blood is here, as in many other places, used by our author in the sense of passion, or rather temperament of body. MALONE.

[5] To daff' is the same as to daff', to do off', to put aside. STEEVENS.

[6] i. e. a temper inclined to scorn and contempt. It has been before remarked that our author uses his verbal adjectives with great license. JOHNSON.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you : and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise ; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace ; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do ; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece : Shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love ?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord ; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible ; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we'll hear further of it by your daughter ; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well ; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk ? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [Aside.]

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her ; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter ; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [Aside.]

[Exe. D. PED. CLAUD. and LEON.]

BENEDICK advances from the arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick : The conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady ; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me ! why, it must be requited. I hear, how I am censured : they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her ; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry :—I must not seem proud :—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair ;—'tis a truth, I can bear them witness : and virtuous ;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it ; and wise, but for loving me :—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit ;—nor no great argument of

her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage : But doth not the appetite alter ? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age : Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour ? No : The world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice : By this day, she's a fair lady : I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me ; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure in the message ?

Beat. Yea ; just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal :—You have no stomach, signior ; fare you well. [Exit.]

Bene. Ha ! Against my will I am sent to bid you come to dinner—there's a double meaning in that. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks :—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain ; if I do not love her, I am a Jew : I will go get her picture. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—LEONATO'S GARDEN. *Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.*

Hero.

GOOD Margaret, run thee into the parlour .
There thou shalt find my cousin Beatrice,
Proposing with the prince and Claudio :⁷
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse

[7] Proposing is conversing, from the French word *proposer*, discourse, talk.
STEEVENS

Is all of her ; say, that thou overheardest us ;
 And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
 Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
 Forbid the sun to enter ;—like favourites,
 Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
 Against that power that bred it :—there will she hide her.
 To listen our propose :⁸ This is thy office,
 Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Mar. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [Ex.]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
 As we do trace this alley up and down,
 Our talk must only be of Benedick :
 When I do name him, let it be thy part
 To praise him more than ever man did merit.
 My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
 Is sick in love with Beatrice : Of this matter
 Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
 That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin ;

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
 Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
 Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
 And greedily devour the treacherous bait :
 So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now
 Is couched in the woodbine coverture :
 Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
 Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[They advance to the bower]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;
 I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
 As haggards of the rock.⁹

Urs. But are you sure,
 That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

[8] See the preceding note. STEEVENS.

[9] Turberville, in his book of *Falconry* 1575, tells us, that "the haggard doth come from foreign parts a stranger and a passenger;" and Latham, who wrote after him, says, that, "she keeps in subjection the most part of all the fowl that fly, inasmuch that, the tassel gentle, her natural and chiefest companion, dares not come near that coast where she useth, nor sit by the place where she standeth. Such is the greatness of her spirit, *she will not admit of any society*, until such a time as nature worketh," &c. STEEVENS.

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it :
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?

Hero. O god of love ! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man :
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice :
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on ; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

Urs. Sure, I think so ;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth : I never yet saw man
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward :^[1] if fair fac'd,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister ;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot : if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
If low, an agate² very viley cut :
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out ;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No : not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable :
But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air ; O, she would laugh me

[1] Alluding to the practice of witches in uttering prayers. STEEVENS.
[2] Our author has himself, in another place, compared a *very little man* to an *agate*. "Thou whorson mandrake, (says Falstaff to his page,) thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I never was so *man'd* with an *agate* till now." Hero means no more than this : "If a man be low, Beatrice will say, that he is as diminutive and unhappily formed as an ill-cut agate."

It appears from the passage just quoted, that agates were commonly worn in Shakespeare's time. MALONE.

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks ;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it ; hear what she will say.

Hero. No ; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion :
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with : One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy ; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument³ and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam ?

Hero. Why, every day ;—to-morrow : Come, go in ;
I'll show thee some attires ; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's lim'd, I warrant you ; we have caught her,
madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps :
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt HERO and URSULA.*

BEATRICE advancing.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears ?⁴ Can this be true ?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much ?

Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee ;

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand ;⁵

[3] This word seems here to signify *discourse*, or the *powers of reasoning*.
JOHNSON

[4] Alluding to a proverbial saying of the common people, that their ears burn, when others are talking of them. JOHNSON.

[5] This image is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
 To bind our loves up in a holy band :
 For others say, thou dost deserve ; and I
 Believe it better than reportingly.

[Exit]

SCENE II.

A Room in LEONATO's House. Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO,
 BENEDICK, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consum-
 mate, and then I go toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouch-
 safe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new
 gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat,
 and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with
 Benedick for his company ; for, from the crown of his
 head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth ; he hath
 twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little
 hangman⁶ dare not shoot at him : he hath a heart as
 sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper ; for what
 his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I ; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant ; there's no true drop of
 blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love : if he be sad,
 he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it !

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What ? sigh for the tooth-ach ?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm ?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that
 has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him,
 unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises ;

as wild as Haggards of the rock ; she therefore says, that wild as her heart is, she
 will tame it to the hand. JOHNSON.

[6] This character of Cupid came from the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney :

" Millions of yeares this old drivell Cupid lives ;

" While still more wretch, more wicked he doth prove :

" Till now at length that Jove him office gives,

" (At Juno's suite, who much did Argus love.)

" In this our world a hangman for to be

" Of all thosefooles that will have all they see." FARMER.

as to be a Dutchman to-day ; a Frenchman to-morrow ; or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downward, all slops ;⁷ and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet : Unless he have a fancy⁸ to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs : He brushes his hat o' mornings ; What should that bode ?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's ?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him ; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet : Can you smell him out by that ?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face ?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself ? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit ; which has now crept into a lute string⁹ and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him : Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too ; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions ; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

[7] So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617 : " We are almost as fantastic as the English gentleman that is painted with a pair of sheers in his hand, as not being resolved after what fashion to have his coat cut." Again, in *The Seven deadly Sinner of London*, by Thomas Decker, 1606 : " For an Englishman's sute is like a traitor's bodie that hath been hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is set up in severall places : his codpiece is in Denmarke ; the collar of his dublet and the belly, in France : the wing and narrow sleeve, in Italy : the short waste hangs ouer a Dutch botcher's stall in Utrecht ; his huge sloppes speakes Spanish : Polonia gives him the bootes, &c.—and thus we mock euerie nation, for keeping one fashion, yet steale patches from euerie one of them, to peece out our pride ; and are now laughing-stocks to them, because their cut so scurvily becomes us." STEEVENS.

Slops are large loose breeches, or trousers, worn only by sailors at present.

[8] Here is a play upon the word *fancy*, which Shakespeare uses for *love* as well as for *know*, *caprice*, or *affection*. JOHNSON.

[9] Love-songs in our author's time were generally sung to the music of the lute so, in *King Henry IV*. P. I :

" —as melancholy as an old lion, or a lover's lute." MALONE

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old signior, walk aside with me ; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [Exe. *BENE. and LEON.*

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so : Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice ; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private ?

D. John. If it please you ;—yet count Claudio may hear ; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter ?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow ? [To CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not ; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I will now manifest : For my brother, I think, he holds you well ; and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage : surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed !

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter ?

D. John. I came hither to tell you ; and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who ? Hero ?

D. John. Even she ; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal ?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness ; I could say, she were worse ; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant : go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered ; even the night before her wedding-day : if you love her then, to-morrow wed her ; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind

Claud. May this be so ?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know : if you will follow me, I will show you enough ; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow ; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses : bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned !

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting !

D. John. O plague right well prevented !

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [Exe.

SCENE III.

A Street. Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true ?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable.

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal ; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal : God hath blessed you with a good name : to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune ; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have ; I knew it would be your answer Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it ; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the

constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: This is your charge; You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen:^[1]—Well, you are to call at the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have always been called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

[1] A bill is still carried by the watchmen at Lichfield. It was the old weapon of English infantry, which, says Temple, gave the most ghastly and deplorable wounds. It may be called *securus falcata* JOHNSON

2 Watch. How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogb. and Verg.*

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not.

[*Aside.*

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Conr. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a scab follow.

[2] It is not impossible but that part of this scene was intended as a burlesque on *The Statutes of the Streets*, 1595. Among these I find the following: "22. No man shall blowe any horne in the night, within this citie, or whistle after the houre of nyne of the clock in the night, under paine of imprisonment."—"23. No man shall use to go with visoures, or disguised by night, under like paine of Imprisoament."—"24. Made that night walkers, and evisdroppers, like punishment."—"25. No hammer-man, as a smith, pewterer, a founder, and all artificers making great sound, shall not worke after the houre of nyne at night, &c."—"30. No man shall, after the houre of nyne at night, keepe any rule, whereby any such suddaine outcry be made in the still of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wiffe, or servant, or singing, or revyling in his house, to the disturbance of his neighbours, under payne of ill. iiiid." &c. &c. STEEVENS.

Conr. I will owe thee an answer for that ; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain ; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [Aside.] Some treason, masters ; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Conr. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear ?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich ; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows, thou art unconfirmed.⁹ Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Conr. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush ! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is ?

Watch. I know that Deformed ; he has been a vile thief this seven year ; he goes up and down like a gentleman : I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear some body ?

Conr. No ; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is ? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty ? sometime, fashioneing them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting ;¹ sometimes, like god Bel's priests in the old church window ;² sometime, like the shaven Hercules³ in the

[9] i. e. unpractised in the ways of the world. WARBURTON.

[1] Reechy painting ; is painting discoloured by smoke. From Recan, Anglo-Saxon, to *reek*, *fumare*. STEEVENS.

[2] Alluding to some awkward representation of the story of *Bel and the Dragon*, as related in the Apocrypha. STEEVENS.

[3] By the shaven Hercules is meant Samson, the usual subjects of old tapestry. In this ridicule of the fashion, the poet has not unartfully given a stroke at the barbarous workmanship of the common tapestry hangings, then so much in use. The same kind of raillery Cervantes has employed on the like occasion, when he brings his knight and 'squire to an inn, where they found the story of Dido and Eneas represented in bad tapestry. On Sancho's seeing the tears fall from the eyes of the forsaken queen as big as walnuts, he hopes that when their achievements become the general subject for these sorts of works, that fortune will send them a better artist.—What authorised the poet to give this name to Samson was the folly of certain Christian mythologists, who pretended that the Grecian Hercules was

smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club ?

Conr. All this I see ; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man : But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion ?

Bora. Not so neither : but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero ; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good-night,—I tell this tale vilely :—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, Margaret was Hero ?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio ; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret ; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged ; swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable : We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them ; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Masters, masters,—

2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

the Jewish Samson. The retinue of our author is to be commended : The sober audience of that time would have been offended with the mention of a venerable name on so light an occasion. Shakespeare is indeed sometimes licentious in these matters : But to do him justice, he generally seems to have a sense of religion, and to be under its influence. What Pedro says of Benedick in this comedy, may be well enough applied to him : *The man doth fear God, however it seems not to be in him by some large jests he will make.* WARBURTON.

I believe that Shakespeare knew nothing of these Christian mythologists, and by the shaven Hercules meant only Hercules when shaved to make him look like a woman, while he remained in the service of Omphale, his Lydian mistress. Had the shaven Hercules been meant to represent Samson, he would probably have been equipped with a jaw-bone instead of a club. STEEVENS.

Conr. Masters,—

1 Watch. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.⁴

Conr. A commodity in question, I warrant you.⁴—
Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Room in LEONATO's House. Enter HERO, MARGARET,
and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[Exit URSULA.]

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.⁶

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side-sleeves,⁷ and skirts

[4] Here is a cluster of conceits. *Commodity* was formerly as now, the usual term for an article of merchandise. To *take up*, besides its common meaning, (to apprehend,) was the phrase for obtaining goods on credit. "If a man is thorough with them in honest *taking up*, (says Falstaff,) then they must stand upon security." *Bill* was the term both for a single bond, and a halberd. MALONE.

[5] i. e. a commodity subject to judicial trial or examination. STEEVENS.

[6] *Rabato*—An ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat*. Menage saith it comes from *rabatre*, to put back, because it was at first nothing but the collar of the shirt or shift turn'd back towards the shoulders.

T. HAWKINS.

[7] *Side* or *syde* in the North of England, and in Scotland, is used for *long* when applied to the garment, and the word has the same signification in the Anglo-Saxon and Danish. Vide Glossary to Gawine Douglas's Virgil. STEEVENS.

Side-sleeves were certainly *long-sleeves*, as appears from Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 327, tempore Hen. IV. "This time was used exceeding pride in garments, knownes with deepe and broad sleeves commonly called *poke sleeves*, the arm-

round, underborne with a blueish tinsel ; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy !

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fye upon thee ! art not ashamed ?

Marg. Of what, lady ? of speaking honourably ? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar ? Is not your lord honourable without marriage ? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—*a husband*: an if bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body. Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a husband* ? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife ; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy : Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good-morrow, coz.

Beat. Good-morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now ! do you speak in the sick tune ?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—*Light o'love* ; that goes without a burden ; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o'love*, with your heels !—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.⁸

Marg. O illegitimate construction ! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin ; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill : hey ho.

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband ?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.⁹

Beat. What means the fool, trow ?¹⁰

vants ware them as well as their masters, which might well have been called the receptacles of the devil, for what they stole they hid in their sleeves, whereof some hung downe to the feete ; and at least to the knees, full of cuts and jagges." REED.

[8] A quibble between *barns*, repositories of corn, and *bairns*, the old word for children. JOHNSON.

[9] Hamlet uses the same expression, and talks of his *fortune's turning Turk*. To turn Turk was a common phrase for a change of opinion. STEEVENS.

[10] To *trow* is to imagine, to conceive. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, the Nurse says: "Twas no need. I *trow* to bid me trudge." STEEVENS.

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled *Carduus Benedictus*,^[2] and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.

{Exeunt.

[2] " *Carduus Benedictus*, or blessed thistle, (says Cogan, in his *Haven of Health*, 1595,) so worthily named for the singular virtues that it hath."—" This herbe may worthily be called *Benedictus*, or *Omnimorbia*, i. e. a salve for every sore, not known to physitians of old time, but lately revealed by the special providence of Almighty God." STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

Another Room in LEONATO's House. Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.³

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*,⁴ neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, an 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I heard as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as

[3] This is a sly insinuation, that length of years, and the being much *hacknied in the ways of men*, as Shakespeare expresses it, take off the gloss of virtue, and bring much defilement on the manners. For, as a great wit [Swift] says, *Youth is the season of virtue: corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest.* WARBURTON.

Much of this is true; but I believe Shakespeare did not intend to bestow all this reflection on the speaker. JOHNSON.

[4] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, the Tinker says, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words. A scrap of Spanish, which might once have been current among the vulgar. STEEVENS.

they say, When the age is in, the wit is out : God help us ! it is a world to see !—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges :—well, God's a good man ; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind :⁵ An honest soul, i'faith, sir ; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread : but, God is to be worshipped : All men are not alike ; alas good neighbour !

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir : our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me ; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go : fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them ; I am ready.

[*Exe. LEON. and Messenger.*]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Sea-coal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol ; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you ; here's that [touching his forehead] shall drive some of them to a *non com* : only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Inside of a Church.* Enter **Don PEDRO**, **Don JOHN**, **LEONATO**, **Friar**, **CLAUDIO**, **BENEDICK**, **HERO**, and **BEATRICE**, &c.

Leonato.

COME, friar Francis, be brief ; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

[5] This is not out of place or without meaning. Dogberry, in his vanity of superior parts, apologizing for his neighbour, observes, that *of two men on a horse, one must ride behind*. The first place of rank or understanding can belong but to one, and that happy one ought not to despise his inferior. JOHNSON.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment⁶ why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!?

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave; Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.— There, Leonato, take her back again; Give not this rotten orange to your friend; She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:— Behold, how like a maid she blushes here: O, what authority and show of truth Can cunning sin cover itself withal! Comes not that blood, as modest evidence, To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear, All you that see her, that she were a maid, By these exterior shows? But she is none: She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:⁷

[6] This is borrowed from our Marriage Ceremony, which (with a few slight changes in phraseology) is the same as was used in the time of Shakespeare.

DOUCÉ.

[7] This is a quotation from the *Accidence*. JOHNSON

[8] i. e. *lascivious*. *Lascivious* is the confessor's term for unlawful pleasures of the sex. JOHNSON.

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord ?

Claud. Not to be married,

Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say; If I have known her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin :
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large ;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you ?

Claud. Out on thy seeming ! I will write against it :
You seem to me as Dian in her orb ;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown ;⁹
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide ?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you ?

D. Pedro. What should I speak ?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken ? or do I but dream ?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True, O God !

Claud. Leonato, stand I here ?

Is this the prince ? Is this the prince's brother ?

Is this face Hero's ? Are our eyes our own ?

Leon. All this is so ; But what of this, my lord ?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter ;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power¹

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me ! how am I beset !—

What kind of catechizing call you this ?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero ? Who can blot that name

[9] —chaste as is the bud—] Before the air has tasted its sweetness. JOHNS.
[1] i.e. natural power. Kind is nature. JOHNSON

With any just reproach ?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero ;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one ?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden.—*Leonato,*
I am sorry you must hear ; Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window ;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,²
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fye, fy ! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of ;
There is not chastify enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them : Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero ! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart !
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair ! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity !
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me ?

Beat. Why, how now, cousin ? wherefore sink you [HERO swoons.
down ?

D. John. Come, let us go : these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, and CLAUDIO.*

Bene. How doth the lady ?

Beat. Dead, I think ;—help, uncle ;—
Hero ! why, Hero !—Uncle !—Signior Benedick !—friar !

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand !
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

[2] Liberal here, as in many places of these plays, means *frank beyond honesty, or
decency. Free of tongue.* JOHNSON.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero ?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up ?

Friar. Yea ; Wherefore should she not ?

Leon. Wherefore ? Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her ? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood ?¹³—
Do not live, Hero ; do not ope thine eyes :
For did I think thou wouldest not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one ?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame ?
O, one too much by thee ! Why had I one ?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes ?
Why had I not, with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates ;
Who smirched thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins ?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on ; mine so much,
That I myself, was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her ; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink ! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again ;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh !

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied !

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?

Beat. No, truly, not ; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd ! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron !
Would the two princes lie ? and Claudio lie ?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears ? Hence from her ; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little ;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,

[13] That is, *the story which her blushes discover to be true.* JOHNSON.

By noting of the lady : I have mark'd
 A thousand blushing apparitions start
 Into her face ; a thousand innocent shames
 In angel whiteness bear away those blushes ;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth :—Call me a fool ;
 Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
 Which with experimental seal doth warrant
 The tenour of my book ; trust not my age,
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
 Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be :
 Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
 Is, that she will not add to her damnation
 A sin of perjury ; she not denies it :
 Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
 That which appears in proper nakedness ?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of ?⁴
Hero. They know, that do accuse me ; I know none.
 If I know more of any man alive,
 Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
 Let all my sins lack mercy !—O my father,
 Prove you that any man with me convers'd
 At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
 Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
 Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes,
Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour ;⁵
 And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
 The practice of it lives in John the bastard,

[4] The Friar had just before boasted his great skill in fishing out the truth. And, indeed, he appears by this question to be no fool. He was by, all the while at the accusation, and heard no names mentioned. Why then should he ask her what man she was accused of ? But in this lay the subtlety of his examination. For, had Hero been guilty, it was probable that in that hurry and confusion of spirits, into which the terrible insult of her lover had thrown her, she would never have observed that the man's name was not mentioned ; and so, on this question, have betrayed herself by naming the person she was conscious of an affair with. The Friar observed this, and so concluded, that, were she guilty, she would probably fall into the trap he had laid for her.—I only take notice of this to show how admirably well Shakespeare knew how to sustain his characters. WARBURTON.

[5] *Bent* is used by our author for the utmost degree of any passion, or mental quality. In this play before, Benedick says of Beatrice, *her affection has its full bent*. The expression is drawn from archery ; the bow has its *bent* when it is drawn as far as it can be. JOHNSON

Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not; If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life left me so much of friends
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that, dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value;^[5] then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,

[5] i. e. we exaggerate the value. The allusion is to *rack rents*. STEEVENS

(If ever love had interest in his liver,)⁶
 And wish he had not so accused her ;
 No, though he thought his accusation true.
 Let this be so, and doubt not but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
 But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
 The supposition of the lady's death
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy :
 And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
 (As best befits her wounded reputation,)⁷
 In some reclusive and religious life,
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you :
 And though, you know, my inwardness and love
 Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
 As secretly, and justly, as your soul
 Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
 The smallest twine may lead me.⁷

Friar. 'Tis well consented ; presently away ;
 For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
 Come, lady, die to live : this wedding-day,
 Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.

[Exe. Friar, HERO, and LEONATO.]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while ?⁸

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

[6] The liver, in conformity to ancient supposition, is frequently mentioned by Shakespeare as the seat of love. Thus Pistol represents Falstaff as loving Mrs. Ford—"with liver burning hot." STEEVENS.

[7] This is one of our author's observations upon life. Men overpowered with distress, eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with every scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confidence in himself, is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake to guide him.

JOHNSON.

[8] The poet, in my opinion, has shown a great deal of address in this scene. Beatrice here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her cousin Hero : and without this very natural incident, considering the character of Beatrice, and that the story of her passion for Benedick was all a fable, she could never have been easily or naturally brought to confess she loved him, notwithstanding all the fore-going preparation. And yet, on this confession, in this very place, depended the whole success of the plot upon her and Benedick. For had she not owned her love here, they must have soon found out the trick, and then the design of bringing them together had been defeated ; and she would never have owned a passion she had been only tricked into, had not her desire of revenging her cousin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once. WARBURTON.

Bene. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve **of me** that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as **you**; Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It **were as** possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well **as you**: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess **nothing**, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that **none** is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here;—There is **no love** in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than **fight** with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—

O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands;^[9] and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect;^[1] a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so, farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Prison. Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

[9] i. e. deluded her by fair promises. STEEVENS.

[1] i. e. a specious nobleman made out of sugar. STEEVENS

Verg. Nay, that's certain ; we have the exhibition to examine.²

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined ? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend ?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down, Borachio.—Yours, sirrah ?

Conr. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down, master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God ?

Bora. Conr. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down, that they hope they serve God :—and write God first ; for God defend but God should go before such villains !—Masters, it is proved already, that you are little better than false knaves ; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves ?

Conr. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you ; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah ; a word in your ear, sir ; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale : Have you writ down, that they are none ?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine ; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the eftest³ way :—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down, prince John a villain :—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother, villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace ; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else ?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully

[2] Blunder for examination to exhibit. See p. 49 : "Take their examination yourself, and bring it me." STEEVENS.

[3] *Defly,* i. e. the readiest, most commodious way. Shakespeare, I suppose, designed Dogberry to corrupt this word as well as many others. STEEVENS.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and show him their examination.⁴

[Exit]

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in band.⁵

Conr. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down, the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

Conr. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down, an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down, an ass!

[Exeunt.]

[4] This sexton was an ecclesiastic of one of the inferior orders called the *ses*-*ton*, and not a brother officer. I suppose the book from whence the poet took his subject was some old English novel, translated from the Italian, where the word *sacristano* was rendered *sexton*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's assertion, as to the dignity of a *sexton* or *sacristan*, may be supported by the following passage in Stanyhurst's Version of the fourth book of the Eneid, where he calls the Maasylian priestess,

"In soil Maasyla begotten,

"Sexton of Hesperides sinagog." STEEVENS.

[5] Shakespeare commonly uses *band* for *bond*. TYRWHITT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before LEONATO'S House.* Enter LEONATO
and ANTONIO.

Antonio.

IF you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve : give not me counsel ;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience ;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain ;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard ;
Cry,—sorrow, wag !⁶ and hem, when he should groan
Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man : For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words :
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself : therefore give me no counsel :
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

[6] Read—" And bid him speak *to me* of patience." RITSON.

[7] *Sorrow go by* is also (as I am assured) a common exclamation of hilarity even at this time, in Scotland. *Sorrow wag!* might have been just such another. The verb *to wag* is several times used by our author in the sense of to *go*, or *pack off*. STEEVENS

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace : I will be flesh and blood ;
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently ;
However they have writ the style of gods,⁸
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.⁹

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will do so :
My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied ;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord !—well, fare you well, my lord :—

Are you so hasty now ?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him ?

Leon. Marry,

Thou, thou dost wrong me ; thou dissembler, thou :—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,

I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,

If it should give your age such cause of fear :

In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me .

I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool ;

As, under privilege of age, to brag

What I have done being young, or what would do,

[8] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoicks gave their wise men *Sapiens ille cum Ditis ex parte vivit.* Senec. Ep. 59. *Jupiter quo antecedit virum bonum ? dicitur bonus est. Sapiens nihil se minoris astimat.* —Deus non vici sapientem felicitate. Ep. 73. WARBURTON.

Shakespeare might have used this expression, without any acquaintance with the hyperboles of stoicism. By the *style of gods*, he meant an exalted language ; such as we may suppose would be written by beings superior to human calamities, and therefore regarding them with neglect and coldness. STEEVENS.

[9] Alluding to their famous *apathy*. WARBURTON

Were I not old : Know, Claudio, to thy head,
 Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
 That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by ;
 And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
 Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
 I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child ;
 Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
 And she lies buried with her ancestors :
 O ! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
 Save this of her's, fram'd by thy villany.

Claud. My villany !

Leon. Thine, Claudio ; thine I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
 I'll prove it on his body, if he dare ;
 Despite his nice fence, and his active practice :¹
 His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me ? Thou hast kill'd my child ;
 If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed.²
 But that's no matter ; let him kill one first :—
 Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—
 Come, follow me, boy ; come, boy, follow me ;
 Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence ;³
 Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself : God knows, I lov'd my niece ;
 And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains ;
 That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
 As I dare take a serpent by the tongue :
 Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops !—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content ; What, man ! I know them, yea,
 And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :
 Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,

[1] i. e. defence, or skill in the science of fencing, or defence. DOUCE.

[2] This brother Antony is the truest picture imaginable of human nature. He had assumed the character of a sage to comfort his brother, overwhelmed with grief for his only daughter's affront and dishonour ; and had severely reprobated him for not commanding his passion better on so trying an occasion. Yet, immediately after this, no sooner does he begin to suspect that his age and valour are slighted, but he falls into the most intemperate fit of rage himself ; and all he can do or say is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a penetration and exactness of judgment peculiar to Shakespeare. As to the expression, too, of his passion, nothing can be more highly painted. WARBURTON

[3] *Foining* is a term in fencing, and means *thrusting*. DOUCE

That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No ?—

Brother, away :—I will be heard ;—

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it. [Exe. LEON. and ANT.

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Ped. See, see ; here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior ! what news !

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior : You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother : What think'st thou? had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee ; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away : Wilt thou use thy wit ?

Bene. It is in my scabbard ; Shall I draw it ?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side ?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels ; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale :—Art thou sick, or angry ?

Claud. What ! courage, man ! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.⁴

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry, indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.⁵

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a wood-cock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; *True*, says she, *a fine little one*: *No*, said I, *a great wit*; *Right*, says she, *a great gross one*: *Nay*, said I, *a good wit*; *Just*, said she, *it hurts nobody*; *Nay*, said I, *the gentleman is wise*; *Certain*, said she, *a wise gentleman*:⁶ *Nay*, said I, *he hath the tongues*; *That I believe*, said she, *for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning*; *There's a double tongue*; *there's two tongues*. Thus did she, an hour together, transshape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

[4] An allusion to *tilling*. See note, *As you like it*, Act III. sc. iv. WARB.

[5] We have a proverbial speech, If he be angry, let him turn the buckle of his girdle. But I do not know its original or meaning. JOHNSON.

Large belts were worn with the buckle before, but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind, therefore, was a challenge. HOLT WHITE.

[6] Perhaps *wise gentleman* was in that age used ironically, and stood for *stilly fellow*. We still call a man deficient in understanding, a *wise-acre*. STEEVENS.

Claud. All, all ; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head ?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man ?*

Bene. Fare you well, boy ; you know my mind ; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour : you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you : I must discontinue your company : your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina ; you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady : For my lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet ; and till then, peace be with him. [Exit BENEDICK.]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest ; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee ?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit !

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape : but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let be ; pluck up, my heart, and be sad ! Did he not say, my brother was fled ?

Dogb. Come, you, sir ; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance : nay, and you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound ! Borachio, one !

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord !

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done ?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report ; moreover, they have spoken untruths ; secondarily, they are slanders ; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady : thirdly, they have verified unjust things : and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done ; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence ; sixth and lastly, why they are committed ; and, to conclude, what you lay 'o their charge ?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division ;
and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.⁷

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you
are thus bound to your answer ? this learned constable is
too cunning to be understood : What's your offence ?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine an-
swer ; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I
have deceived even your very eyes : what your wisdoms
could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to
light ; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to
this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to
slander the lady Hero ; how you were brought into the
orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's gar-
ments ; how you disgraced her, when you should marry
her : my villainy they have upon record ; which I had
rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my
shame : the lady is dead upon mine and my master's
false accusation ; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the
reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your
blood ?

Claud. I have drunk poison, while he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this ?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery :
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero ! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I first loved it.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiff ; by this time
our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter :
And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and
place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and
the Sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain ? Let me see his eyes ;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him ? Which of these is he ?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child ?

[7] That is, one meaning is put into many different dresses ; the Prince having
asked the same question in four modes of speech. JOHNSON.

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain ; thou bely'st thyself ;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it :—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death ;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds ;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak : Choose your revenge yourself ;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin : Yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I ;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible ; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here,
How innocent she died : and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones ; sing it to-night :—
To-morrow morning come you to my house :
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew : my brother hath a daughter,
Almost a copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us ;
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me !
I do embrace your offer ; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming ;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not ;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me ;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under

white and black) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass : I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment : And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed : they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it;⁸ and borrows money in God's name ;⁹ the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake : Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth ; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation !

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship . which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship ; I wish your worship well ; God restore you to health : I humbly give you leave to depart ; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exe. DOGB. VERG. and Watch.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords ; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exe. D. PEDRO and CLAUD.*]

Leon. Bring you these fellows on ; we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Ex.*

[8] There could not be a pleasanter ridicule on the fashion, than the constable's descent on his own blunder. They heard the conspirators satirize the *fashion* whom they took to be a man surnamed *Deformed*. This the constable applies with exquisite humour to the courtiers, in a description of one of the most fantastical fashions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite lock of hair, which was brought before and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock*. *WARBURTON.*

Fynes Moryson, in a very particular account that he has given of the dress of lord Montjoy, (the rival, and afterwards the friend, of Robert, earl of Essex,) says, that his hair was "thinne on the head, where he wore it short, except a *lock under his left eare*, which he nourished in the time of this warre, [the Irish War, in 1599] and being woven up, hid it in his neck under his ruffe." *Itinerary, P. II* When he was not on service, he probably wore it in a different fashion.

MALONE.

[9] i. j. as a common beggar This alludes, with too much levity, to *Prov. xii. 17.* "He that giveth to the poor, *lendeth unto the Lord.*" STEEVENS.

[10] Such was the customary phrase employed by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses. Dogberry, however, in the present instance, might have designed to say—"God save the *founder!*" STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

LEONATO's Garden. Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.^[2]

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [Exit MARGARET.]

Bene. And therefore will come. [Singing.]
The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school, fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.—

[2] I suppose, that to give the bucklers is, to yield, or to lay by all thoughts of defence, so clypeum abjecere. The rest deserves no comment. JOHNSON.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldest thou come when I called thee ?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then !

Beat. Then, is spoken ; fare you well now :—and yet, ere I go, let me go with what I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words ; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome ; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of its right sense, so forcible is thy wit : But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge ; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me ?

Beat. For them altogether ; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

Bene. Suffer love ; a good epithet ! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think ; alas ! poor heart ! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours ; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession ; there's not one wise man among twenty, that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours : if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you ?

Bene. Question ?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum : Therefore it is most expedient for the wise, (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself : So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy) and now tell me, How doth your cousin ?

Beat. Very ill.

[3] I. e. When men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. The reply is extremely humorous.

WARBURTON.

Bene. And how do you ?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend : there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URСULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle ; yonder's old coil at home : it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused ; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone : Will you come presently ?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior ?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes ; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The inside of a Church. *Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO and Attendants, with music and tapere.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato ?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a scroll.*]

Done to death⁴ by slanderous tongues,

Was the Hero that here lies :

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs

Gives her fame which never dies :

So the life, that died with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

[*Affixing it.*]

Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight ;⁵

For the which with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan ;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily :

[4] *Old*, (I know not why,) was anciently a common augmentative in familiar language. *Coil* is bustle, stir. STEEVENS.

[5] This obsolete phrase occurs frequently in our ancient writers. MALONE.

[6] *Knight*, in its original signification, means *follower*, or *pupil*, and in this sense may be feminine. JOHNSON.

*Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.*

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good-night !
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good-morrow, masters ; put your torches out :
The wolves have prey'd ; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey :

Thanks to you all, and leave us ; fare you well.

Claud. Good-morrow, masters ; each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds ;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe ! [Exe.

SCENE IV.

A Room in LEONATO'S House. Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO,
BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar, and HERO.

Friar. Did not I tell you she was innocent ?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her.
Upon the error that you heard debated :
But Margaret was in some fault for this ;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves ;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd :
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me :—You know your office, brother ;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [Exeunt Ladies.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior ?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her ; 'Tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince ; But what's your will ?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage ;—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good-morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good-morrow, prince ;—good-morrow, Claudio :
We here attend you ; Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready. [Exit ANTONIO.

D. Pedro. Good-morrow, Benedick : Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull :—
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee ;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you : here comes other reckonings.—
Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine : sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar ;
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife :
[Unmasking.]

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero ?

Hero. Nothing certainer :
 One Hero died defil'd ; but I do live,
 And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero ! Hero that is dead !

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify ;
 When, after that the holy rites are ended,
 I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :
 Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,
 And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice ?

Beat. I answer to that name ; [Unmasking.] What is
 your will ?

Bene. Do not you love me ?

Beat. No, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
 Have been deceived ; for they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me ?

Bene. No, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
 Are much deceiv'd ; for they did swear, you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me

Beat. They swore, that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter :—Then, you do not love me ?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her ;
 For here's a paper, written in his hand,
 A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
 Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
 Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
 Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle ! here's our own hands against our
 hearts !—Come, I will have thee ; but, by this light, I take
 thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you ;—but, by this good day, I
 yield upon great persuasion ; and, partly, to save your life,
 for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.— [Kissing her]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man ?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince ; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour : Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram ? No : if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him : In brief, since I do propose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it ; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it ; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee ; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou would'st have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer : which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends :—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word ; therefore, play, music.—Prince, thou art sad ; get thee a wife, get thee a wife : there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.⁷

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow ; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. Exeunt.*

[7] The allusion is to the ancient trial by *wager of battel*, in suits both criminal and civil. Of the last trial of this latter kind in England, (which was in the 13th year of Queen Elizabeth,) our author might have read a particular account in Stowe's *Annals*. Henry Nailor, master of defence, was champion for the defendants, Simon Low and John Kyme ; and George Thorne for the tenant, (or defendant) Thomas Paramoure. The combat was appointed to be fought in Tuthill-fields, and the Judges of the Common Pleas and Serjeants at Law attended. Among other ceremonies Stowe mentions, that "the gauntlet that was cast down by George Thorne was borne before the sayd Nailor, in his passage thro' London, upon a sword's point, and his baston (a staff of an ell long, made taper-wise, *tipt with horn*,) with his shield of hard leather, was borne after him," &c. See also Minsheu's *Dict.* 1617, in v. *Combat* ; from which it appears that Nailor on this occasion was introduced to the Judges, with "three solemn congees," by a very reverend person, "Sir Jerome Bowes, ambassador from Queen Elizabeth, into Russia, who carried a red baston of an ell long, *tipped with horn*." — MALONE

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

OBSERVATIONS.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.] I have not hitherto discovered any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded; and yet the story of it has most of the features of an ancient romance.

STEEVENS.

I suspect that there is an error in the title of this play, which, I believe, should be—"Love's Labours Lost."

M. MASON.

Love's Labour's Lost, I conjecture to have been written in 1594. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, Vol. II.

MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

BIRON,

LONGAVILLE, } lords, attending on the King.

DUMAIN,

BOYET, } lords, attending on the Princess of France.

MERCADE,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*

HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster*

DULL, *a constable.*

COSTARD, *a clown.*

MOTH, *page to Armado.*

A FORESTER.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

ROSALINE,

MARIA, } ladies; attending on the Princess.

KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

OFFICER & OTHERS, attendants on the King and Princess.

SCENE.—*Navarre.*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it. Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*

King.

LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death.
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe;
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:

To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;
With all these living in philosophy.¹

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, To live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances :
As, not to see a woman in that term ;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :
And, one day in a week to touch no food ;
And but one meal on every day beside ;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there :
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night
And not be seen to wink of all the day ;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day ;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is past to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please ;
I only swore, to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:

As thus,—To study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid.

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know: }

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,

And train our intellects to vain delight.

[1] By all these the poet seems to mean, all these gentlemen, who have sworn to prosecute the same studies with me. STEEVENS.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain,¹
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain :
As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while
Doth falsely² blind the eye-sight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile :
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that was it blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks ;
Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from other's books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame ;

And every godfather can give a name.³

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading !

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding !

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a
breeding.

Dum. How follows that ?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,⁴
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am ; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing ?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth ?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

[2] *Falsely* is here, and in many other places, the same as *dishonestly* or *treacherously*. The whole sense of this jingling declamation is only this, that a man by too close study may read himself blind. JOHNSON.

[3] *The consequence*, says Biron, of *too much knowledge*, is not any real solution of doubts, but mere empty reputation. That is, *too much knowledge gives only fame, a name which every godfather can give likewise*. JOHNSON.

[4] So *sneaping winds* in *The Winter's Tale*. To *sneap* is to check, to rebuke. Thus also, Falstaff, "I will not undergo this *sneap*, without ready." STEEVENS.

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;⁵
But like of each thing, that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house t'unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron; adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I've sworn to stay with you.
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,

And 'bide the penance of each three year's day.
Give me the paper, let me read the same;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. [Reads.] Item, that no woman shall come within a mile of my court.—And hath this been proclaim'd?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.—[Reads.] On pain of losing her tongue.—Who devis'd this?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.

[Reads.] Item. If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.

—This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and cōplete majesty,—

About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess bither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot;

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should:

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.⁶

[5] By *snow* the poet means *May-games*, at which a *snow* would be very unwelcome and unexpected; it is only a periphrasis for *May*. T. WARTON.

[6] *Lie* here, means *reside* here, in the same sense as an ambassador is said to *lie* *abroad*. REED.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space.
For every man with his affects is born;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—⁷
So to the laws at large I write my name: [Subscribes.
And he that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions⁸ are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?⁹

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:¹
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.²
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words,³ fashion's own knight.

[7] Biron, amidst his extravagancies, speaks with great justness against the folly of vows. They are made without sufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by some unforeseen necessity. They proceed commonly from a presumptuous confidence, and a false estimate of human power. JOHNSON.

[8] Suggestions—Temptations. JOHNSON.

[9] Quick recreation—Lively sport, spritely diversion. JOHNSON.

[1] This passage, I believe, means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely versed in ceremonial distinctions, one who could distinguish in the most delicate questions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. Compliment, in Shakespeare's time, did not signify, at least, did not only signify verbal civility, or phrases of courtesy, but, according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the same manner and on the same principles of speech with accomplishment. Compliment is, as Armado well expresses it, *the varnish of a complete man.* JOHNSON.

[2] i.e. I will make a minstrel of him, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories. DOUCE.

[3] i.e. (says an intelligent writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine*,) words newly coined, new from the forge. Fire new, new off the irons, and the Scottish expression bren-new have all the same origin. STEEVENS.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport ;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person ?

Biron. This, fellow ; What would'st ?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough :⁴ but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad ; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having : God grant us patience !

Biron. To hear ? or forbear hearing ?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately ; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.⁵

Biron. In what manner ?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir ; all those three : I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park ; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman : for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir ?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction ; And God defend the right !

King. Will you hear this letter with attention ?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

[4] i. e. *Thirdborough*, a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a constable. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[5] i. e. in the fact. STEEVENS.

A forensic term. A thief is said to be taken with the manner. i. e. *maisneum* or *manour*, (for so it is written in our old law books,) when he is apprehended with the thing stolen in his possession. The thing that he has taken was called *maisneum*, from the Fr. *mater*, *manu tractare*. MALONE.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is,—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men set down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden:⁶ There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth.⁷ [Cost. Me.] that unletter'd small-knowing soul, [Cost. Me.] that shallow vassal, [Cost. Still me.] which, as I remember, hight Costard, [Cost. O me!] sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,—

Cost. With a wench.

King. —with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.

[6] Ancient gardens abounded with figures of which the lines intersected each other in many directions. STEEVENS.

[7] The base *minnow* of thy mirth, is the contemptible little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakespeare makes Coriolanus characterize the tributary insolence of Sicinius, under the same figure.

"———hear you not
"This Triton of the *minnows*?" STEEVENS

Him, I (as my ever esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (*so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid wench,*) I keep her ~~as~~ a vessel of thy lady's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, ~~in~~ all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

Don ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir, I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed, virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was takea with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other bath so strongly sworn.

[*Exe. King, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was ta-

ken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow!

[Exeunt]

SCENE II.

Another part of the same. ARMADO'S House. Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.^[8]

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

[8] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell, in his last letter to Henry VIII. prays for the *imp his son*. It is now used only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our author's time it was ambiguous, in which state it suits well with this dialogue. JOHNSON.

The word literally means a *graft, slip, scion, or sucker*: and by metonymy comes to be used for a boy or child. The *imp, his son*, is no more than his *young son*. It is now set apart to signify *young fiends; an the devil and his imps*.

Dr. Johnson was mistaken in supposing this a word of dignity. It occurs in *The History of Celestina the Faire*, 1596: "—the gentleman had three sonnes, very ungracious *impes*, and of a wicked nature." RITSON

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heatest my blood.—

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him. [Aside.]

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing-horse will tell you.⁹

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher. [Aside.]

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid.—Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

[9] *Banks's horse*, which play'd many remarkable pranks. Sir Walter Raleigh (*Hist. of the World, first part.* p. 178,) says: If *Banks* had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world: for whosoever was most famous among them, could never master, or instruct any beast as he did his horse."

DR. GREY

Among other exploits of this celebrated beast, it is said that he went up to the top of St. Paul's; and the same circumstance is likewise mentioned in *The Gules Horn-booke*, a satirical pamphlet by Decker, 1609. STEEVENS.

Ben Jonson hints at the unfortunate catastrophe of both man and horse, which I find happened at Rome, where to the disgrace of the age, of the country, and of humanity, they were burnt by order of the pope, for magicians. See Dr. Zara del Fogo, 12mo. 1650. p. 114. REED.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more ; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master : he was a man of good carriage, great carriage ; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter : and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson ! strong-jointed Samson ! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth ?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion ?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two ; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion ?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions ?

Moth. As I have read, sir ; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers : but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir ; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child ; most pretty, and pathetical !

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known ;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown :

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know ;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar ?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since : but, I think, now 'tis not to be

found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well,—

Moth. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. [Aside.]

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.^[1] Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away. [Ex. DULL and JAQ.]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

[1] i. e. for the dairy-maid. "Dairy, says Johnson in his Dictionary, is derived from *day*, an old word for milk. In the northern counties of Scotland, a *dairy maid* is at present termed a *day or dey*." *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1788.

STEEVENS

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir ; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir ; that were fast and loose : thou shalt go to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see ?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words ; and, therefore, I will say nothing : I thank God, I have as little patience as another man ; and, therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exe. MOTH and COST.*]

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsborn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love : And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted ? Love is a familiar ; love is a devil ; there is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was so tempted ; and he had an excellent strength : yet was Solomon so seduced ; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft² is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause³ will not serve my turn ; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not : his disgrace is to be called boy ; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour ! rust, rapier ! be still, drum ! for your manager is in love ; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit ; write, pen ; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance. Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boyet.

Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits : Consider who the king your father sends ; To whom he sends ; and what's his embassy :

[2] *Butt-shaft*—i. e. an arrow to shoot at *butts* with. The *butt* was the place on which the mark to be shot at was placed. STEEVENS.

[3] See the last act of *As you like it*, with the notes. JOHNSON.

**Youself, held precious in the world's esteem ;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre ; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain ; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.**

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues :⁴
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court :
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor :
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Imports personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

1 Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man ?

Mar. I know him, madam ; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge solémnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville :

[4] Chapman here seems to signify the *seller*, not, as now commonly, the *buyer*. *Cheap* or *cheaping* was anciently the *market*; Chapman therefore is *markelman*. The meaning is, that the estimation of beauty depends not on the uttering or proclamation of the seller, but on the eye of the buyer. JOHNSON.

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;
 Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms :
 Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
 The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
 (If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,) Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ; Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is't so ?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest ?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth, Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd : Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ; For he hath wit, to make an ill shape good, And shape to win grace though he had no wit. I saw him at the duke Alençon's once ; And much too little of that good I saw, Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time Was there with him : if I have heard a truth, Biron they call him ; but a merrier man, Within the limit of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk withal : His eye begets occasion for his wit ; For every object that the one doth catch, The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ; Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor,) Delivers in such apt and gracious words, That aged ears play truant at his tales, And younger hearings are quite ravished ; So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies ! are they all in love ; That every one her own hath garnished With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord ?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach ; And he, and his competitors in oath, Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady, Before I came. Marry, thus much I've learnt,

He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,) Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Here comes Navarre.

[*The ladies mask.*

Enter King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIROU, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again ; and, welcome I have not yet : the roof of this court is too high to be yours ; and welcome to the wild fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then ; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady ; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord ! he'll be forsown.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it ; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping :
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it :⁶

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold ;
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [Gives a paper.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away ;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Biron. I know, you did.

Ros. How needless was it then
To ask the question !

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day ?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask !

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers !

[6] The princess shews an inconvenience very frequently attending rash oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. JOHNSON.

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I begone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

Being but the one half of an entire sum,

Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)

Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,

One part of Aquitain is bound to us,

Although not valued to the money's worth.

If then the king your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfied,

We will give up our right in Aquitain,

And hold fair friendship with his majesty.

But that, it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repaid

An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in Aquitain;

Which we much rather had depart withal,⁷

And have the money by our father lent,

Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far

From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,

And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,

In so unseeming to confess receipt

Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;

And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,

Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word:—

Boyet, you can produce acquittances,

For such a sum, from special officers

Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,

Where that and other specialties are bound;

To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

[7] To depart and to part were anciently synonymous.

King. It shall suffice me : at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness :
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates ;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace !
King. Thy own wish wish I thee, in every place !

[*Exeunt King and his Train.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations ; I would be
glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick ?

Biron. Sick at heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good ?

Ros. My physic says, I.⁸

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye ?

Ros. No poyn^t, with my knife,⁹

Biron. Now, God save thy life !

Ros. And yours from long living !

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word : What lady is that same ?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady ! Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit.

Long. I beseech you, a word ; What is she in the white ?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light : I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that,
were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter ?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard !¹⁰

[8] She means to say, *ay*. The old spelling of the affirmative particle has been retained here for the sake of the rhyme. — MALONE.

[9] No *point* was a negation borrowed from the French. See the note on the same words, Act V. sc. ii. — MALONE.

[10] That is, mayst thou have sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which suits ill with such idle catches of wit. — JOHNSON.

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended :
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir ; that may be.

[Exit Long.]

Biron. What's her name, in the cap ?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no ?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir ; adieu !

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit BIRON.—*Ladies unmask.*

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord ;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheep, marry !

Boyet. And wherefore not ships ?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture ; Shall that finish the jest ?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.]

Mar. Not so, gentle beast :

My lips are no common, though several² they be

Boyet. Belonging to whom ?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling : but, gentles, agree :
The civil war of wits were much better used

On Navarre and his book-men ; for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what ?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason ?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed :
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

[2] A play on the word *several*, which besides its ordinary signification of *separate, distinct*, likewise signifies in uninclosed lands, a certain portion of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining the *common* field. MALONE

Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be ;
 All senses to that sense did make their repair,
 To feel only looking on fairest of fair :
 Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
 As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;
 Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were
 glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
 His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes :
 I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion : Boyet is dispos'd—

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath
 disclos'd :

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
 By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother ; for her father is
 but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches ?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see ?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.* *Enter ARMADO*
and MOTH.

Armado.

WARBLE, child ; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel—⁴

[*Singing.*

[3] Although the expression in the text is extremely odd, I take the sense of it to be that his tongue envied the quickness of his eyes, and strove to be as rapid in its utterance, as they in their perceptions.—*Edin. Mag.* STEEVENS

[4] Here is apparently a song lost. JOHNSON.

I have observed in the old comedies, that the songs are frequently omitted. On this occasion the stage direction is generally—*Herc they sing—or, Cantant.* Probably the performer was left to choose his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as a part of a new performance. STEEVENS.

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat pent-house-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting;⁶ and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches—that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.⁷

Arm. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

[6] i. e. hastily. STEEVENS.

[6] A *brawl* is a kind of dance, and (as Mr. M. Mason observes,) seems to be what we now call a *cotillon*. STEEVENS.

[7] It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety.

STEEVENS.

[8] In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dressed up representing Maid Marian; another like a friar; and another rode on a *hobby-horse*, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the reformation took place, and precision multiplied, these latter rites were looked upon to favour of paganism; and then Maid Marian, the friar, and the poor *hobby-horse* were turned out of the games. Some who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the disuse of the *hobby-horse*, no doubt, satirized this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. THEOBALD.

Moth. And out of heart, master : all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove ?

Moth. A man, if I live ; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant : By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her : in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her ; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain ; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised ; a horse to be ambassador for an ass !

Arm. Ha, ha ! what sayst thou ?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited : But I go.

Arm. Thy way is but short ; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious ?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow ?

Moth. Minimè, honest master ; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so :

Is that lead slow, which is fir'd from a gun ?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric !

He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's he :—
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee.

[Exit.]

Arm. A most acute juvenal ; voluble and free of grace !

By thy favour, sweet welkin,⁹ I must sigh in thy face :

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master ; here's a Costard broken in a shin,¹

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle : come,—thy l'envoy ;
—begin.²

[9] Welkin is the sky, to which Armado, with the false dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for sighing in its face. JOHNSON.

[1] i. e. a head. STEEVENS.

[2] The Envoy is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verses to each piece, which either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. It was frequently adopted by the ancient English writers. STEEVENS.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in the mail, sir :³ O, sir plantain, a plain plantain ; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain !

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter ; thy silly thought, my spleen : the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling : O, pardon me, my stars ! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a salve ?

Moth. Do the wise think them other ? is not *l'envoy* a salve ?

Arm. No, page : it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain
I will example it :

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral : Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy* : Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three :

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my
l'envoy.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three :

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose ;
Would you desire more ?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's
flat :—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose :
Let me see a fat *l'envoy* ; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither : How did this argu-
ment begin ?

Moth. By saying, that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain ; Thus came your
argument in ;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought ;
And he ended the market.

[3] *Mail* or *Mail*, for a packet or bag, was a word then in use. STEEVENS

Arm. But tell me ; how was there a Costard broken in a shin ?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth ; I will speak that *l'envoy* :

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances ;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person ; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true ; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance ; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this : Bear this significant to the country-maid Jaquenetta : there is remuneration ; [Giving him money.] for the best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [Exit.]

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh ! my in-cony Jew !⁶ [Exit Moth.]—Now will I, look to his remuneration. Remuneration ! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings : three farthings—remuneration.—What's the price of this *inkle* ? a penny :—No, I'll give you a remuneration : why, it carries it.—Remuneration !—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

[4] *Costard* is the name of a species of apple. JOHNSON.

It has been already observed that the *head* was anciently called the *costard*. So in *King Richard III.* : “ Take him over the *costard* with the hilt of thy sword.” A *costard* likewise signified a *crab-stick*. STEEVENS.

[5] *Sequelle*, in French, signifies a great man's train. The joke is, that a single page was all his train. THEOBALD.

Sequelle, by the French, is never employed but in a derogatory sense. They use it to express the *gang* of a highway-man, but not the *train* of a lord ; the followers of a rebel, and not the attendants on a general. STEEVENS.

[6] *Incony* or *kony* in the north, signifies, fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. WARBURTON.

There is no such expression in the North as either *kony* or *incony*. The word *canny*, which the people there use, and from which Dr. Warburton's mistake may have arisen, bears a variety of significations, none of which is *fine*, *delicate*, or applicable to a thing or value RITSON.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you!

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

[*Gives him money.*

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Guerdon—remuneration.

[*Exit.*

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humourous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpled,⁷ whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

[7] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakespeare been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the Romans, or the gem which represents the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much applauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning. In *Isaiah*, iii. 22, we find: “—the mantles, and the *wimples* and the crisping-pins.” STEEVENS.

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
 Dread prince of placketes,⁸ king of codpieces,
 Sole imperator, and great general
 Of trotting paritors,⁹—O my little heart!—
 And I to be a corporal of his field,¹
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
 What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
 A woman, that is like a German clock,²
 Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
 And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watch'd that it may still go right?
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
 And, among three, to love the worst of all;
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [Exit.]

[8] A *placket* is a petticoat. DOUCE.

[9] An *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is an officer of the Bishop's court, who carries out citations; as citations are most frequently issued for fornication, the *paritor* is put under Cupid's government. JOHNSON.

[1] It appears from Lord Stafford's *Letters*, Vol. II. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed as an aid-de-camp is now, "in taking and carrying to and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." TYRWHITT.

[2] The following extract is taken from a book, called *The Artificial Clock-Maker*, 1714.—"Clock-making was supposed to have had its beginning in Germany within less than these two hundred years. It is very probable that our balance-clocks or watches and some other automata, might have had their beginning there," &c.—To the inartificial construction of these first pieces of mechanism, executed in Germany, we may suppose Shakespeare alludes. The clock at Hampton Court, which was set up in 1540, (as appears from the inscription affixed to it) is said to be the first ever fabricated in England. STEEVENS.

"In some towns in Germany, (says Dr. Powel in his *Human Industry*, 8vo. 1661,) there are very rare and elaborate clocks to be seen in their town-halls, where-in a man may read astronomy, and never look up to the skies.—In the town-hall of Prague there is a clock that shows the annual motions of the sun and moon, the names and numbers of the months, days, and festivals of the whole year, the time of the sun rising and setting throughout the year, the equinoxes, the length of the days and nights, the rising and setting of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, &c.—But the town of Strasburgh carries the bell of all other steeples of Germany in this point." These elaborate clocks were probably often "out of frame." MALONE.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same. Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

Princess.

Was that the king, that spur'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.

—Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

[Giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise-sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords ?

Prin. Only for praise : and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter Costard.

Prin. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all ! Pray you, which is the
head lady ?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that
have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest ! it is so ; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maid's girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman ? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir ? what's your will ?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady
Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter ; he's a good friend of
mine :
Stand aside, good bearer.—*Boyet,* you can carve ;
Break up this capon.³

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here ;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear :
Break the neck of the wax,⁴ and every one give ear.

Boyet. [Reads.] By heaven, that thou art fair, is
most infallible ; true, that thou art beauteous ; truth
itself, that thou art lovely : More fairer than fair, beau-
tiful than beauteous ; truer than truth itself, have com-
miseration on thy heroical vassal ! The magnanimous
and most illustrious king Cophetua⁵ set eye upon the per-
nicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon ; and he it was

[3] i. e. Open this letter. Our poet uses this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet* ; which signifies both a young fowl and a love letter. The Italians use the same manner of expression, when they call a love-epistle *una pollicetta amorosa*. THEOBALD.

[4] Still alluding to the *capon*. JOHNSON.

[5] The ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid, may be seen in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. The beggar's name was Penelophon. PERCY.

that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which to anatomise in the vulgar, (*O base and obscure vulgar!*) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: The captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's; The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's? no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For titles, titles; For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.⁶

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.⁷

Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho,⁸ and one that makes sport
To the prince and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

[6] These six lines appear to be a quotation from some ridiculous poem of that time. WARBURTON.

[7] A pun upon the word *stile*. MUSGRAVE.

[8] The allusion is to a fantastical character of that time. FARMER.

A local allusion employed by a poet like Shakespeare, resembles the mortal steed that drew in the chariot of Achilles. But short services could be expected from either. STEEVENS.

Cost. I told you ; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it ? .

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady ?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords
away.—⁹

Here, sweet, put up this ; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exeunt*

Boyet. Who is the suitor ? who is the suitor ?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know ?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow. Finely put off !

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns ; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on !

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer ?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself : come near.
Finely put on indeed !—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes
at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower : Have I hit her now ?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that
was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy,
as touching the hit it ?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was
a woman when queen Guinever^a of Britain was a little
wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it, [Singing.
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exe. Ros. and KATH.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant ! how both did fit it !

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot ; for they both did
hit it.

[9] Perhaps the Princess said rather,—*Come, ladies, away.* The rest of the scene deserves no care. JOHNSON.

[1] It appears that *suitor* was anciently pronounced *shooter*. STEEVENS.

In Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained, the word *suitor* is at this day pronounced by the vulgar as if it were written *shooter*. MALONE.

[2] This was King Arthur's queen, not over famous for fidelity to her husband. Mordred the Pict is supposed to have been her paramour. STEEVENS.

Boy. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' th' bow hand!³ I'faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boy. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boy. I fear too much rubbing; Good night, my good owl. [Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Arraatho o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!

Sola, sola! [Shouting within. Exit Cost. running.]

SCENE II.

The same. Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

*Hol.*⁴ The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,—blood;

[3] i. e. a good deal to the left of the mark; a term still retained in modern archery. DOUCE.

[4] There is very little personal reflection in Shakespeare. Either the virtue of those times, or the candour of our author, has so affected, that his satire is, for the most part, general, and, as himself says:

—his tasting like a wild-goose fies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—

The place before us seems to be an exception. For by Holofernes is designed a particular character, a pedant and schoolmaster of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small dictionary of that language under the title of *A World of Words*, which in his epistle dedicatory, he tells us, "is of little less value than Stephen's *Treasure of*

ripe as a pemewater⁵—who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *calo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven ; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least : But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation ! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication ; *facere*, as it were, replication—or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather, unlettered, or, rathertest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

the Greek tongue," the most complete work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls those who criticised his works, " sea-dogs, or land-critics ; monsters of men if not beasts rather than men ; whose teeth are canibals, their tooongs adders forks, their lips aspen poison, their eyes basilisks, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like swords of Turks, that strive which shall dive deepest into a christian lying bound before them." Well therefore might the mild Nathaniel desire Holofernes to *abrogate scurrility*. His profession too is the reason that Holofernes deals so much in Italian sentences. There is an edition of *Love's Labour's Lost*, printed in 1598, and said to be presented before her highness this last Christmas, 1597. The next year, 1598, comes out our John Florio, with his *World of Words*, *recentibus odiis* ; and in the preface, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the stage. " There is another sort of leering curs, that rather snarle than bite, whereof I could instance in one who lighting on a good sonnet of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the author a Rymer.—Let Aristophanes and his comedians make phaies, and scowre their mouths on Socrates : those very mouthes they make to vilifie, shall be the means to amplifie his virtue," &c. Here Shakespeare is so plainly marked out as not to be mistaken. As to the 'sonnet of the gentleman his friend,' we may be assured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very sonnet beginning with—The praisefull princesses, &c. in which our author makes Holofernes say, *he will something affect the letter; for it argues factitiously*. From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that Shakespeare chose for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant of Thubal Holoferne. WARBURTON.

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the satire of Shakespeare is so seldom personal. It is of the nature of personal invectives to be soon unintelligible ; and the author that gratifies private malice, *animam in vulnere ponit*, destroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and sacrifices the esteem of succeeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the sarcasms which perhaps in our author's time set the play-house in a roar, are now lost among general reflections. Yet whether the character of Holofernes was pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithstanding the plausibility of Dr. W^s conjecture, inclined to doubt. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his supposition that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the first affront. " The plaies, says he, that they plaie in England, are neither right comedies, nor right tragedies ; but representations of histories without any decorum." The scraps of Latin and Italian are transcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted so much. FARMER.

[5] A species of apple formerly much esteemed. *Malus carbonaria*. STE.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *hawd credo*; 'twas a pricket.⁶

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coetus!*—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.⁷
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch⁸ set on learning, to see him in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;

And caught not to five weeks, when he came to five score. The allusion holds in the exchange.⁹

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

[6] In a play called *The Return from Parnassus*, 1666, I find the following account of the different appellations of deer at their different ages:

Amoretto. I caused the keeper to sever the rascal deer from the bucks of the first head. Now, sir, a buck is, the first year, a fawn; the second year, a pricket; the third year, a sorrel; the fourth year, a soare; the fifth, buck of the first head; the sixth year, a compleat buck. Likewise your hart is the first year a calfe; the second year, a brocket; the third year, a spade; the fourth year, a stag; the sixth year, a hart. A roe-buck is the first year, a kid; the second year, a gird; the third year, a hemuse; and these are your special beasts for chase."

STEEVENS.

[7] The length of these lines was no novelty on the English stage. The Moralities afford scenes of the like measure. JOHNSON.

[8] The meaning is, to be in a school would ill become a patch, or low fellow, as folly would become me. JOHNSON.

[9] i. e. the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam, as when you use the name of Cain. WARBURTON.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

*The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing
pricket;*

*Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with
shooting.*

The dogs did yell; put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;

Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!⁵
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw,⁶ look how he claws him with a talent.⁷

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*; and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable,⁸ I

[5] We should read,—*of sore L*,—alluding to L being the numeral for fifty.
WARBURTON.

[6] In our author's time the *falon* of a bird was frequently written *talent*. Hence the quibble here, and in Twelfth Night, “let them use their *talents*.”
MALONE.

[7] Honest Dull quibbles. One of the senses of to *claw*, is to flatter. STEE.

[8] Of this *double entendre*, despicable as it is, Mr. Pope and his coadjutors availed themselves in their unsuccessful comedy called *Three Hours After Marriage*. STEEV.—*Capable* is used equivocally. One of its senses was *reasonable*; endowed with a ready capacity to learn. The other wants no explanation.
MALONE

will put it to them : But, *vir sapit, qui paucalognitur* : a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good-morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi pers-on.⁹* And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead ! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth ; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine : 'tis pretty ; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter ; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armathe : I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ.*

Ruminat,—and so forth.¹ Ah, good old Mantuan ! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice :

*—Vinegia, Vinegia,
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*

Old Mantuan ! old Mantuan ! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents ? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses ?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse ; *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsown, how shall I swear to love ?

Ab, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed !

[9] So in Hollinsbed, p. 953, "Garrard was *person* of Honie-lane." I believe, however, we should write the word—*pers-one*. The same play on the word *pierce* is put into the mouth of Falstaff. STEEV.—The words *one* and *os were*, I believe, pronounced nearly alike, at least in some counties, in our author's time ; the quibble, therefore, that Mr. Stevens has noted, may have been intended as the text now stands. In the same style afterwards Moth says : "Offer'd by a child o an old man, whitch is wit-old." *Person*, as Sir W. Blackstone observes in his Commentaries, is the original and proper term ; *Persona ecclesiae*. MALONE.

[1] Though all the editions concur to give this speech to sir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingeniously observed to me, it is evident it must belong to *Holofernes*. The curate is employed in reading the letter to himself ; and while he is doing so, that the stage may not stand still, Holofernes either pulls out a book, or, repeating some verse by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptista Spagnolus, surnamed Mantuanus from the place of his birth, was a writer of poems, who flourished towards the latter end of the 15th century. THEO.

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove ;
 Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers
 bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes ;
 Where all those pleasures live, that art would com-
 prehend :

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;
 Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee com-
 mend :

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder ;
 (Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire ;)
 Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful
 thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
 Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, this wrong,

That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue !

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent : let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified ; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man : and why, indeed, Naso ; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention ? *Imitari*, is nothing : so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider.—But damosella virgin, was this directed to you ?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.*

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous *Lady Rosaline*. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto :

Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.
 —Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king ; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet ; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king ; it may concern much : Stay not thy compliment ; I forgive thy duty ; adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life !
Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [Exe. COST. and JAQ.]

[2] Shakespeare forgot himself in this passage. Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said, just before, that the letter had been sent to her from Don Armado, and given to her by Costard. M. MASON

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously ; and, as a certain father saith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours.³ But, to return to the verses ; Did they please you, sir Nathaniel ?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine ; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *benvenuto* ; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention : I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too : for society, (saith the text,) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [To Dull.] I do invite you too ; you shall not say me, nay, nay : *pauca verba*. Away ; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Another part of the same. Enter BIRON, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer ; I am coursing myself : they have pitch'd a toil ; I am toiling in a pitch ;⁴ pitch that defiles ; defile ! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow ! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit ! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax : it kills sheep ; it kills me, I a sheep : Well proved again on my side ! I will not love : if I do, hang me ; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her ; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love : and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy ; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already ; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it : sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady ! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in : Here comes one with a paper ; God give him grace to groan !

[Gets up into a tree.

[3] That is, specious, or fair seeming appearances.

JOHNSON.

[4] Alluding to lady Rosaline's complexion, who is through the whole play represented as a black beauty.

JOHNSON.

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ah me !

Biron. [Aside.] Shot, by heaven !—Proceed, sweet Cupid ; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap :—I'faith secrets.—

King. [Reads.] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
 To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows :
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light ;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep :
No drop, but as a coach, doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe ;
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show :
But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel !
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs ? I'll drop the paper ,
 Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here ?

[*Steps aside*

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville ! and reading ! listen, ear.

Biron. [Aside.] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear !

Long. Ah me ! I am forsborn.

Biron. [Aside.] Why, he comes in a like perjure, wearing papers.⁸

King. [Aside.] In love, I hope ; Sweet fellowship in shame !

Biron. [Aside.] One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so ?

Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort ; not by two, that I know :

Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of society, The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move : O sweet Maria, empress of my love !

[8] The punishment of perjury is to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime. JOHNSON.

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [Aside.] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose :
Disfigure not his slop.⁶

Long. This same shall go.— [He reads the sonnet.

*Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore ; but, I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is :
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine
Exhal'st this vapour vow ; in thee it is :
If broken then, it is no fault of mine ;
If by me broke, What fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise ?*

Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver vein,⁷ which makes flesh a deity ;

A green goose, a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend ! we are much out o' th' way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this ?—Company ! stay.

[Stepping aside.

Biron. [Aside.] All hid, all hid, an old infant play :⁸
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to th' mill ! O heavens, I have my wish ;
Dumain transform'd : four woodcocks in a dish !

Dum. O most divine Kate !

Biron. O most profane coxcomb ! [Aside

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye !

Bir. By earth, she is but corporal ;⁹ there you lie. [Asi.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.¹⁰

[6] *Slops* are large and wide-knee'd breeches, the garb in fashion in our author's days, as we may observe from old family pictures. THEOBALD.

[7] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. JOHNSON.

[8] *All hid, All hid*,—The children's cry at *hide and seek*. MUSGRAVE.

[9] The word *corporal* in Shakespeare's time, was used for *corporal*. MAL.

[10] To *cote* is to outstrip, to overpass.—The beauty of *amber* consists in its variegated cloudiness, which Dumain calls *foulness*. The hair of his mistress in variegated shadows exceeded those of amber. STEEVENS.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [Aside.]

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child.

[Aside.]

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [Aside.]

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

[Aside.]

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

[Aside.]

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

[Aside.]

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood, why, then incision²
Would let her out in saucers; Sweet misprision! [Aside.]

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.
[Aside.]

Dum. On a day, (alack the day!)

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spied a blossom, passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air:

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, 'gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so!³

But alack, my hand is sworn,

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee:

Thou for whom even Jove would swear,

Juno but an Ethiop were;

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy love.—

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

[2] It was the fashion among the young gallants of that age, to stab themselves in the arms, or elsewhere, in order to drink their mistress's health, or write her name in their blood, as a proof of their passion. M. MASON.

[3] Perhaps we may better read.—Ah! would I might, &c. JOHNSON.

O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note ;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Duman, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society : [Advancing]
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [Advancing.] you blush ; as his your
case is such ;
You chide at him, offending twice as much :
You do not love Maria ; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile ;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion ;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion :
Ah me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other cries ;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :
You would for paradise break faith and troth ;

[To Long.]
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[To DUMAN.]
What will Birón say, when that he shall hear
A faith infring'd, which such a zeal did swear ?
How will he scorn ? how will he spend his wit ?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it ?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me :

[Descends from the tree.]
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love ?
Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears :
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing ;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonnetting.
But are you not ashamed ? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot ?
You found his mote ; the king your mote did see ;
But I a beam do find in each of three.

O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen !
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a king transformed to a gnat!⁴
 To see great Hercules whipping a gigg,
 And profound Solomon to tune a jigg,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys !—
 Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumaine ?
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain ?—
 And where my hege's ? all about the breast :—
 A caudle, ho !

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view ?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you ;
 I, that am honest ; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow, I am engaged in ;
 I am betray'd, by keeping company
 With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme ?
 Or groan for Joan ? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me ? When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb ?—

King. Soft ; Whither away so fast ?
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so ?

Biron. I post from love ; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the King !

King. What present hast thou there ?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here ?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read ;
 Our parson misdoubts it ; 'twas treason, he said.

[4] Mr. Toilet seems to think this contains an allusion to *St. Matthew*, xxiii. 24, where the metaphorical term of a *gnat* means a thing of least importance, or what is proverbially small. STEEVENS.

Biron is abusing the King for his sonnetting like a minstrel, and compares him to a *gnat*, which always sings as it flies. M. MASON.

[5] *Critic* and *Critical* are used by our author in the same sense as *cynic* and *cynical*. Iago, speaking of the fair sex declares he is *nothing if not critical*. STEEVENS.

King. Biron, read it over. *Giving him the letter.*
Where hadst thou it ?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it ?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now ! what is in you ? why dost thou tear it ?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy ; your grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picks up the pieces.*

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were born to do me shame.— [To COSTARD

Guilty, my lord, guilty ; I confess, I confess.

King. What ?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess :

He, he, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true ; we are four :—

Will these turtles be gone ?

King. Hence, sirs ; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt COSTARD and JAQ.*

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace !

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be :

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face ;

Young blood will not obey an old decree :

We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;

Therefore, of all hands, must we be forsown.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine ?

Biron. Did they, quoth you ? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head ; and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty ?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now ?
 My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;
 She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.⁶

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron* :
 O, but for my love, day would turn to night !
 Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
 Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek ;
 Where several worthies make one dignity ;
 Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
 Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
 Fye, painted rhetoric ! O, she needs it not :
 To things of sale a seller's praise belongs ;
 She passes praise ; then praise too short doth blot.
 A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :
 Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
 O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine !

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !
 A wife of such wood were felicity.
 O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?
 That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
 If that she learn not of her eye to look :
 No face is fair, that is not full so black.
King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,
 The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night ;
 And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.⁷

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
 O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
 It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,⁸
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;
 And therefore is she born to make black fair.
 Her favour turns the fashion of the days ;
 For native blood is counted painting now ;

[6] Something like this is a stanza of sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the insertion :

“ You meaner beauties of the night,
 “ That poorly satisfy our eyes
 “ More by your number than your light,
 “ You common people of the skies,
 “ What are you when the sun shall rise ? ”

JOHNSON.

[7] In heraldry, a *crest* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakespeare therefore assumes the liberty to use it in a sense equivalent to *top* or *utmost height*, as he has used *spire* in *Coriolanus*. TOLLET.

[8] *Usurping Hair* alludes to the fashion, which prevailed among ladies in our author's time, of wearing false hair or *periwigs*, as they were then called, before that kind of covering for the head was worn by men. MALONE

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,^{*}
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, your's did ; for, sir, to tell you
plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love : my foot and her face
see. [Showing his shoe.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread !

Dum. O vile ! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.

King. But what of this ? Are we not all in love ?

Biron. O, nothing so sure ; and thereby all forsown.

King. Then leave this chat ; and, good Birón, now
prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there ;—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed ;

Some tricks, some quilletts,⁹ how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need !—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms :¹

Consider, what you first did swear unto ;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman ;—

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young ;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsown his book :

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?

[9] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. I imagine the original to be this, in the French pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *qu'il-est* — from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer. WARBURTON.

[1] *A man at arms*, is a soldier armed at all points both offensively and defensively. It is no more than, *Ye soldiers of affection*. JOHNSON.

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
 Have found the ground of study's excellence,
 Without the beauty of a woman's face ?
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive ;
 They are the ground, the books, the academes,
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
 Why, universal plodding prisons up
 The nimble spirits in the arteries ;¹
 As motion, and long-during action, tires
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes ;
 And study too, the causer of your vow :
 For where is any author in the world,
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?²
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
 And where we are, our learning likewise is.
 Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
 Do we not likewise see our learning there ?
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books ;³
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
 In leaden contemplation, have found out
 Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
 Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with ?⁴
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;⁵
 And therefore finding barren practisers,
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
 But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power ;
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,

[1] In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves. WARBURTON.

[2] i. e. a lady's eyes give a fuller notion of beauty than any author. JOHN.

[3] i. e. our true *books* from which we derive most information ;—the eyes of women. MALONE.

[4] *Numbers* are, in this passage, nothing more than *poetical measures*. ‘ Could you,’ says Biron, ‘ by solitary contemplation, have attained such poetical fire, such sprightly numbers, as have been prompted by the eyes of beauty ? ’ JOHNSON

[5] As we say. *keep* the house, or *keep* their bed. M. MASON.

When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd ;⁶
 Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste
 For valour, is not love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
 Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet, and musical,
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;⁷
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.⁸
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs ;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;
 Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :
 Then fools you were these women to forswear ;
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word, that all men love ;
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths :
 It is religion to be thus forsworn :
 For charity itself fulfils the law ;
 And who can sever love from charity ?
King. Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !
Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords ;
 Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advis'a,

[6] i. e. A lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey. — WARB.

[7] This expression, like that other in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, of *Orpheus' harp was strung with poets' sinews*,

is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. Apollo, as the sun, is represented with golden hair ; so that a lute strung with his hair, means no more than strung with gilded wire. — WARBURTON.

[8] The meaning is, whenever love speaks all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert. HEATH.—For *makes*, read *make*. See the sacred writings : “The number of the names together were about an hundred and twenty.” *Acts i. 15.* — MALONE.

In conflict that you get the sun of them.⁹

Long. Now to plain dealing ; lay these glozes by :
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

King. And win them too : therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them
thither ;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress : in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Bir. *Allons ! Allons !*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn ;
And justice always whirls in equal measure :
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.* Enter HOLOFERNES,
Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Holofernes.

SATIS quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir : your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious ;¹⁰ pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,¹¹ audacious without

[9] In the days of archery, it was of consequence to have the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy. This circumstance was of great advantage to our Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt.—Our poet, however, I believe, had also an equivoque in his thoughts. MALONE.

[10] This proverbial expression intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood. WARBURTON.

[11] I know not well what degree of respect Shakespeare intends to obtain for his vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to his character of the schoolmaster's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Castiglione will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited.—It may be proper just to note, that *reason* here, and in many other places, signifies *discourse* ; and that *audacious* is used in a good sense for *spirited, animated, confident.* *Opinion* is the same with *obstinacy* or *opinatretate.* JOHNSON

[12] I. e. without affectation. STEEVENS.

impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te*: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked,⁴ too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too perigrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and *point-devise* companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t: not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable⁵ (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus deo, bone intelligo*

Hol. Bone?—bone, for *bene*: *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra!

[*To MOTH.*

Hol. Quare Chirra, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

[*To COSTARD aside.*

[4] To have the beard *piqued* or shorn so as to end in a point, was, in our author's time, a mark of a traveller affecting foreign fashions. JOHNSON.

Piqued may allude to the length of the shoes then worn. Bulwer says,—“ We weare our forked shoes almost as long again as our feete, not a little to the hindrance of the action of the foote; and not only so, but they prove an impediment to reverential devotion, for our bootes and shooes are so long anouted, that we can hardly kneele in God's house.” STEEVENS.

I believe *picked* (for so it should be written) signifies *nicely dress'd* in general, without reference to any particular fashion of dress. It is a metaphor taken from birds, who dress themselves by *picking out* or *pruning* their broken or superfluous feathers. TYRWHITT.

[5] *Abominable*.—Thus the word is constantly spelt in the old moralities and other antiquated books. STEEVENS.

Cost. O, they have lived long in the alms-basket⁶ of words ! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word ; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*.⁷ thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.⁸

Moth. Peace ; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [To Hol.] are you not letter'd ?

Moth. Yes, yes ; he teaches boys the horn-book :—What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head ?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn :—You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant ?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them ; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep : the other two concludes it ; o, u.⁹

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit : snip, snap, quick and home ; it rejoiceth my intellect : true wit.

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man ; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure ? what is the figure ?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant : go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circu* ; A gig of a cuck-old's horn !

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread : hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard ! what a joyful father wouldest thou make me ! Go to ; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin ; dunghill for *wagwem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula* ; we will be singled from

[6] The refuse meat of families was put into a basket in our author's time, and given to the poor. MALONE.

[7] This word, whencesoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known. JOHNSON.

[8] A flap-dragon is a small inflammable substance, which torpes swallow in a glass of wine. STEEVENS.

[9] By Q, U, Moth would mean—Oh, you—i. e. You are the sheep still, either way ; no matter which of us repeats them. TIRROBALD.

the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain ?¹

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day ; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon : the word is well cull'd, chose ; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman ; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend :—For what is inward between us, let it pass :—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy ;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head ;²—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too ;—but let that pass :—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder ; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio :³ but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable ; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world : but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck,⁴ with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate, and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies. Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the *posterior* of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most

[1] The charge-house—I suppose, is the *free-school*.

STEEVENS.

[2] By "remember thy courtesy," I suppose Armado means—"remember that all this time thou art standing with thy hat off." STEEVENS.

[3] The author calls the beard *valois's excrement* in *The Merchant of Venice*.

JOHNSON

[4] I.e. chicken; an ancient term of endearment.

STEEVENS.

gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess ; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them ?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus ; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great ; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error : he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb : he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience ? he shall present Hercules in minority : his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake ; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device ! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry : *well done, Hercules ! now thou crushest the snake !* that is the way to make an offence gracious ; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies ?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman !

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing ?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via,* good man Dull ! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons !* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so ; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the same. Before the Princess' pavilion. Enter Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in :

A lady wall'd about with diamonds !—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that ?

Prin. Nothing but this ? yes, as much love in rhyme, As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides the leaf, marget and all ;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax;⁵
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him ; he kill'd your
sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;
And so she died : had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died :
And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light
word ?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff ;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' th' dark.

Kath. So do not you ; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you ; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason ; for, Past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well bandied both ; a set of wit⁶ well play'd.
But Rosaline, you have a favour too :

Who sent it ? and what is it ?

Ros. I would, you knew :
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great ; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón :
The numbers true ; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground :
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter !

Prin. Any thing like ?

Ros. Much, in the letters ; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils!⁷ How ? let me not die your debtor,

[5] To wax anciently signified to grow. It is yet said of the moon, that she waxes and wanes. STEEVENS.

[6] A term from tennis. STEEVENS.

[7] Rosaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Katharine for painting.

JOHNSON.

My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shroves!

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy.

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less: Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Birón I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by th' week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,

And shape his service wholly to my behests;

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

So portent-like would I o'erway his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

[8] The meaning of this obscure line seems to be, "I would make him proud to flatter me who make a mock of his flattery." *Edita. Mag.* STEEVENS.

[9] In old farces, to show, the inevitable approaches of death and destiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid Death or *Fate*, which very stratagems as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of *Fate*. To this Shakespeare alludes again in *Measure for Measure*:

"merely thou art *Death's fool*:

"For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

"And yet runn'st towards him still."—WARBURTON.

Until some proof be brought of the existence of such characters as *Death* and the *Fool*, in old farces, (for the mere assertion of Dr. Warburton is not to be relied on,) this passage must be literally understood, independently of any particular allusion. The old reading might probably mean—"so scoffingly would I o'erway," &c.

DOUCE.

[1] These are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention. JOHNSON.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter ? Where's her grace ?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet ?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare !—

Arm, wenches, arm ! encounters mounted are
Against your peace : Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments ; you'll be surpris'd :
Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence ;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid !^[2] What are they
That charge their breath against us ? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour :
When, lo ! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions : warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear ;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage :
Action, and accent, did they teach him there ;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear :
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestic would put him out ;
For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see ;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil ;*
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder ;
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.

[2] Johnson censures the Princess for invoking with so much levity the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid; but that was not her intention. Being determined to engage the King and his followers, she gives for the word of battle St. Dennis, as the King, when he was determined to attack her, had given for the word of battle St. Cupid :

"Saint Cupid then, and, soldiers, to the field." M. MASON

One rubb'd his elbow, thus : and fleer'd, and swore,
 A better speech was never spoke before :
 Another, with his finger and his thumb,
 Cry'd, *Via ! we will do't, come what will come :*
 The third he caper'd and cried, *All goes well :*
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,³
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?

Boyet. They do, they do ; and are apparel'd thus,—
 Like Muscovites, or Russians : as I guess,⁴
 Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance :
 And every one his love-feat will advance
 Unto his several mistress ; which they'll know
 By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so ? the gallant shall be task'd :
 For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,
 Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
 —Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear ;
 And then the king will court thee for his dear ;
 Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine ;
 So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—
 And change you favours too ; so shall your loves
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then ; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent ?

Prin. Th' effect of my intent is, to cross theirs :
 They do it but in mocking merriment ;
 And mock for mock is only my intent.
 Their several counsels they unbosom shall
 To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal,
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,

[3] The spleen was anciently supposed to be the cause of laughter. STEEV.

[4] A mask of Muscovites was no uncommon recreation at court long before our author's time. In the first year of King Henry the Eighth, at a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors in the parliament-chamber at Westminster : "came the lorde Henry, Earl of Wiltshire, and the lorde Fitzwater, in two long gounes of yellowe satin traversed with white satin, and in every benn of white was a bend of crimson satin after the fashion of Russia or Ruslände, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havyng an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up." Hall. *Henry VIII.* p. 6. This extract may serve to convey an idea of the dress used upon the present occasion by the King and his Lords at the performance of the play. RITSON

With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd; the maskers
come. [*The ladies mask.*

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in Russian habits, and masked; MOTH, Musicians, and Attendants.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties, no richer than rich taffata.⁵

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out—

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,—with
your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? begone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds,

Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

[5] I. e. the taffata masks they wore to conceal themselves. THEOBALD.

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they ?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have ; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.⁶

Ros. It is not so : ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile : if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles ; the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile ?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you ;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do !
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our wat'ry eyne.⁷

Ros. O vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter ;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one
change :

Thou bid'st me beg ; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then : nay, you must do it soon.

[*Music plays.*

Not yet ;—no dance :—thus change I like the moon.

[6] The measures were dances solemn and slow. They were performed at court, and at public entertainments of the societies of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occasions. It was formerly not deemed inconsistent with propriety even for the gravest persons to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been unusual for the first characters in the law to become performers in *treading the measures*. See Dugdale's *Origines Juridicæ*. REED.

[7] When Queen Elizabeth asked an ambassador how he liked her ladies, 'It is hard,' said he, 'to judge of stars in the presence of the sun.' JOHNSON.

King. Will you not dance ? How come you thus estrang'd ?

Ros. You took the moon at full ; but now she's chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays ; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance, We'll not be nice : take hands ; —we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands then ?

Ros. Only to part friends :—

Court'sy, sweet hearts ; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure ; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves ; What buys your company ?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought : and so adieu ;

Twice to your visor, and half once to you !

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

[They converse apart.]

Bir. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar ; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey ; —Well run, dice !

There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu !

Since you can cog,⁸ I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall ! bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

[They converse apart.]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word ?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so ? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

[8] To cog, signifies to falsify the dice, and to falsify a narrative, or to lie.
JOHNSON

Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. [They converse apart.
Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so. [mocks!
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[They converse apart.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
[Exe. King, Lords, Moth, Music, and Attendants.
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths
puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits⁹ they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Birón did swear himself out of all suit.
Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:

[9] *Well-liking* is the same, as *embonpoint*. So, in Job xxxix. 4: "Their young ones are in good liking." STEEVENS.

No point, quoth I;¹ my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart ;
And trow you, what he call'd me ?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art !

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.²

But will you hear ? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Duman is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes ; for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return ?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows ;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :
Therefore, change favours ; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud ;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.³

[1] *Point* in French is an adverb of negation ; but, if properly spoken, is not sounded like the point of a sword. A quibble, however, is intended. From this and the other passages it appears, that either our author was not well acquainted with the pronunciation of the French language, or it was different formerly to what it is at present. The former supposition appears to me much the more probable of the two. — MALONE.

[2] This line is not universally understood, because every reader does not know that a statute-cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Rosaline declares that her expectation was disappointed by these courtly students, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education. — JOHNSON.

Woollen caps were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of Queen Elizabeth. “ Besides the bills passed into acts this parliament, there was one which I judge not amiss to be taken notice of—it concerned the Queen's care for employment for her poor sort of subjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers ; providing, that all above the age of six years, (except the nobility and some others) should on *sabbath days* and *holy days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and drest in England, upon penalty of ten groats.” Strype's Annals of Queen Elizabeth. Vol. II. p. 74.

GREY.

This act may account for the distinguishing mark of Mother *Red-cap*. — STE.

The king and his lords probably wore *hats* adorned with feathers. So they are represented in the print affixed to this play in Mr. Rowe's edition, probably from some stage tradition. — MALONE.

[3] *Ladies unmask'd*, says Boyet, *are like angels vailing clouds*, or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness, sink from before them. — JOHNSON.

Holinshed says, “ The Britains began to *avale* the hills where they had lodged,” i.e. they began to descend the hills. If Shakespeare uses the word *vailing* in this

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exe. Prin. Ros. KATH. and MAR.*

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE and DUMAIN, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exti.*

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels,⁴ meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly;⁵ and, in ushering,

sense, the meaning is—Angels descending from clouds which concealed their beauties. *TOLLÉT.*

To *eval* comes from the French *eval*, term de batelier. *STEEVENS.*

[4] *Wæs heal*, that is, be of health, was a salutation first used by the Lady Rowena to King Vortiger. Afterwards it became a custom in villages, on new year's eve and twelfth night, to carry a *wassel* or *wassail* bowl from house to house, which was presented with the Saxon words above mentioned. Hence in process of time *wassel* signified intemperance in drinking, and also a meeting for the purpose of festivity. *MALONE.*

[5] The *mean* in music is the tenor. So Bacon: "The treble cutteth the air so sharp, as it returneth too swift to make the sound equal: and therefore a mean or tenor is the sweetest." *STEEVENS.*

Mend him who can : the ladies call him, sweet ;
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet :
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,
 To show his teeth as white as whales bone :⁶
 And consciences, that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
 That put Armado's page out of his part !

*Enter the Princess, usher'd by BOYET ; ROSALINE, MARIA,
 KATHARINE, and Attendants.*

Biron. See where it comes !—Behaviour, what wert
 thou,

Till this man show'd thee ? and what art thou now ?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day !

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave

King. We came to visit you ; and purpose now

To lead you to our court : vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me ; and so hold your vow :

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke ;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue : vice you should have
 spoke ;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest :

So much I hate a breaking-cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord ; it is not so, I swear ;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game ;

[6] *As white as whales bone* is a proverbial comparison in the old poets. Skelton joins the *whales bone* with the brightest precious stones, in describing the position of Pallas. T. WARTON.

It should be remember'd that some of our ancient writers supposed ivory to be part of the bones of a whale. STEEVENS.

This white whale his bone, now superseded by ivory, was the tooth of the Horse-whale, Morse, or Walrus, as appears by King Alfred's preface to his Saxon translation of *Orosius*. HOLT WHITE.

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam ? Russians ?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord ;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true :—It is not so, my lord ;
My lady, (to the manner of the days,) In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted here with four,
In Russian habit : here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish ; when we greet⁷
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light : Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich ; for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine ?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore ?

Biron. Where ? when ? what visor ? why demand you this ?

Ros. There, then, that visor ; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descired: they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord ? Why looks your highness sad ?

Ros. Help, hold his brows ! he'll swoon ! Why look
you pale ?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out ?—

Here stand I, lady ; dart thy skill at me ;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout ;

[7] This is a very lofty and elegant compliment.

JOHNSON.

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance ;
 Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit ;
 And I will wish thee never more to dance,
 Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
 O ! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
 Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue ;
 Nor never come in visor to my friend ;
 Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song :
 Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
 Three-pil'd hyperboles,⁸ spruce affectation,
 Figures pedantical ; these summer-flies
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation :
 I do forswear them : and I here protest,
 By this white glove, (how white the hand, God
 knows !) .

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
 In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :
 And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la !—
 My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.⁹
Biron. Yet I have a trick
 Of the old rage :—bear with me, I am sick ;
 I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see ;—
 Write, *Lord have mercy on us*,¹ on those three ;
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies ;
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :
 These lords are visited ; you are not free,
 For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.
Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so ; For how can this be true,
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?
Biron. Peace ; for I will not have to do with you.

[8] A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Autolycus says : "I have worn *three-pile*." STEEVENS.

[9] i. e. without sans ; without French words : an affectation of which Biron had been guilty in the last line of his speech, though just before he had *forsworn* all affectation in phrases, terms, &c. TYRWHITT.

[1] This was the inscription put upon the door of the houses infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himself and his companions ; and pursuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewise on the ladies. The tokens of the plague are the first spots or discolourations, by which the infection is known to be received. JOHNSON.

[2] That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process ? The *jeet* lies in the ambiguity of *sue*, which signifies, to *prosecute by law*, or to *offer a petition*. JOHNSON.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?³

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.⁴

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear

As precious eye-sight; and did value me

Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,

That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent,
(Knowing beforehand of our merriment,)
To dash it, like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,⁵

[3] i. e. acting with sufficient deliberation. STEEVENS.

[4] You force not, is the same with, you make no difficulty. This is a very just observation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with less reluctance. JOHNSON.

[5] A zany is a buffoon, a merry Andrew, a gross mimick. STEEVENS.

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight,⁶ some Dick,
—That smiles his cheek in years ; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—
Told our intents before : which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours ; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn ; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is :—And might not you, [To BOYET.
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue ?
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squire,⁷

And laugh upon the apple of her eye ?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?
You put our page out : Go, you are allow'd;⁸
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you ? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight ! Peace ; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit ! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three ?

Cost. No, sir ; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir ; under correction, sir ; I hope, it is
not so :

You cannot beg us, sir,⁹ I can assure you, sir ; we know
what we know :

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

[6] See a few lines below :

" And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher,"—*sc.* MALONE

[7] From *esquierie*, French, a *rule*, or *square*. The sense is nearly the same as that of the proverbial expression in our own language, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humoured her so long that he can persuade her to what he pleases. HEATH.

[8] I. e. you may say what you will ; you are a licensed fool, a common jester. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

" There is no slander in an *allow'd fool*." WARBURTON.

[9] That is, we are not fools ; our next relations cannot beg the wardship of our persons and fortunes. One of the legal tests of a *natural* is to try whether he can number. JOHNSON

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were a pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man,—e'en one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.^[1]

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [Exit Cost.

King. Birón, they will shame us, let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now; That sport best pleases, that doth least know how: Where zeal strives to content, and the contents Die in the zeal of them which it presents, Their form confounded makes most form in mirth; When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[ARMADO converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical:

[1] This is a stroke of satire which, to this hour, has lost nothing of its force. Few performers are solicitous about the history of the character they are to represent. STEEVENS.

too, too vain ; too, too vain. But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement !

[Exit.]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies : He presents Hector of Troy ; the swain, Pompey the great ; the parish curate, Alexander ; Armado's page, Hercules ; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy :—

Abate a throw at novum ;² and the whole world again, Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[Seats brought for the King, Princess, &c.

*Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*³ Enter COSTARD arm'd, for POMPEY.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.⁴

[2] I suppose the meaning is, Except or put the chance of the dice out of the question, and the world cannot produce five such as these. *Abate*, from the Fr. *abatre*. MALONE.

[3] In MS. Harl. 2057, p. 31, is "The order of a shewe intended to be made Aug. 1, 1621."

"First, 2 wood men, &c.

"St. George fighting with the dragon.

"The 9 worthies in compleat armour with crownes of gould on their heads, every one having his esquires to bear before him his shield and penon of armes, dressed according as these lords were accustomed to be: 3 Assaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Christians.

"After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues and noble deeds of the 9 worthy women."

Such a pageant as this, we may suppose it was the design of Shakespeare to ridicule. STEEVENS.

"This sort of procession was the usual recreation of our ancestors at Christmas and other festive seasons. Such things, being chiefly plotted and composed by ignorant people, were seldom committed to writing, at least with the view of preservation, and are of course rarely discovered in the researches of even the most industrious antiquaries. And it is certain that nothing of the kind (except the speeches in this scene, which were intended to burlesque them) ever appeared in print." This observation belongs to Mr. Ritson, who has printed a genuine specimen of the poetry and manner of this rude and ancient drama, from an original manuscript of Edward the Fourth's time. (Tanner's MSS. 407.) REED.

[4] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and shoulders had usually by way of ornament, the resemblance of a leopard's or lion's head.

WARBURTON.

Biron. Well said, old mocker ; I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,—*

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir ;—*Pompey surnam'd the great ; That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foes to sweat :*

*And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.*

If your ladyship would say, *Thanks, Pompey*, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth ; but, I hope, I was perfect : I made a little fault in, great.

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL arm'd, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might :

My scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.

Boyel. Your nose says no, you are not ; for it stands too right.⁶

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd : Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;—

Boyel. Most true, 'tis right ; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir, [To NATH.] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror ! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this : your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool,⁷ will be given to A-jax :⁸ he will

[6] It should be remembered, to relish this joke, that the head of Alexander was placed obliquely on his shoulders. STEEVENS.

[7] This alludes to the arms given in the old history of the *Nine Worthies*, to "Alexander, the which did bears guules, a lion, or sciante in a chayer, holding a battle-ax argent." Leigh's Accidence of Armory, 1597. TOLLET.

[8] There is a conceit of *Ajas* and *a jakes*. JOHNSON.

be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak ! run away for shame, Alisander. [NATH. *retires.*]— There, an't shall please you ; a foolish mild man ; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd ! He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth ; and a very good bowler : but, for Alisander, alas, you see, how 'tis ;—a little o'erparted :—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES arm'd, for Judas, and MOTH arm'd, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus ;
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus :

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority ;

Ergo, I come with this apology.—

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [Exit MOTH.]

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas !

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor :—How art thou prov'd Judas ?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir ?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir ; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd : Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this ?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.¹

[9] That is, the part or character allotted to him in this piece is too considerable. *MAJONE.*

[1] I. e. a soldier's powder-horn. *STEEVENS.*

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer :

And now, forward ; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False ; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude ! nay, why dost thou stay ?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude ; give it him :—Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas : it grows dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited !

Enter ARMADO arm'd, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles ; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan³ in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector ?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No ; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter ; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,⁴

Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.⁴

[2] A Trojan, I believe, was in the time of Shakespeare, a cant term for a *thief*. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. I. "Tut, there are other *Trojans*, that thou dream'st not of." &c. [3] i. e. of lance-men. STEEVENS.

[4] An orange stuck with cloves appears to have been a common new-year's gift. A gilt nutmeg is mentioned by Ben Jonson as a present on the same occasion. The use, however, of an orange, &c. may be ascertained from *The Second Booke of Notable Thinges*, by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. I : "Wyne wyll be pleasant in taste and savour if an orange or a Lymon (stickt round about with Cloaves) be hanged within the vessell that it touche not the wyne. And so the wyne wyll be preserved in soystines and evyll savour" STEEVENS.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

*The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.*

I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against
Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet
chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he
breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my de-
vice: Sweet royalty, [To the Princess.] bestow on me the
sense of hearing. [BIRON whispers COSTARD.]

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone;
she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor
wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her
belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou
shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta
that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead
by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great
Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd:—More Atès, more Atès;⁵
stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

[5] That is, more instigation. Atès was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed. JOHNSON.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man ; I'll slash ; I'll do it by the sword :—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.⁶

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey !

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat ? What mean you ? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me ; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it ; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't ?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt ; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen :⁷ since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's ; and that a' wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter MERCADER.

Mer. God save you, madam !

Prin. Welcome, Mercader ; But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam ; for the news I bring

[6] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey.

JOHNSON.

[7] This may possibly allude to a story well known in our author's time, to this effect :—A Spaniard at Rome falling in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered him his best services. The dying man told him he had but one request to make him, but conjured him, by the memory of their past friendship, punctually to comply with it, which was, not to suffer him to be stript, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on. When this was promised, the Spaniard closed his eyes, and expired with great composure and resignation. But his friend's curiosity prevailing over his good faith, he had him stript, and found, to his great surprise, that he was without a shirt. WARBURTON.

To go *woolward*, I believe was a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiarie. Skinner derives *woolward* from the Saxon *wol*, *plague*, secondarily *any great distress*, and *weard*, *toward*. Thus, says he, it signifies, “*in magno discrimine & expectatione magni mali constitutus*.” I rather think it should be written *woolward*, and that it means *clothed in wool*, and *not in linen*. T. WARTON.

Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords, For all your fair endeavours; and entreat, Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide, The liberal opposition of our spirits: If over-boldly we have borne ourselves In the converse of breath, your gentleness Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord! A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue: Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form All causes to the purpose of his speed; And often, at his very loose, decides That which long process could not arbitrate: And though the mourning brow of progeny Forbid the smiling courtesy of love, The holy suit which fain it would convince; Yet, since love's argument was first on foot, Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost, Is not by much so wholesome, profitable, As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief; —And by these badges understand the king. For your fair sakes have we neglected time, Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies, Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours Even to th' opposed end of our intents: And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—

As love is full of unbefitting strains ;
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;
 Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye
 Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance :
 Which party-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
 Suggested us to make :⁹ Therefore, ladies,
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,
 By being once false for ever to be true
 To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you :
 And even that falsehood, in itself a sin
 Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love ;
 Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;
 And, in our maiden council, rated them
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
 As bombast, and as lining to the time :¹⁰
 But more devout than this, in our respects,
 Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
 Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
 To make a world-without-end bargain in :
 No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
 Full of dear guiltiness ; and, therefore this,—
 If for my love (as there is no such cause)
 You will do aught, this shall you do for me :
 Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed
 To some forlorn and naked hermitage,

[9] That is, tempted us. JOHNSON.

[10] This line is obscure. *Bombast* was a kind of loose texture not unlike what is now called *madding*, used to give the dresses of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increase of weight ; whence the same name is given to a tumour of words unsupported by solid sentiment. The princess, therefore, says, that they considered this courtship as but *bombast*, as something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it, might be thrown away at pleasure. JOHNSON.

Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;
 There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
 Have brought about their annual reckoning :
 If this austere insociable life
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;
 If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
 But that it bear this trial, and last love ;
 Then, at the expiration of the year,
 Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts ;
 And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
 I will be thine ; and, till that instant, shut
 My woeful self up in a mourning house ;
 Raining the tears of lamentation,
 For the remembrance of my father's death.
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;
 Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
 To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !

Hence ever then, my heart is in thy breast.

[*Biron.* And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?
Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank ;
 You are attaint with faults and perjury ;
 Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
 A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
 But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

Dum. But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?
Kath. A wife !—a beard, fair health, and honesty ;
 With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife ?
Kath. Not so, my lord ;—a twelvemonth and a day
 I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say :
 Come when the king doth to my lady come,
 Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsown again.
Long. What says Maria ?
Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
 I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

[2] These six verses both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to think should be expunged ; and therefore I have put them between crotchetts : not that they were an interpolation, but as the author's draught, which he afterwards rejected, and executed the same thought a little lower with much more spirit and elegance. THEOBALD.

Long. I'll stay with patience ; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you ; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady ? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there ;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you : and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks ;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts ;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit :
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain ;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death ?
It cannot be ; it is impossible :
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools :
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,³
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal ;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth ? well, befal what will befal,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.⁴

[3] Dear should here, as in many other places, be *dere*, sad, odious. JOHNS.

[4] The characters of *Biron* and *Rosaline* suffer much by comparison with those of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*. We know that *Love's Labour's Lost* was the elder performance ; and as our author grew more experienced in dramatic writing, he might have seen how much he could improve on his own originals. To this circumstance, perhaps, we are indebted for the more perfect comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing*.

STEEVENS.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord ; and so I take my leave.
[To the King.]

King. No, madam : we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play ;
 Jack hath not Jill : these ladies' courtesy
 Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day
 And then t'will end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector ?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy ?

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave : I am a votary ; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo ? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla ! approach.—

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and others.

This side is Hiems, winter ; this Ver, the spring ; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue,

And lady-smocks all silver-white,

And cuckoo-buds⁵ of yellow hue,

Do paint the meadows with delight,

The cuckoo then, on every tree,

Mocks married men, for thus sings he,

Cuckoo ;

[5] Gerard, in his *Herbal*, 1597, says, that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, &c. are called " in English cuckoo-flowers, in Norfolk Canterbury-bells, and at Namptrwich in Cheshire ladie-smocks." Shakespeare, however, might not have been sufficiently skilled in botany to be aware of this particular.

Mr. Tollet has observed, that Lyte in his *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579, remarks, that *consilips* are in French, of some called *coqua*, prime vere, and brayes de *coqua*. This, he thinks, will sufficiently account for our author's *cuckoo-buds*, by which he supposes *consilip-buds* to be meant. STEEVENS.

*Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

II.

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo ;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !*

III.

*Winter. When icicles hang by the wall,⁶
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,⁷
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who ;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel⁸ the pot.*

[6] i. e. from the eaves of the thatch or other roofing, from which in the morning icicles are found depending in great abundance, after a night of frost. Our author (whose images are all taken from nature) has alluded in *The Tempest*, to the drops of water that after rain flow from such coverings, in their natural unfrozen state.

" His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops .

" From eaves of reeds." MALONE.

[7] So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III.:

" What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

" Can neither call it perfect day or night." MALONE.

[8] This word is yet used in Ireland, and signifies to *sewn the pot*.

GOLDSMITH.

Keel the pot, i. e. cool the pot : " The thing is, they mix their thicking of oatmeal and water, which they call *blending the lifting* (or *lithing*,) and put it in the pot, when they set it on, because when the meat, pudding and turnips are all in, they cannot so well mix it, but 'tis apt to go into lumps ; yet this method of theirs renders the pot liable to boil over at the first rising, and every subsequent increase of the fire ; to prevent which it becomes necessary for one to attend to cool it occasionally, by lading it up frequently with a ladle, which they call *keeling the pot*, and is indeed a greasy office." *Gent. Mag.* 1760. This account seems to be accurate. RITSON.

To *keel* signifies to *cool* in general, without any reference to the kitchen. Mr. Lambe observes, in his notes on the ancient metrical History of *The Battle of Flodden*, that it is a common thing in the North " for a maid servant to take out of

IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,⁹
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs' hiss in the bowl,
Then nighly sings the staring owl,
To-who ;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs
of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.

[*Exeunt.*]

a boiling pot a *wheen*, i. e. a small quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth thus taken out, is called the *keeling wheen*. In this manner greasy Joan keeled the pot.

" Gie me beer, and gie me grots.
" And lumps of beef' to swum abeen;
" And ilk time that I stir the pot,
" He's hae frae me the *keeling wheen*." STEEVENS.

[9] *Saw* seems anciently to have meant, not as at present, a proverb, a sentence, but the whole tenor of any instructive discourse. STEEVENS.

Yet in *As you like it*, our author uses this word in the sense of a sentence, or maxim: " Dead shepherd, now I find thy *saw* of might," &c. It is, I believe, so used here. MALONE

[1] i. e. the wild apples so called. STEEVENS.

The bowl must be supposed to be filled with ale; a toast and some spice and sugar being added, what is called *lamb's wool* it produced. MALONE.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

OBSERVATIONS.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.]—We have hitherto supposed Shakespeare the author of *The Taming of the Shrew*, but his property in it is extremely disputable. I will give my opinion, and the reasons on which it is founded. I suppose then the present play not *originally* the work of Shakespeare, but restored by him to the stage, with the whole Induction of the Tinker; and some other occasional improvements; especially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *best* manner, and a great part of the latter in his *worst*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly spurious; and without doubt, supposing it to have been written by Shakespeare, it must have been one of his earliest productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the list of his works by Meres in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of Sir John Harington, printed in 1596, (and possibly there may be an earlier edition,) called *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, where I suspect an allusion to the old play: “Read the *Booke of Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that now every one can rule a shrew in our countrey, save he that hath her.”—I am aware a *modern* linguist may object that the word *book* does not at present seem *dramatic*, but it was once *technically* so: Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse, containing a pleasaunt Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth*, 1579, mentions “twoo prose *bookes* played at the Bell-Sauage:” and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of *William of Worcester*, that he had seen a MS. in the nature of a *Play or Interlude*, intituled *The Booke of Sir Thomas Moore*.

And in fact there is such an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope's list : "A pleasant conceited history, called, *The Taming of a Shrew*—sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembroke his servants." Which seems to have been republished by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakespeare's copy appeared at the Black-Friars or the Globe.—Nor let this seem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reason to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own ; for it was not even printed till some years after his death ; but he merely revived it on his stage as a *manager*.

In support of what I have said relative to this play, let me only observe, that the author of *Hamlet* speaks of Gonzago, and his wife Baptista ; but the author of *The Taming of the Shrew* knew Baptista to be the name of a man. Mr. Capell indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the testimony of Sir Aston Cockayn. I knew Sir Aston was much acquainted with the writers immediately subsequent to Shakespeare ; and I was not inclined to dispute his authority : but how was I surprised, when I found that Cockayn ascribes nothing more to Shakespeare, than the *Induction-Wincot-Ale and the Beggar!* I hope this was only a slip of Mr. Capell's memory.

FARMER.

The following is Sir Aston's Epigram :

" TO MR. CLEMENT FISHER, OF WINCOT.

" Shakespeare your Wincot-als hath much renown'd,
 " That fox'd a beggar so (by chance was found
 ‘Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
 ‘To make him to believe he was a lord :
 ‘But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)
 ‘Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
 ‘Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakespeare fancies
 ‘Did put *Kit Sly* into such lordly trances :
 ‘And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness)
 ‘And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness."

Sir A. Cockayn's Poems, 1659, p. 124

In spite of the great deference which is due from every commentator to Dr. Farmer's judgment, I own I cannot concur with him on the present occasion. I know not to

whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakespeare was not its author. I think his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Katharine and Petruchio.

I once thought that the name of this play might have been taken from an old story, entitled, *The Wyf lapped in Morells Skin*, or *The Taming of a Shrew*; but I have since discovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following : " Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleasaunt conceyted hystorie, called, *The Tamings of a Shrowe.*" It is likewise entered to Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606 ; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of Shakespeare, to avail themselves of the titles of ancient performances. Thus, as Mr Warton has observed, Spenser sent out his *Pastorals* under the title of *The Shepherd's Kalendar*, a work which had been printed by Wynken de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before these poems of Spenser appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, is of opinion, that *The Frolicksome Duke or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, an ancient ballad in the Pepys' Collection, might have suggested to Shakespeare the Induction for this comedy.

The following story, however, which might have been the parent of all the rest, is related by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 649 : A Tartar Prince, saith *Marcus Polus*, Lib. II. cap. 28, called *Senex de Montibus*, the better to establish his government amongst his subjects, and to keepe them in awe, found a convenient place in a pleasant valley environed with hills, in which he made a delitious parke full of odoriferous flowers and fruits, and a palace full of all worldly contents that could possibly be devised, musicke, pictures, variety of meats, &c. and chose out a certaine young man whom with a soporiferous potion he so benummed, that he perceived nothing ; and so, fast asleepe as he was, caused him to be conveied into this faire garden. Where, after he had lived a while in all such pleasures a sensual man could desire, he cast him into a sleepe againe, and brought him forth, that when he waked he might tell others he had heene in Paradise."—*Marco Paolo*, quoted by Burton, was a traveller of the 13th century.

Chance, however, has at last furnished me with the original to which Shakespeare was indebted for his fable; nor does this discovery at all dispose me to retract my former opinion; and I would refer the reader, who is desirous to examine the whole structure of the piece, to *Six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded, &c.* published by S. Leacroft, at Charing-Cross.

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote what may be called a sequel to this comedy, viz. *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tam'd*; in which Petruchio is subdued by a second wife.

STEEVENS.

Among the books of my friend the late Mr. William Collins of Chichester, now dispersed, was a collection of short comic stories in prose, printed in the black letter under the year 1570: "sett forth by maister Richard Edwards, mayster of her Majesties revels." Among these tales was that of the INDUCTION OF THE TINKER in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*; and perhaps Edwards's story-book was the immediate source from which Shakespeare, or rather the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*, drew that diverting apostrophe. If I recollect right, the circumstances almost tallied with an incident which Heuterus relates from an epistle of Ludovicus Vives to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. That perspicuous annalist, who flourished about the year 1580 says, this story was told to Vives by an old officer of the Duke's court.

T. WARTON.

Our author's *Taming of the Shrew* was written, I imagine, in 1594. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, VOL. II.

MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a drunken tinker.* } *Persons in
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other* } *the Induc-
Servants attending on the Lord.* } *tion.*

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*

VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*

LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

PETRUCHIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Kath-
arina.*

GREMIO, } *suitors to Bianca.*
HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, } *servants to Lucentio.*
BIONDELLO, }

GRUMIO, } *servants to Petruchio.*
CURTIS, }

PEDANT, *an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

KATHARINA, *the shrew,* } *daughters to Baptista.*
BIANCA, *her sister,* }

Widow.

*Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants, attending on Bap-
tista and Petruchio.*

SCEENE—sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Pe-
truchio's house in the country.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath. Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly.

I'LL pheese¹ you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *pucas pallabris*;² let the world slide; *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?³

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.⁴

Host. I know my remedy: I must go fetch the third-borough. [Exit.]

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.]

[1] To *pheeze* or *fease*, is to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken, like *teaze* or *taze*, for to harass, to plague. Perhaps, *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phrase vulgarly used by persons of Sly's character, on like occasions. JOHNSON.

To *pheeze* a man, is to beat him; to give him a *pheeze*, is, to give him a knock. M. MASON

[2] Sly, as an ignorant fellow is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas pallabras*, i. e. few words; as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet. THEOBALD

[3] To *burst* and to *break* were anciently synonymous. Falstaff says, that “John of Gaunt *burst* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marshal's men.” STEEVENS.

[4] All the editions have coined a saint here, for Sly to swear by. But the poet had no such intentions. The passage has particular humour in it, and must have been very pleasing at that time of day. But I must clear up a piece of stage history to make it understood. There is a fustian old play called *Hieronymo*; or *The Spanish Tragedy*: which I find was the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakespeare's-time: and a passage, that appeared very ridiculous in that play, is here humorously alluded to. THEOBALD.

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds :
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,⁴
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault ?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 Hunt. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord ;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day picked out the dullest scent :
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool ; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all ;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hunt. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here ? one dead, or drvnk ? See, doth he breathe ?

2 Hunt. He breathes, my lord : Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast ! how like a swine he lies !
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image !—
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself ?

1 Hunt. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 Hunt. It would seem strange unto him, when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest :—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures :
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet :
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound ;

[4] *Emboss'd* is a hunting term. When a deer is hard run, and leans at the mouth, he is said to be *emboss'd*. A dog also when he is strained with hard running, (especially upon hard ground,) will have his knees swelled, and then he is said to be *emboss'd*: from the French word *bosse*, which signifies a tumour. T. WARTON.

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
 And, with a low submissive reverence,
 Say,—What is it your honour will command?
 Let one attend him with a silver bason,
 Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
 Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
 And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
 Some one be ready with a costly suit,
 And ask him what apparel he will wear;
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
 And that his lady mourns at his disease:
 Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic;
 And, when he says he is,—say, that he dreams,
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
 This do, and do it kindly,⁵ gentle sirs;
 It will be pastime passing excellent,
 If it be husbanded with modesty.⁶

1 Hunt. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
 As he shall think, by our true diligence,
 He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
 And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds.*
 Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—
 Belike, some noble gentleman; that means, [Ex. Serr.
 Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour, players
 That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.⁷

Lord. With all my heart.—'This fellow I remember,
 Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—
 'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:

[5] *Kindly,* means naturally. M. MASON.

[6] By *modesty* is meant *moderation*, without suffering our merriment to break into an excess. JOHNSON.

[7] It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses. JOHNSON.

I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 Play. I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true ;—thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time ;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night :
But I am doubtful of your modesties ;
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,) You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him : for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 Play. Fear not, my lord ; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery.
And give them friendly welcome every one :
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exe. Servant and Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page, [To a Servant.
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished :
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy ;
And say,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love ?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed him⁸
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift ;

[8] *Him* is used for *himself*, as *you* is used for *yourselves* in *Macbeth*. STEEV.

Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
 See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst ;
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.— [Exit Servant.
 I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait; and action of a gentlewoman :
 I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband ;
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.
 I'll in to counsel them ; haply, my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A bedchamber in the Lord's House. SLY is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants ; some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a servant.⁹

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack ?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves ?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day ?

Sly. I am Christopher Sly ; call not me—honour, nor lordship : I never drank sack in my life ; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef : Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear ; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet ; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour ! O, that a mighty man, of such descent, Of such possessions, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit !

Sly. What, would you make me mad ? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-Heath ; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker ? Ask

[9] From the original stage direction in the first folio it appears that Sly and the other persons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited here, and during the representation of the comedy, in a balcony above the stage. The direction here is—Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, &c. MALONE.

Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,¹ if she know me not : if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraited : Here's—

1 Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 Serv. O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house, As beaten hence by your strange lunacy. O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth ; Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment, And banish hence these abject lowly dreams : Look, how thy servants do attend on thee, Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music ? hark ! Apollo plays, [Music.] And twenty caged nightingales do sing : Or wilt thou sleep ? we'll have thee to a couch, Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis. Say, thou wilt walk ; we will bestrew the ground : Or wilt thou ride ? thy horses shall be trapp'd, Their harness studded all with gold and pearl. Dost thou love hawking ? thou hast hawks will soar Above the morning lark : Or wilt thou hunt ? Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them, And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 Serv. Say, thou wilt course ; thy greyhounds are as swift As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 Serv. Dost thou love pictures ? we will fetch thee straight Adonis, painted by a running brook : And Cytherea all in sedges hid ; Which seem to move and wanton with her breath, Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid ; And how she was beguiled and surpris'd, As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood ; Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds : And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep, So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

[1] *Wilnecote* is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shakespeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The house kept by our genial hostess, still remains, but is at present a mill. The meanest hovel to which Shakespeare has an allusion, interests curiosity, and acquires an importance : at least, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries. T. WARTON.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :
 Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
 Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
 Like envious floods o'er-ran her lovely face,
 She was the fairest creature in the world ;
 And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?
 Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd till now ?
 I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;
 I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things :—
 Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed ;
 And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
 Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
 And once again, a pot o' th' smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your
 hands ? [*Servants present an ewer, basin, and napkin.*]
 O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd !
 O, that once more you knew but what you are !
 These fifteen years you have been in a dreain ;
 Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years ! by my fay, a goodly nap.
 But did I never speak of all that time ?

1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord ; but very idle words :—
 For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
 Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door ;
 And rail upon the hostess of the house ;
 And say, you would present her at the leet,²
 Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts :
 Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid ;
 Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
 As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
 And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell ;
 And twenty more such names and men as these,
 Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends !

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee ; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord ?

[2] At the Court-leet, or courts of the manor. JOHNSON
 VOL. II.

Sly. Marry, I fare well ; for here is cheer enough.
But where is my wife ?

Page. Here, noble lord ; What is thy will with her ?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband ?
My men should call me—lord ; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband ;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well :—What must I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam ?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else ; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd, and slept,
Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me ;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much ;—Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two ;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set :
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed :
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again ; I will
therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet ;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life,

Sly. Marry, I will ; let them play it : Is not a commony
a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick ?

Page. No, my good lord ; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't : Come, madam wife, sit by my
side, and let the world slip ; we shall ne'er be younger.

[They sit down.

ACT I.

**SCENE I.—Padua. A Public Place. Enter LUCENTIO
and TRANIO.**

Lucentio.

TRANIO, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy ;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all ;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,³
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind : for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come ; as he that leaves
A shallowplash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself ;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd :
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk :

[3] To fulfil the expectations of his friends. MALONE.

Music and poesy, use to quicken you ;
 The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you :
 No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en ;—
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
 If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readiness ;
 And take a lodging, fit to entertain
 Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.
 But stay a while : What company is this ?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.
Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. *LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, impórtune me no further,
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know ;
 That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
 Before I have a husband for the elder :
 If either of you both love Katharina,
 Because I know you well, and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather : She's too rough for me :—
 There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

Kath. I pray you, sir, [To BAP.] is it your will to make
 a stale of me amongst these mates ?

Hor. Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates for you,
 Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear ;
 I wis, it is not half way to her heart :
 But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
 To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
 And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us !

Gre. And me too, good Lord !

Tra. Huish, master ! here is some good pastime toward ;
 That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
 Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master ; mum ! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
 What I have said,—Bianca, get you in :
 And let it not displease thee, good Bianca ;

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat!⁶ 'tis best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
—Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :
My books, and instruments, shall be my company ;
On them to look, and practise by myself.
Luc. Hark, Tranio ! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.
[*Aside.*

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?⁶
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am resolv'd :—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit BIANCA.*]

As for I know, she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,—
Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither ; for to cunning men⁷
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up ;
And so farewell.—Katharina, you may stay ;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too ; May I not ?
What, shall I be appointed hours ; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave ? Ha ! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam ; your gifts are so
good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so
great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together,
and fast it fairly out ; our cake's dough on both sides.
Farewell :—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if
I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that
wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio : But a word, I pray.
Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd
parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—

[5] Peat or *petit* is a word of endearment from *petit*, little, as if it meant prey
little thing. JOHNSON.

[6] That is, so odd, so different from others in your conduct. JOHNSON.

[7] *Cunning* had not yet lost its original signification of *knowing, learned*, as
may be observed in the translation of the Bible. JOHNSON.

that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole!⁸ He that runs fastest gets the ring.⁹ How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. [Exe. *GRE.* and *Hor.*]

Træ. [advancing.] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
Thou art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

[8] *Dole* is any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. STEEVENS.

[9] An allusion to the sport of running at the ring. DOUCE.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;
 Affection is not rated¹ from the heart :
 If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum quam queas minimō.²

Luc. Gramercies, lad ; go forward : this contents ;
 The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly³ on the maid,
 Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
 Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
 That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
 When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more ? mark'd you not, how her sister
 Began to scold ; and raise up such a storm,
 That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
 And with her breath she did perfume the air ;
 Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
 I pray, awake, sir ; If you love the maid,
 Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands .—
 —Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
 That, till her father rid his hands of her,
 Master, your love must live a maid at home
 And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
 Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he !
 But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
 To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?

Tra. Ah, marry, am I, sir ; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
 Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
 And undertake the teaching of the maid :
 That's your device.

Luc. It is : May it be done ?
Tra. Not possible ; For who shall bear your part,
 And be in Padua here Vincentio's son ?

[1] Is not driven out by chiding. MALONE.
 [2] Our author had this line from *Lylly*, which I mention that it may not be brought as an argument for his learning. JOHNSON.
 [3] i. e. longingly. I have met with no example of this adverb. STEEVENS

Keep house, and ply his book ; welcome his friends ;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?

Luc. Basta ;⁴ content thee ; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house ;
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man, or master : then it follows thus ;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port,⁵ and servants, as I should :
I will some other be ; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so :—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee ; take my colour'd hat and cloak :
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [They exchange habits.
In brief, then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient ;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting ;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves :
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid,
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been ?

Bio. Where have I been ? Nay, how now, where are you ?
Master, has my fellow 'Tranio stol'n your clothes ?
Or you stol'n his ? or both ? pray, what's the news ?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither ; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his ;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried :
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life :
You understand me ?

Bion. I, sir ? ne'er a whit.

[4] i. e. 'tis enough ; Italian and Spanish. STEEVENS.

[5] *Port* is figure, show, appearance. JOHNSON.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth ;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him ; 'Would I were so too !

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed, had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies.
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go :

—One thing more rests, that thyself execute ;—
To make one among these wooers : If thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*

1 Serv. My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely ;
Comes there any more of it ?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady ;
'Wouldt were done !

SCENE II.

The same. Before HORTENSIO'S House. Enter PETRUCHIO
and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua ; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio ; and, I trow, this is his house :—
Here, sirrah Grumio ; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ? is there any
man has rebused your worship ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir ? why, sir, what am I, sir,
that I should knock you here, sir ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome : I should knock
you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be ?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it ;
I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*

Gru. Help, masters, help ! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you : sirrah ! villain !

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now ? what's the matter ?—My old friend Grumio ! and my good friend Petruchio !—How do you all at Verona ?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray ?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*
Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.

—Rise, Grumio, rise ; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.⁶—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir : Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so ; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out ?

Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain !—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate ?—O heavens !—
Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly ?
And come you now with—knocking at the gate ?

Pet. Sirrah, begone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience ; I am Grumio's pledge :
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you ;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona ?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd ;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may :
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

[6] i. e. I suppose, what he *alleges* in Latin. Petruchio has just been speaking Italian to Hortensio, which Grumio mistakes for the other language. STEEVENS

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel :
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich :—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice : and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,⁶
As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me ; were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas :
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is : Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby ;⁷ or an old trot, with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses : why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous ;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman :
Her only fault, (and that is faults enough,)
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward ; so beyond all measur
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace ; thou know'st not gold's effect :—Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough ; For I will board her, though she chide as loud As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,

[6] The allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first Book *De Confessiones Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. a diminutive being, not exceeding in size the tag of a point. STEEVENS.

An affable and courteous gentleman.
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her ;
And he knew my deceased father well :—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him : She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so : why, that's nothing ; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.⁸ I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat :⁹ You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee ;
For in Baptista's keep¹ my treasure is :
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca ;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love :
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en ;—
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst !
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace ;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music,² to instruct Bianca :

[8] *Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea ; such language as parrots are taught to speak. So, in *Hudibras* :

“ Could tell what subt'lest parrots mean,
“ That speak, and think contrary clean ;
“ What member 'tis of whom they talk,
“ When they cry *rope*, and walk, knave walk.” MALONE.

[9] It may mean, that he shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she shall seem to peep with a contracted pupil like a cat in the light. JOHNSON.

[1] *Keep* is custody. The strongest part of an ancient castle was called the *keep*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Seen* is versed, practised. STEEVENS

That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO; with him LUENTIO disguised, with books
under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old
folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!
Master, Master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:
—Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous! [They retire.

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.

Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see, you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you,
Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [Aside.]

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love :

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katharine ;

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well :—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold ;

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend ? What countryman ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son :

My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;

And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange :

But, if you have a stomach, to't, o' God's name ;

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her. [Aside.]

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?³

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue ;

That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear,

As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire ?

Tush, tush ! fear boys with bugs.⁴

Gru. For he fears none..

[Aside.]

Gru. Hortensio, hark !

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

[3] Probably the word *clang* is here used adjectively, as in the *Paradise Lost* B. xi. ver. 834, and not as a verb.

____ “an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals and orcs, and sea-mews clang.” T. WARTON.

[4] i. e. with bug-bears. STEEVENS.

My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will ; provided, that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner. [Aside.]

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparell'd ; and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you ! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola ?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters :—is't he you
mean ? [Aside to TRANIO.]

Tra. Even he. Biondello !

Gre. Hark you, sir ; you mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir ; What have you to do ?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir :—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [Aside.]

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go ;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no ?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence ?

Gre. No ; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you ?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you ?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,—
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters ! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown ;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have :

And so she shall ; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What ! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head ; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words ?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?

Tra. No, sir ; but hear I do, that he hath two ;
 The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
 As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules ;
 And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth ;—
 The younger daughter, whom you hearken for,
 Her father keeps from all access of suitors ;
 And will not promise her to any man,
 Until the eldest sister first be wed :
 The youngest then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
 Must stead us all, and me among the rest ;
 An if you break the ice, and do thisfeat,—
 Achieve the elder, set the younger free
 For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
 Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;
 And since you do profess to be a suitor,
 You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
 To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,
 Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;
 And do as adversaries do in law,—
 Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion !—Fellows, let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so ;—
 Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A room in BAPTISTA'S House.*
Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bianca.

Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
 To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;
 That I disdain : but for these other gawds,
 Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
 Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;
 Or, what you will command me, will I do,

So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest ; Is't not Hortensio ?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more ;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so ?
Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while :
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[Strikes her.]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame ! whence grows this insolence ? —

Bianca, stand aside ;—poor girl ! she weeps :—

Go ply thy needle ; meddle not with her.

—For shame, thou hilding⁵ of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee ?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word ?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[Flies after BIANCA.]

Bap. What, in my sight ?—Bianca, get thee in.

[Exit BIANCA.]

Kath. Will you not suffer me ? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband ;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.⁶
Talk not to me ; I will go sit and weep,

Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit KATE]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I ?
But who comes here ?

[5] The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch* : it is applied to Katharine for the coarseness of her behaviour. JOHNSON.

[6] “To lead apes” was in our author's time, as at present one of the employments of a bear-herd, who often carries about one of those animals along with his bear : but I know not how this phrase came to be applied to old maids. MALONE.

That women who refused to bear children, should, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in leading-strings, might have been considered as an act of posthumous retribution. STEEVENS.

Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in the habit of a mean man ; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician ; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio : God save you, gentlemen !

Pet. And you, good sir ! Pray, have you not a daughter Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous ?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina :

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio ; give me leave.--

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[Presenting Hortensio.]

Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant :
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong ;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir ; and he, for your good sake :
But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her ;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir, what may I call your name ?

Pet. Petruchio is my name ; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well : you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :
Baccare !⁷ you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio ; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your wooing.

[7] The word is an old proverbial one. FARMER.

—Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly behoden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, that hath been long studying at Rheims [*Presenting LUCENTIO*] ; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics : his name is Cambio ; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio : welcome, Good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, methinks, you walk like a stranger ; [*To TRANIO.*] May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming ?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own ; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me. In the preferment of the elder sister : This liberty is all that I request,— That, upon my knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo, And free access and favour as the rest. And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument, And this small packet of Greek and Latin books :⁸ If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name ? of whence, I pray ?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir ; son to Viceatio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa ; by report I know him well : you are very welcome, sir.— Take you [*To HOR.*] the lute, and you [*To LUC.*] the set of books, You shall go see your pupils presently. Holla, within !—Sirrah, lead

Enter a Servant.

These gentlemen to my daughters ; and tell them both, These are their tutors ; bid them use them well.—

[*Exit servant, with HOR.* LUCEN. and BION.] We will go walk a little in the orchard, And then to dinner : You are passing welcome, And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,

[8] In Queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any pains were bestowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, Queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite instances. PERCY.

And every day I cannot come to woo.
 You knew my father well ; and in him, me.
 Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
 Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd :
 Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
 What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands :
 And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
 Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
 In all my lands and leases whatsoever :
 Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
 That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
 This is,—her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,
 I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;
 And where two raging fires meet together,
 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
 Though little fire grows great with little wind,
 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :
 So I to her, and so she yields to me ;
 For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speea !
 But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for winds
 That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend ? why dost thou look so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician ?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier ;

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute ?

Hor. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,⁹

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

Frets, call you these ? quoth she : *I'll fume with them :*

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way ;

[9] A fret is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of the string. JOHNSON.

**And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute :
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And—twangling Jack ; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.**

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did :
O, how I long to have some chat with her !

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited :
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
—Signior Petruchio, will you go with us ;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

Pet. I pray you do ; I will attend her here,—

[*Exe. BAP. GRE. TRA. and HOR.*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail ; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :
Say, that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say,—she uttereth piercing eloquence :
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week ;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married :—
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing ;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates : and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd ! in good time : lethim that mov'd you hither,

Remove you hence : I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable ?

Kath. A joint stool.¹

Pet. Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate ! I will not burden thee :
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be ? should buzz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle ! shall a buzzard take thee ?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle ; as he takes a buzzard.²

Pet. Come, come, you wasp ; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting ?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue ?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails ; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail ? nay, come again,
Good Kate ; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [Striking him.]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms :

If you strike me, you are no gentleman ;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate ? O put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest ? a coxcomb ?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my ben.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.³

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come ; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

[1] This is a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

[2] Perhaps we may read better—Ay, for a turtle, and he takes a buzzard. i.e. he may take me for a turtle, and he shall find me a hawk. JOHNSON.

[3] A craven is a degenerate, dispirited cock. STEEVENS.

Craven was a term also applied to those who in appeals of battle became recreant, and by pronouncing this word, called for quarter from their opponents ; the consequence of which was, that they forever after were deemed infamous. REED.

Pet. Why, here's no crab ; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face ?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry ; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit ; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers :
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp ?

O slanderous world ! Kate, like the hazle-twigs,
Is straight and slender ; and as brown in hue,
As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful !

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech ?

Pet. It is extempore from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother ! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise ?

Kath. Yes ; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed :
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms :—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
 (Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
 Thou must be married to no man but me :
 For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate ;
 And bring you from a wild cat⁴ to a Kate
 Conformable, as other household Kates.
 Here comes your father ; never make denial,
 I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRanio.

Bap. Now,
 Signior Petruchio : How speed you with
 My daughter ?

Pet. How but well, sir ? how but well ?
 It were impossible, I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine ? in your dumps ?
Kath. Call you me, daughter ? now I promise you,
 You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
 To wish me wed to one half lunatic ;
 A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
 That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her ;
 If she be curs'd, it is for policy :
 For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;
 For patience she will prove a second Grissel ;⁵
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity :
 And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio ! she says, she'll see thee hang'd
 first.

Tra. Is this your speeding ? nay, then, good night
 our part !

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen ; I choose her for myself ;
 If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ?
 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 That she shall still be curst in company.
 I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
 How much she loves me : O, the kindest Kate !—

[4] The editor of the second folio with some probability reads—from a wild Kat (meaning certainly cat.) MALONE.

[5] The story of Grissel is to be found among the compositions of the French Fabliers. DOUCÉ.

She hung about my neck ; and kiss on kiss
 She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
 That in a twink she won me to her love.
 O, you are novices ! 'tis a world to see,
 How tame, when men and women are alone,
 A meacock wretch⁶ can make the curtest shrew.
 —Give me thy hand, Kate : I will unto Venice,
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day :—
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests ;
 I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say : but give me your hands ;
 —God send you joy, Petruchio ! tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we ; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu :
 I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace :—
 We will have rings, and things, and fine array ;
 And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exe. PET. and KATH. severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly ?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
 And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you :
 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
 But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter ;—
 Now is the day we long have looked for ;
 I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
 Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling ! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard ! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.⁷

Skipper, stand back ; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

[6] i. e. a timorous dastardly creature. STEEVENS.

[7] Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by Shadwell :

"The fire of love in youthful blood,
 Like what is kindled in brush-wood,
 But for the moment burns :—
 But when crept into aged veins,
 It slowly burns, and long remains ;
 It glows, and with a sullen heat,
 Like fire in logs, it burns, and warms us long,
 And though the flame be not so great,
 Yet is the heat as strong." JOHNSON.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen ; I'll compound this strife ;
 'Tis deeds must win the prize ; and he, of both,
 That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
 Shall have Bianca's love.

—Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
 Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;
 Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;
 My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry :
 In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;
 In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,⁸
 Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
 Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
 Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
 Pewter and brass,⁹ and all things that belong
 To house, or house-keeping : then, at my farm,
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
 Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
 And all things answerable to this portion.
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;
 And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
 If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That *only* came well in.—Sir, list to me,
 I am my father's heir, and only son :
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good.
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
 Old signior Gremio has in Padua ;
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
 What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio ?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land !
 My land amounts not to so much in all :
 That she shall have ; besides an argosy,
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road :—
 What, have I chok'd you with an argosy ?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
 Than three great argosies ; besides two galliasses,¹

[8] *Counterpoints* were in ancient times extremely costly. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the insurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, they destroyed a coverlet, worth a thousand marks. MALONE.

[9] We may suppose that *pewter* was, even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, too costly to be used in common. STEEVENS.

[1] A *galeas* or *gelliass*, is a heavy low-built vessel of burthen, with both sails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ship and a galley STEEVENS.

And twelve tight gallies : these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more ;
And she can have no more than all I have ;—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise ; *Gremio* is out-vied.²

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best ;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :
If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavil ; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd :—On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married :
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca,
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;
If not, to signior Gremio :
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit.]

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not ;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table : Tut ! a toy !
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit.]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide !
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.³
'Tis in my head to do my master good :—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio ;
And that's a wonder : fathers, commonly,
Do get their children ; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[Exit.]

[2] This is a term at the old game of *gleek*. When one man was *vied* upon another, he was said to be *out-vied*. STEEVENS.

Vye and *revye* were terms at cards, now superseded by the more modern word, *brag*. The words were frequently used in a sense somewhat remote from the original one. In the famous trial of the seven bishops, the chief justice says : “ We must not permit *vyng* and *revving* upon one another.” FARMER.

[3] That is, with the highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors. So that this became a proverbial expression. WARBURTON.

As we are on the subject of cards, it may not be amiss to take notice of a common blunder relative to their names. We call the *king*, *queen*, and *knafe*, *court-cards*, whereas they were anciently denominated *coats*, or *coat-cards*, from their *coats* or dresses. STEEVENS.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A room in BAPTISTA's House. Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Lucentio.

FIDDLER, forbear; you grow too forward, sir :
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal ?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony :
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass ! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd !
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice :
I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leavo his lecture when I am in tune ?

[To BIANCA.—HORTENSIO retires.

Luc. That will be never ;—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, Madam :—

Hac ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love ;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.⁴

[4] The old cully in Italian farces. JOHNSON.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [Returning.

Bian. Let's hear ;— [HORTENSIO plays.

O fye ! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it : *Hac ibat Simois, I know you not ;—hic est Sigeia tellus, I trust you not ;—Hic steterat Priami, take heed he hear us not — regia, presume not ;—celsa senis, despair not.*

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right ; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is !

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love :

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not ; for, sure, *A*macides Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master ; else, I promise you, I should be arguing still upon that doubt : But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you :— Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray, That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [To LUCENTIO.] and give me leave a while ;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir ? well, I must wait, And watch withal ; for, but I be deceiv'd, Our fine musician groweth amorous.

[Aside.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument, To learn the order of my fingering, I must begin with rudiments of art ; To teach you gamut in a briefer sort, More pleasant, pithy, and effectual, Than hath been taught by any of my trade : And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [Reads.] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accora,*

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion ;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection :

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I ;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this—gamut ? tut ! I like it not :

Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books
And help to dress your sister's chamber up ;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both ; I must be gone.

[*Exe. BIANCA and Servant.*

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant ;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love :—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee, that list : If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. Before BAPTISTA's House. Enter BAPTISTA,
GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUENTIO, and
Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*To TRANIO.*] this is the 'point-ed day

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law :
What will be said ? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage ?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

Kath. No shame but mine : I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain'd rudesby, full of spleen ;⁵
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour :
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns ;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too ;

[5] That is, full of humour, caprice, and inconstancy. JOHNSON.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word :
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him though !

[*Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA, and others.*

Bap. Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to weep ;
 For such an injury would vex a saint,
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master ! news, old news, and such news
 as you never heard of !

Bap. Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming ?

Bap. Is he come ?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then ?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here ?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what :—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin ; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned ; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced ; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless ; with two broken points :⁶ His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred : besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine ; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, railed with the yellows, past cure of the fives,⁷ stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots ; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten ; near-legged before,⁸ and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather ; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots : one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath

[6] The *broken points* might be the two broken tags to the laces. TOLLET

[7] *Fashions*.—So called in the west of England, but by the best writers on farriery, *farcens*, or *farcy*.—*Fives*. So called in the west : *vives* elsewhere, and *avives* by the French ; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles.

GREY.

[8] i. e. founder'd in his fore-feet ; having as the jockies term it, *never a fore leg to stand on*. MALONE.

two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse ; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list ; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* prick'd in't for a feather :⁹ a monster, a very monster in apparel ; and not like a christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion ; — Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes ?

Bion. Who ? that Petruchio came ?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir ; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,

A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants ? who is at home ?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate ? where is my lovely bride ?—

How does my father ?—Gentles, methinks you frown.

And wheresore gaze this goodly company ;

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy ?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day : First were we sad, fearing you would not come ;

[9] This was some ballad or drollery of that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps and stanzas of ballads, and often very obscurely for so well are they adapted to the occasion, that they seem of a piece with the rest. In Shakespeare's time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggrel compositions. And he seems to have borne them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers with excellent humour.

WARBURTON.

I have some doubts concerning this interpretation. A *fancy* appears to have been some ornament worn formerly in the hat. A *fancy*, however, meant also a love-song, or sonnet, or other poem. MALONE.

Now, sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fye ! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself ?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear :
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress ;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate ? I stay too long from her ;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes ;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me ; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus ; therefore have done with
words ;
To me she's married, not unto my clothes :
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss ? [Exe. PET. &c.]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire :
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [Exe.]

Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking : Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much ; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa ;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;

Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business :
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola ;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio ;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio ! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home ?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you ? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she ? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut ! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, sir Lucentio ; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he ; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book :
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest ;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list*.

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again ?

Gre. Trembled and shook ; for why, he stamp'd, and swore.
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine :—*A health*, quoth he ; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm :—quaff'd off the muscadel,¹
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;
Having no other reason,—

[1] Quaff'd off the muscadel.—It appears from this passage, and the following one in *The History of the Two Maids of Moreclacke*, a comedy by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the custom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. Armin's play begins thus :

“Enter a Maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming the door
“Maid. Strew, strew.

“Man. The muscadine stays for the bride at church.

“The priest and Hymen's ceremonies 'tend

“To make them man and wife.” STEEVENS.

The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding, to be drank by the bride and bridegroom, and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony ; and as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age.

T. WARTON.

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
 And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
 This done, he took the bride about the neck ;
 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
 That, at the parting, all the church did echo.¹
 I, seeing this, came thence for very shame ;
 And, after me, I know, the rout is coming :
 Such a mad marriage never was before ;
 Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play. [Music.]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HOR-TENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains
 I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer ;
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come :—
 Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.
 And, honest company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay ;
 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready ; the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;

[1] It appears that this was also part of the marriage ceremonial. STEEVENS.

[2] There is still a ludicrous expression used when horses have staid so long in a place as to have eaten more than they are worth—viz. *that their heads are too big for the stable-door.* STEEVENS.

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
 The door is open, sir, there lies your way.
 You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green ;
 For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself :—
 'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
 That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee ; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry ; What hast thou to do ?

—Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir : now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :—
 I see, a woman may be made a fool,
 If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command :
 —Obey the bride, you that attend on her :

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
 Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
 Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves ;
 But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
 Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;
 I will be master of what is mine own :
 She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
 My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
 My horse, my ox, my ass,⁴ my any thing ;
 And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;
 I'll bring my action on the proudest he
 That stops my way in Padua.—*Grumio*,
 Draw forth thy weapon ; we're beset with thieves ;
 Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man :
 Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate :
 I'll buckler thee against a million. [*Ex. PET. KATH. & GRU.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like !

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister ?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated. [wants

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom
 For to supply the places at the table,
 You know, there wants no junkets at the feast ;—
 Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ;

[4] Alluding to the tenth commandment : “—thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, nor his ox, nor his ass.” RITSON.

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bide it ?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in PETRUCHIO's Country House.* Enter GRUMIO.

Grumio.

FYE, fy, on all tired jades ! on all mad masters ! and all foul ways ! Was ever man so beaten ? was ever man so rayed ?⁵ was ever man so weary ? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me :—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself ; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold.—Holla, hoa ! Curtis !

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly ?

Gru. A piece of ice : If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio ?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay : and therefore fire, fire ; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported ?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost : but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast ; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool !⁶ I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches ? why, thy horn is a foot ;

[5] That is, was ever man so marked with lashes. JOHNSON.
It rather means *bewrayed*, i. e. made dirty. So Spenser, speaking of a fountain,

" Which she increased with her bleeding heart,"

" And the clean waves with purple gore did ray."

Again, in book III. cant. 8. st. 32.

" Who whiles the piteous lady up did rise,

" Ruffled and foully ray'd with filthy soil." TOLLET.

[6] I. e. with a skull three inches thick, a phrase taken from the thicker ~~part~~ of planks. WARBURTON.

and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty: for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, Jack boy! ho boy! and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching;—

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,⁸ the carpets laid,⁹ and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [Striking him.]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

[7] Fragment of some old ballad. WARBURTON.

[8] I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which signify two drinking measures, as well as men and maid-servants. The distinction made in the questions concerning them, was owing to this. The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside like the leather. STEEVENS.

[9] In our author's time it was customary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the present passage and others, were strewed with rushes.

MALONE

Curt. Both on one horse ?

Gru. What's that to thee ?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale :—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse ; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place : how she was bemoiled ; how he left her with the horse upon her ; how he beat me because her horse stumbled ; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me ; how he swore ; how she prayed—that never prayed before ; how I cried ; how the horses ran away ; how her bridle was burst ; how I lost my crupper ;—with many things of worthy memory ; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay ; and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this ?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest ; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit : let them courtesy with their left legs ; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready ?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho ? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that ?

Gru. Thou, it seems ; that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio ?

Jos. What, Grumio !

Nich. Fellow Grumio !

Nath. How now, old lad ?

Gru. Welcome, you ;—how now, you ;—what, you ;—fellow, you ;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat ?

Nath. All things are ready : How near is our master ?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this ; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves ? What, no man at door, To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse !

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip ?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir ; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir ! here, sir ! here, sir ! here, sir !— You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms !

What, no attendance ? no regard ? no duty ?—

Where is the foolish knave I sent before ?

Gru. Here, sir ; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain ! you whoreson malt-horse drudge !

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these rascal knaves with thee ?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel ; There was no link to colour Peter's hat,' And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing : There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory ; The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly ; Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exe. some of the Servants.*

Where is the life that late I led?— [Sings.]

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud !

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say ?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

—Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains ; When ?

It was the friar of orders grey,— [Sings.]

As he forth walked on his way :—

Out, out, you rogue ! you pluck my foot awry :

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate :—Some water, here ; what, ho !—

[1] A *Kak* is a torch of pitch. STEEVENS.

[2] A scrap of some old ballad. Ancient Pistol elsewhere quotes the same line. In an old black letter book intituled, A gorgious Gallery of gallant Inventions, Lon. 4to. 1578, is a song to the tune of *Where is the life that late I led.* RITSON.

[3] Dispersed through Shakespeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, Dr. Percy has selected some of them, and connected them together with a few supplemental stanzas ; a work, which at once shews his own poetical abilities, as well as his respect to the truly venerable remains of our most ancient bards. STEEVENS.

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—[Ex. Serv.
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
—Where are my slippers?—shall I have some water?

[*A basin is presented to him.*

Come, Kate, and wash,⁴ and welcome heartily:

[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [Strikes him.

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—
What is this? mutton?

1 Serv. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*

You heedless jolheads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exe. PET. KATH. and CURTIS.*

Nath. [Advancing.] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

[4] It was the custom in our author's time, (and long before,) to wash the hands immediately before dinner and supper, as well as afterwards. MALONE.

As our ancestors eat with their fingers, which might not be over-clean before meals, and after them must be greasy, we cannot wonder at such repeated ablutions. STEEVENS.

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her :
And rails, and swears, and rates ; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak ;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away ! for he is coming hither. [Exit.]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully :
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty ;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,⁵
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate,⁶ and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not,
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed ;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,⁷
That all is done in reverend care of her ;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
And thus I'll curb her mad and head-strong humour :—
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak ; 'tis charity to show. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House. Enter TRanio and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,

[5] A *haggard* is a wild hawk ; to *man a hawk* is to tame her. JOHNSON.

[6] To *bate* is to flutter as a hawk does when it swoops upon its prey. Minsheu supposes it to be derived either from *bâtre*, Fr. to beat, or from *s'abâtre*, to descend. MALONE.

[7] *Intend* is sometimes used by our author for *pretend*, and is, I believe, so used here. MALONE.

Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[They stand aside

Enter BIANCA and LUENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read ?

Bian. What, master, read you ? first resolve me that

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art !

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [They retire

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry ! Now, tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca

Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love ! unconstant womankind !—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more : I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be ;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion :
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca ;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court !—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow —
Never to woo her more ; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her, though she would entreat :
Fye on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite forsworn
For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass ; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful baggard :
And so, farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks
Shall win my love :—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit Hor

LUENTIO and BIANCA advance.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

As 'longeth to a lover's blessed casè !
 Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love ;
 And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest ; but have you both forsworn me ?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
 That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy !

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school ! what, is there such a place ?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master ;
 That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
 To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. O, master, master, I have watch'd so long.
 That I'm dog-weary ; but at last I spied
 An ancient angel coming down the hill,⁸
 Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello ?

Bion. Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,⁹
 I know not what ; but formal in apparel,
 In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio ?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
 I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio ;
 And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
 As if he were the right Vincentio.
 Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exe. Luc. and Bian.*

Enter a pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir !

Tra. And you, sir ! you are welcome.
 Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest ?

Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two :
 But then up further ; and as far as Rome ;
 And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray ?

[8] *Angel* primitively signifies a messenger, but perhaps this sense is inapplicable to the passage before us. Chapman, in his translation of Homer, always calls a messenger an *angel*. STEEVENS.

[9] The Italian word *mercatante*, is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant. A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages. STEEVENS

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir ?—marry, God forbid !

And come to Padua, careless of your life ?

Ped. My life, sir ! how, I pray ? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua ; Know you not the cause ?

Four ships are staid at Venice ; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,) Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly :

'Tis marvel ; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so ;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you ;—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa ?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been ;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio ?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him ;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir ; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [Aside.] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and

Tra. To save your life in this extremity, [all one.] This favour will I do you for his sake ;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd ;—
Look, that you take upon you as you should ;
You understand me, sir ;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city :
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do ; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good
This, by the way, I let you understand ;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you ;
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you. 'tis so.

SCENE III.

A Room in PETRUCHIO's House. Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth ; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears
What, did he marry me to famish me ?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love ;
As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast ;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot ?

Kath. 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat :—
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd ?

Kath. I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear, 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard ?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not ; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then, both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[Beats him.]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat :

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat ; and HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all amort ?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer ?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me..

Here, love ; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :

[Sets the dish on a table.]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word ? Nay then, thou lov'st it not ;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof :—

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. 'Pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks ;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye ! you are to blame !

—Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me. [Aside.]

—Much good do it unto thy gentle heart !

Kate, eat apace :—And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house ;

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things ;

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What, hast thou din'd ? The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

—Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments :¹¹

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir ?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer ;

A velvet dish ;—fye, fye ! 'tis lewd and filthy !

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut shell, .

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap ;

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger ; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

[Aside.]

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak ;
And speak I will ; I am no child, no babe :
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind ;

¹¹] In our poet's time, women's gowns were usually made by men. MALONE

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart ;
 Or else my heart, concealing it, will break :
 And, rather than it shall, I will be free
 Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.²

Pet. Why, thou say'st true ; it is a paltry cap,
 A custard-coffin,³ a bauble, a silken pie :
 I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap ;
 And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay :—Come, tailor, let us see't
 O mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here ?
 What's this ? a sleeve ? 'tis like a demi-cannon :
 What ! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart ?
 Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
 Like to a censer⁴ in a barber's shop .—
 Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown. [Asi
Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,

According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did ; but if you be remember'd,
 I did not bid you mar it to the time.
 Go, hop me over every kennel home,
 For you shall hop without my custom, sir :
 I'll none of it ; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
 More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable :
 Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true ; he means to make a puppet of thee
Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet
 of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance ! thou liest, thou thread,
 Thou thimble,⁵
 Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :—
 Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread !

[2] Shakespeare has here copied nature with great skill. Petruchio, by frightening, starving, and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleness and submission. And the audience expects to hear no more of the shrew : when on her being crossed, in the article of fashion and finery, the most inveterate folly of the sex, she flies out again, though for the last time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature. WARBURTON.

[3] A *coffin* was the culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard. STEEV.

[4] *Censers* in barbers' shops are now disused, but they may easily be imagined to have been vessels which, for the emission of the smoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interstices. JOHNSON.

[5] The tailor's trade, having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged English, liable to sarcasm and contempt. JOHNSON.

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
 Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !
 I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd ; the gown is made
 Just as my master had direction :
 Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made ?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut ?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me : thou hast braved many men ;⁶ brave
 not me ; I will neither be faced, nor braved. I say unto
 thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown ; but I did not
 bid him cut it to pieces : *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown :*—

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,⁷ sew
 me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a
 bottom of brown thread : I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

.*Tai.* *With a small compassed cape :*—

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve :—*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, sir ; error i' th' bill. I com-
 manded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up
 again ; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little
 finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say ; an I had thee in place
 where, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight : take thou the bill, give me

[6] i. e. made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dress.—*Faced many things*, i. e. turned up many things with *facing*s. STEEVENS
 [7] I think the joke is impaired unless we read, with the original play already quoted—*loose body's gown*. It appears, however, that *loose-bodied gowns* were the dress of harlots. STEEVENS.

[8] A *compassed cape* is a round cape. To *compass* is to come round. JOHNS. Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1585, gives a most elaborate description of the gowns of women ; and adds, “ Some have *copies* reaching down to the midst of their backs, faced with velvet, or else with some fine wrought taffata, at the least, fringed about very bravely.” STEEVENS

thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio ! then he shall have no odds

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' th' right, sir ; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use !

Gru. Villain, not for thy life : Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use.

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that ?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for : Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use ! O, fy, fy, fy !

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid : [Aside.—Go, take it hence ; begone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words :

Away, I say ; commend me to thy master. [Exit Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's. Even in these honest mean habiliments ; Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor : For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ; And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, So honour peereth in the meanest habit. What, is the jay more precious than the lark, Because his feathers are more beautiful ? Or is the adder better than the eel, Because his painted skin contents the eye ? O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse For this poor furniture, and mean array. If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me : And therefore, frolic ; we will hence forthwith, To feast and sport us at thy father's house.— Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ; And bring our horses unto Long-lane end, There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.— Let's see ; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock, And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two ; And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse : Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do, You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone : I will not go to-day ; and ere I do, It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so ! this gallant will command the sun. [Exs.

SCENE IV.

Padua. Before BAPTISTA's House. Enter TRanio, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house ; Please it you, that I call ?

Ped. Ay, what else ? and, but I be deceived,

*Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.*

Tra. 'Tis well ;

*And hold your own in any case, with such
Austerity as 'longeth to a father.*

Enter BIONDELLO.

*Ped. I warrant you : But, sir, here comes your boy
'Twere good, he were school'd.*

*Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you ;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.*

Bion. Tut ! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

*Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice ;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.*

*Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow ; hold thee that to drink,
Here comes Baptista ;—set your countenance, sir.—*

Enter BAPTISTA and LUENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met :

—Sir, [To the Pedant.]

*This is the gentleman I told you of ;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.*

Ped. Soft, son !

*—Sir, by your leave ; having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself :
And,—for the good report I hear of you ;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd ; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd ;
For curious I cannot be with you,*

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say ;—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections :
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,^[1]
The match is fully made, and all is done :
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,
We be affied ; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still ;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.^[2]

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir
There doth my father lie ; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well :
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well :—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened :—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart .

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?
Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer :
Come, sir ; we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you. [Exe. *TRA. Pedant, and BAP.*

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello ?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you ?

Luc. Biondello, what of that ?

[1] To *pass* is, in this place, synonymous to *assure* or *convey* ; as it sometimes occurs in the covenant of a purchased deed, that the grantor has power to bargain, sell, &c. "and thereby to *pass* and *convey*" the premises to the grantee. RITSON

[2] *Happily*, in Shakespeare's time, signified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*. TYRWHITT.

Bion. 'Faith, nothing ; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him ?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then ?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this ?

Bion. I cannot tell ; except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance :—Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*:³ to the church ;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses :

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [Going.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello ?

Bion. I cannot tarry : I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit ; and so may you, sir ; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [Exit

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented : She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt ? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her ; It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [Exit.

SCENE V.

A public Road. Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HOR-TENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name ; once more toward ou: father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon !

Kath. The moon ! the sun ; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

[3] It is scarce necessary to observe, that these are the words which commonly were put on books where an exclusive right had been granted to particular persons for printing them. REED.

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
 Or ere I journey to your father's house :—
 Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
 Evermore cross'd, and cross'd ; nothing but cross'd ?

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
 And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :
 And if you please to call it a rush candle,
 Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is.

Pet. Nay, then you lie ; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun :—
 But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;
 And the moon changes, even as your mind.
 What you will have it nam'd, even that it is ;
 And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways ; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward : thus the bowl should run,
 And not unluckily against the bias.—
 But soft ; what company is coming here ?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress : Where away ?

[To VINCENTIO.]

—Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
 Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?
 Such war of white and red within her cheeks !
 What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
 As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?—
 Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :—
 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman
 of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
 Whither away ; or where is thy abode ?
 Happy the parents of so fair a child ;
 Happier the man, whom favourable stars
 Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow !

Pet. Why, how now, Kate ! I hope thou art not mad ;
 This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;
 And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
 That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

That every thing I look on seemeth green :⁴
 Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father ;
 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire ; and, withal, make known
 Which way thou travellest : if along with us,
 We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you, my merry mistress,—
 That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me ;
 My name is call'd—Vincentio ; my dwelling—Pisa ;
 And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit
 A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name ?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.
 And now by law, as well as reverend age,
 I may entitle thee—my loving father ;
 The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
 Thy son by this hath married : Wonder not,
 Nor be not griev'd ; she is of good esteem,
 Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
 Beside, so qualified as may beseem
 The spouse of any noble gentleman.
 Let me embrace with old Vincentio :
 And wander we to see thy honest son,
 Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true ? or is it else your pleasure,
 Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
 Upon the company you overtake ?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;
 For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exe. PET. KATH. and VIN*

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
 Have to my widow ; and if she be foward,
 Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*

[4] Shakespeare's observation on the phenomena of nature are very accurate. When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with green. The reason is assigned by many of the writers on optics.

BLACKSTONE.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Padua. Before LUENTIO'S House. Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUENTIO, and BIANCA; GREMIO walking on the other side.

Biondello.

SOFTLY and swiftly, sir ; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello : but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back ; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[Exeunt LUC. BIAN. and BIONDELLO.]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house, My father's bears more toward the market-place ; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall net choose but drink before you go , I think, I shall command your welcome here, And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [Knocks.]

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate ?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir ?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal.

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself ; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir ?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest ; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father ?

Ped. Ay, sir ; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman ! [To VINCENTIO.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain ; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together ; God send 'em good shipping !—But who is here ? mine old master, Vincentio ? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [Seeing BIONDELLO.

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue ; What, have you forgot me ?

Bion. Forgot you ? no, sir : I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio ?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master ? yes, marry, sir ; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed ? [Beats BIONDELLO.

Bion. Help, help, help ! here's a madman will murder me ! [Exit.

Ped. Help, son ! help, signior Baptista !

[Exit from the window.

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant ?

Vin. What am I, sir ? nay, what are you, sir ?—O immortal gods ! O fine villain ! A silken doublet ! a velvet hose ! a scarlet cloak ! and a copatain hat!⁵—O, I am undone ! I am undone ! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now ! what's the matter ?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic ?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew you a madman : Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold ? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

[5] A Copatain hat, is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, such as was anciently worn by well-dressed men. JOHNSON.

In Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuses*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter " on the hattes of England," beginning thus :—" Sometimes they use them sharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the speare or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads," &c. STEEVENS.

Vin. Thy father?—O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: [Enter one with an Officer.] carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see, that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-cached in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd:—
O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father.

[Kneeling.]

Vin. Lives my sweetest son?

[BION. TRA. and Pedant run out.]

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

[Kneeling.]

Bap. How hast thou offended?—

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

[C] Coney-cached—i. e. deceived, cheated. STEEVENS.

[?] The old copy says—as fast as may be. RITSON.

Right son unto the right Vincentio ;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.⁸

Gre. Here's packing,⁹ with a witness, to deceive us all !

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so ?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio ?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town ;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss :—
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to ;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me
to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir ? [To *Luc.*] Have you mar-
ried my daughter without asking my good-will ?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista ; we will content you, go to :
But I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [Exit.]

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.]

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca ; thy father will not
frown. [Exeunt *Luc.* and *BIAN.*]

Gre. My cake is dough:¹ But I'll in among the rest ;
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [Exit.]

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ad-

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street ?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me ?

Kath. No, sir ; God forbid :—but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again :—Come, sirrah, let's
away.

[8] To blear the eye, was an ancient phrase signifying to deceive. STEEVENS.

[9] I. e. plotting, underhand contrivance. STEEVENS.

[1] This is a proverbial expression, which was generally used when any project miscarried. MALONE.

Rather when any disappointment was sustained, contrary to every appearance or expectation. Howell, in one of his letters, mentioning the birth of Louis the Fourteenth, says—" The Queen is delivered of a Dauphin, the wonderfulllest thing of this kind that any story can parallel, for this is the three-and-twentieth year since she was married, and hath continued childless all this while. So that now Monsieur's cake is dough." REED.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss : now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well ?—Come, my sweet Kate ; Better once than never, for never too late. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Lucentio's House. A Banquet set out. Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow. Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree : And time it is, when raging war is done, To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.— My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome, While I with self-same kindness welcome thine :— Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,— And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,— Feast with the best, and welcome to my house ; My banquet is to close our stomachs up, After our great good cheer : Pray you, sit down ; For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[They sit at table.]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.⁽²⁾

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense ; I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me !—How likes Hortensio that ?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended : Kiss him for that, good widow.

(2) To *fear*, as has been already observed, meant in our author's time both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow understands the word in the latter sense; and Petruchio tells her, he used it in the former. MALONE.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round :—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe :
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow !

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer :—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO*

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks ?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt ? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you ?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me ; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not ; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird ? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow :—
You are welcome ali.

[*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow*

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not ;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile,³ but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself ;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird,⁴ good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here ?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess ;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,

[3] *Swift*—besides the original sense of *speedy in motion*, signified *witty, quick-witted*. *Quick* is now used in almost the same sense as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. JOHNSON.

[4] *A gird* a sarcasm, a gibe. STEEVENS.

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no : and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife ;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content :— What is the wager ?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns !

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match ; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin ?

Luc. That will I.—Go,
Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[Exit.]

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves ; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

—How now ! what news ?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How ! she is busy, and she cannot come !
Is that an answer ?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too :
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [Exit BIONDELLO]

Pet. O, ho ! entreat her !
Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, your's will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife ?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand ;
She will not come ; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse ; she will not come ! O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd !—
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress ;
Say, I command her to come to me. [Exit GRUM.]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What ?

Hor. She will not come.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina !

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me ?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife ?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither ; if they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands :

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit KATHARINA]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is ; I wonder what it bodes ?

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
 An awful rule, and right supremacy ;
 And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair besal thee, good Petruchio !
 The wager thou hast won ; and I will add
 Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns ;
 Another dowry to another daughter,
 For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet ;
 And show more sign of her obedience,
 Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes ; and brings your foward wives
 As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
 Katharine, that cap of your's becomes you not ;
 Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATH. pulls off her cap, and throws it down.]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
 Till I be brought to such a silly pass !

Bian. Fye ! what a foolish duty call you this ?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too :
 The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
 Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking ; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say ; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall ;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fye ! fye ! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow ;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :
It blots thy beauty, as frost bites the meads ;
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance : commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land ;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband :
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And, not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?—
I am ashamed, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world ;
But that our soft conditions and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown :
 But now, I see our lances are but straws ;
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
 That seeming to be most, which we least are
 Then veil your stomachs,⁴ for it is no boot ;
 And place your hands below your husband's foot :
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench !—Come on, and kiss me,
 Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad ; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are foward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed :—

We three are married, but you two are sped.⁵

Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white ;⁶

[To LUCENTIO.

And, being a winner, God give you good-night !

[Exe. PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst
 shrew.⁷

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[Exeunt.⁸

[5] i. e. abate your pride, your spirit. STEEVENS.

[6] i. e. the fate of you both is decided ; for you have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience. STEEVENS.

[7] To hit the *white* is a phrase borrowed from archery : the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name, *Bianca*, or *white*. JOHNSON.

[8] As this was meant for a rhyming couplet, it should be observed that anciently the word—shrew was pronounced as if it had been written—shrow. Thus, in Mr. Lodge's *Illustrations of English History*, Vol. II. p. 164, Burghley calls Lord Shrewsbury—Shrowsbury. See, also, the same work, Vol. II. p. 168—9.

STEEVENS.

[9] At the conclusion of this piece, Mr. Pope continued his insertions from the old play, as follows :

'Enter two Servants, bearing Sly in his own apparel, and leaving him on the stage.
 Then enter a Tapster.

" Sly. [awaking.] Sim, give's some more wine.—What, all the players gone ?—Am I not a lord ?

" Tap. A lord, with a murrain !—Come, art thou drunk still ?

" Sly. Who's this ? Tapster !—Oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heard'st in all thy life.

" Tap. Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.

" Sly. Will she ? I know how to tame a shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if she anger me."

These passages, which have been hitherto printed as part of the work of Shakespeare, I have sunk into the notes, that they may be preserved, as they seem to be

necessary to the integrity of the piece, though they really compose no part of it, being not published in the folio, 1623. Mr. Pope, however, has quoted them with a degree of inaccuracy which would have deserved censure, had they been of greater consequence than they are. The players delivered down this comedy, among the rest, as one of Shakespeare's own; and its intrinsic merit bears sufficient evidence to the propriety of their decision.

May I add a few reasons why I neither believe the former comedy of *The Taming of the Shrew*, 1607, nor the old play of *King John*, in two Parts, to have been the work of Shakespeare? He generally followed every novel or history from whence he took his plots, as closely as he could; and is so often indebted to these originals for his very thoughts and expressions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to spare himself the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both these plays, (like that of *King Henry V.* in which Oldcastle is introduced,) were the unsuccessful performances of contemporary players. Shakespeare saw they were meanly written, and yet that their plots were such as would furnish incidents for a better dramatist. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their scenes, still writing the dialogue anew, and inserting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preserving, or was too much in haste to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world, to see the track of others followed by those who would never have given themselves the trouble to mark out one of their own. STEEVENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

King of France.

Duke of Florence.

BERTRAM, count of Rousillon.

LAFEU, an old lord.

PAROLLES,† a follower of Bertram.

Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

Steward, *Clown,* *servants to the countess of Rousillon*

A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram.

HELENA, a gentlewoman, protected by the countess.

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, daughter to the widow.

VIOLENTA, *MARIANA,* *neighbours and friends to the widow*

Lords, attending on the king; Officers, Soldiers, &c. French and Florentine.

SCENE—Partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

* The persons were first enumerated by Rowe.

† I suppose we should write this name—*Paroles*; i. e. a creature made up of empty words. STEEVENS.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

OBSERVATIONS.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.] The story of *All's well that ends well*, or, as I suppose it to have been sometimes called, *Love's Labour Wonne*, is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakespeare from Painter's *Giletta of Narbon*, in the First Vol. of the *Palace of Pleasure*, 4to. 1566, p. 88. FARMER.

Shakespeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumstances in the graver parts of the piece. The comic business appears to be entirely of his own formation. STEEVENS

This comedy, I imagine, was written in 1598. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays*. Vol. II. MALONE.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*
Enter BERTRAM, the Countess of Rousillon, HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning. *Countess.*

IN delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,¹ evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope: and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had*! how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was

[1] Under his particular care, as my guardian, 'till I come to age. It is now almost forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. Whether the same practice prevailed in France, it is of no great use to inquire, for Shakespeare gives to all nations the manners of England. JOHNSON.

skillful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simplicities; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.²

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.³

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

[2] By *virtuous qualities* are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition; on this account it is, she says, that, in an ill mind these 'virtuous qualities are virtues and traitors too': i. e. the advantages of education enable an ill mind to go further in wickedness than it could have done without them. WARBURTON.

Her virtues are the better for their simplicities—that is, her excellencies are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without design. The learned commentator has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and therefore has not shown the full extent of Shakespeare's masterly observation. *Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too.* Estimable and useful qualities, joined with an evil disposition, give that evil disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler*, mentioning the sharers of his time, observes, that some of them are men of such elegance and knowledge, that a *young man who falls into their way is betrayed as much by his judgment as his passions*.

JOHNSON.

[3] Helena has, I believe, a meaning here, that she does not wish should be understood by the countess. Her affected sorrow was for the death of her father; her real grief for the lowness of her situation, which she feared would for ever be a bar to her union with her beloved Bertram. Her own words afterwards fully support this interpretation:

"——I think not on my father:—

"——What was he like?

"I have forgot him; my imagination

"Carries no favour in it but Bertram's:

"I am undone." MALONE.

The line should be particularly attended to, as it tends to explain some subsequent passages which have hitherto been misunderstood. M MASON.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [Exit.]

Ber. [To HEL.] The best wishes that can be forged in
your thoughts, be servants to you! Be comfortable to my
mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit
of your father. [Exeunt BER. and LAF.]

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick⁴ of his sweet favour:

[4] *Trick* is an expression taken from *drawing*, and is so explained in *King John*, Act I. sc. i. The present instance explains itself:
— to sit and draw
His arched brows, &c. STEEVENS.

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.⁵

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricad⁶ it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the

[5] *Cold* for naked; as *superfluous* for over-clothed. This makes the propriety of the antithesis. WARBURTON.

[6] *Stain* for colour. Parolles was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called *red-tail'd humble-bee*. WARBURTON.

Stain rather for what we now say *tincture*, some qualities, at least superficial, of a soldier. JOHNSON.

rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers ; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin : virginity murders itself ; and should be buried in high ways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese : consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not ; you cannot choose but lose by't : Out with't : within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase ; and the principal itself not much the worse : Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking ?

Par. Let me see : Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying ; the longer kept, the less worth : off with't, while 'tis vendible : answer the time of request. . Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion ; richly suited, but unsuitable : just like the brooch and tooth-pick, which wear not now : Your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek : And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears ; it looks ill, it eats dryly ; marry, 'tis a withered pear ; it was formerly better ; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear . Will you any thing with it ?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,^{*}
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress,⁹ and a dear ;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster ; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,

[7] i. e. he that hangs himself, and a virgin, are in this circumstance alike ; they are both *self-destroyers*. MALONE.

[8] It does not appear that this rapturous effusion of Helena was designed to be intelligible to Parolles. Its obscurity, therefore, may be its merit. It sufficiently explains what is passing in the mind of the speaker, to every one but him to whom she does not mean to explain it. STEEVENS.

[9] *Traditoria, a traitress*, in the Italian language, is generally used as a term of endearment. The meaning of Helena is, that she shall prove *every thing* to Bertram. Our ancient writers delighted in catalogues, and always characterised love by contraries. STEEVENS.

That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall :—God send him well !—
The court's a learning-place ;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i'faith ?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity ?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt : that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think ; which never
Returns us thanks.¹

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*]

Par. Little Helen, farewell : if I can remember thee,
I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars ?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so ?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety : But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing,² and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely : I will return perfect courtier ; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee ; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away : farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers ; when thou hast none, remember thy friends : get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee : so farewell. [*Exit.*]

[1] And show by realities what we now *must only think.* JOHNSON.

[2] The phrase is taken from falconry. STEEVENS.

A bird of a good wing, is a bird of swift and strong flight. M. MASON.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
 Which we ascribe to heaven : the fated sky
 Gives us free scope ; only, doth backward pull
 Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
 What power is it, which mounts my love so high ;
 That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye ?
 The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
 To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
 Impossible be strange attempts, to those
 That weigh their pains in sense ; and do suppose,
 What hath been cannot be : Who ever strove
 To show her merit, that did miss her love ?
 The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
 But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [Exit]

SCENE II.

Paris. A Room in the King's Palace. Flourish of Cornets.
 Enter the King of France, with letters ; Lords and others
 attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears,
 Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
 A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible ; we here receive it
 A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
 With caution, that the Florentine will move us
 For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend
 Prejudicates the business, and would seem
 To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
 Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
 For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
 And Florence is denied before he comes :
 Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
 The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
 To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve
 A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
 For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here ?

[3] She means, by what influence is my love directed to a person so much above me ? why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope ? JOHNSON.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face ;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

Bert. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First try'd our soldiership ! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest : he lasted long ;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father : In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.⁴
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or shayness ; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them ;⁵ and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand : who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place ;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility
In their poor praise he humbled :⁶ Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times ;
Which, follow'd well, would démonstrate them now
But goers backward.

[4] I believe honour is not *dignity of birth or rank*, but *acquired reputation* :- Your father, says the king, had the same airy flights of satirical wit with the young lords of the present time, but they do not what he did, hide their unnoted levity in honour, cover petty faults with great merit.—This is an excellent observation. Jocose follies, and slight offences are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities. JOHNSON.

[5] He was so like a courtier, that there was in his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous, and in his keenness of wit nothing bitter. If bitterness or contemptuousness ever appeared, they had been awakened by some injury, not of a man below him, but of his equal. This is the complete image of a well-bred man, and somewhat like this, Voltaire has exhibited his hero Lewis XIV.

JOHNSON.

[6] Giving them a better opinion of their own importance, by his condescending manner of behaving to them. M. MASON

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb ;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would, I were with him ! He would always say,
(Methinks, I hear him now ; his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,) — *Let me not live,* —
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out, — *let me not live*, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain ; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments ; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions : — This he wish'd :
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You are lov'd, sir ;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't. — How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died ?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet ;
Lend me an arm ; — the rest have worn me out
With several applications : — nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count ;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [Exeunt. Flourish.

SCENE III.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.⁶

Count. I will now hear : what say you of this gentlewoman ?

[7] Who have no other use of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dress. JOHNSON.

[8] A *Clown* in Shakespeare is commonly taken for a *licensed jester*, or domestic fool. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays since fools were at that time maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only servant represented is Patison the fool. This is a proof of the familiarity to

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveryes yours.⁹

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned:¹ But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage:² and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, bears are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wise. In some plays, a servant, or a rustic, of a remarkable petulance and freedom of speech, is likewise called a *clown*. JOHNSON.

[9] It appears to me that the accusative *them* refers to *knaveryes*, and the natural sense of the passage seems to be this: " You have folly enough to desire to commit these knaveryes, and ability enough to accomplish them." M. MASON.

[1] See *St. Mark*, x. 25; *St. Luke*, xviii. 25. GREY.

[2] This is a proverbial expression. *Needs must when the devil drives*, is another. RITSON.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam ; e'en great friends ; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He, that ears my land,³ spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop : if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge : He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood ; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood ; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend : *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage ; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one ; they may joll horns together, like any deer i' th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave ?

Clo. A prophet⁴ I, madam ; and I speak the truth the next way :

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find ;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

Count. Get you gone, sir ; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you ; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her ; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, [Singing.
Why the Grecians sacked Troy ?

*Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy ?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then ;
Among nine bad if one be good ;*

[3] To ear is to plough. STEEVENS.
See 1 Sam. viii. 12. Isaiah xxx. 24. Deut. xxi. 4. Gen. xlvi. 6. Exod. xxxiv. 21.
for the use of this verb. HENLEY.

[4] It is a superstition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have something in them of divinity. On which account they were esteemed sacred : travellers tell us in what esteem the Turks now hold them ; nor had they less honour paid them heretofore in France, as appears from the old word *benet*, for a *natural fool*. Hence it was that Pantagruel, in *Rabelais*, advised Panurge to go and consult the fool Triboulet as an oracle ; which gives occasion to a satirical stroke upon the privy council of Francis the First,—“ *Par Pavis, conseil, prediction des fols, vos scavez quants princes, &c. ont este conserves.*” &c.

WARBURTON.

*Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.⁵*

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' th' song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.⁶—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level;

[5] This second stanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women; a confession that there was one good in ten. Whereon the countess observed, that he corrupted the song, which shews the song said, *Nine good in ten.*

If one be bad amongst nine good,

There's but one bad in ten.

This relates to the ten sons of Priam, who all behaved themselves well but Paris. For though he once had fifty, yet, at this unfortunate period of his reign, he had but ten: *Agathon, Antiphon, Deiphobus, Ditus, Hector, Helenus, Hippothous, Pammon, Paris, and Polites.* WARBURTON.

[6] Here is an allusion violently enough forced in, to satirize the obstinacy with which the puritans refused the use of the ecclesiastical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cause of the breach of union, and, perhaps, to insinuate, that the modest purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride.

JOHNSON.

Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransome afterward : This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in : which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal ; sithence,⁷ in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly ; keep it to yourself : many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt : Pray you, leave me : stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care : I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Steward]

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young : If we are nature's, these are ours ; this thorn Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ; Our blood to us, this to our blood is born ; It is the show and seal of nature's truth, Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth ; By our remembrances of days forgone, Such were our faults ;—or then we thought them none. Her eye is sick on't ; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam ?

Count. You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother ; Why not a mother ? When I said, a mother, Methought you saw a serpent : What's in mother, That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother ; And put you in the catalogue of those That were enwombed mine : 'Tis often seen, Adoption strives with nature ; and choice breeds A native slip to us from foreign seeds : You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan, Yet I express to you a mother's care :— God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood, To say, I am thy mother ? What's the matter, That this distemper'd messenger of wet,⁸

[7] *Sithence*,—i. e. since. Chaucer frequently uses *sith*, and *sithen*, in the same sense. STEEVENS.

[8] There is something exquisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of colours which glimmers around the sight when the eye-lashes are wet with tears. The poet has described the same appearance in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye ?
Why?—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam; .

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honour'd name ;
No note upon my parents, his all noble :
My master, my dear lord he is ; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die :
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother ?

Hel. You are my mother, madam ; 'Would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,) Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,⁹
So I were not his sister : Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law ;
God shield, you mean it not ! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse : What, pale again ?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness : Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head.¹ Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son ; invention is ashame'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
But tell me then, 'tis so :—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, one to th' other ; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it : only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected : speak, is't so ?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue ;
If it be not, forswear't : howe'er I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me !

Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress !

" And round about her tear-distained eye

" Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky." HENLEY.

[9] There is a designed ambiguity : *I care no more for*, is, I care *as much for*, I wish *as equally*. FARMER.

[1] The source, the fountain of your tears, the cause of your grief. JOHNSON

Count. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam ?

Count. Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note : come, come, disclose
The state of your affection ; for your passions
Have to the full impeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son :—

My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love :
Be not offended ; for it hurts not him,

That he is lov'd of me : I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit ;

Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him ;
Yet never know how that desert should be.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still : thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do : but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love ; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose ;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris ?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore ? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth ; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,

As notes,² whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note : amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishes, whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it ? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this ;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it ? He and his physicians
Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help : How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself ?

Hel. There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven : and, world your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't ?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court ; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt :
Begone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. [Exeunt

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Paris. A Room in the King's Palace. Flourish.*
Enter King, with young Lords taking leave for the Floren-
tine war ; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

King. FAREWELL, young lord, these warlike principles

[2] Receipts, in which greater virtues were inclosed than appeared to other
nation. JOHNSON

Do not throw from you :—and you, my lord, farewell;
 —Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,
 The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
 And is enough for both.

1 Lord. It is our hope, sir,
 After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
 And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
 Will not confess he owes the malady
 That doth my life besiege.³ Farewell, young lords ;
 Whether I live or die, be you the sons
 Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy⁴
 (Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
 Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
 Not to woo honour, but to wed it ; when
 The bravest questant⁵ shrinks, find what you seek,
 That fame may cry you loud : I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty !
King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them ;
 They say, our French lack language to deny,
 If they demand : beware of being captives,
 Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a couch.*

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us !
Par. 'Tis not his fault ; the spark—

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars !

Par. Most admirable : I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with ;
 Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

[3] i. e. as the common phrase runs, *I am still heart whole*; my spirits, by not sinking under my distemper, do not acknowledge its influence. STEEVENS.

[4] The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Apennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition ; the side next the Adriatic was denominated the *higher Italy*, and the other side the *lower* : and the two seas followed the same terms of distinction, the Adriatic being called the upper sea, and the *Tyrrenhe* or *Tuscan* the lower. Now the Sennones or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here supposed to be at war, inhabited the *higher Italy*, their chief town being Arminium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatic.

HANMER.

The sense may be this, Let upper Italy, where you are to exercise your valour, see that you come to gain honour, to the abatement, that is, to the disgrace and depression of those that have now lost their ancient military fame, and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy. To *abate* is used by Shakespeare in the original sense of *abatre*, to *depress*, to *sink*, to *deject*, to *subdue*. The word has still the same meaning in the language of the law. JOHNSON.

[5] *Questant* or *quester*, one who goes in quest.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with!⁶ By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory ; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 Lord. Farewell, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles !

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.

Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals :—

You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek ; it was this very sword entrenched it : say to him, I live ; and observe his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices ! [Exe. *Lords.* What will you do ?

Ber. Stay ; the king— [Seeing him rise.

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords ; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu : be more expressive to them ; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star ; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed : after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows ; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [Exeunt *BERT.* and *PAROLLES.*

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [Kneeling.] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy ; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

[6] It should be remembered that, in Shakespeare's time, it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on. Our author has again alluded to this ancient custom in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. ix :

" ————— He, at Philippi kept
" His sword, even like a dancer." MALONE

King. I would I had ; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across :⁷
But, my good lord, 'tis thus ; Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity ?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox ? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them : I have seen a medicine,
That's able to breathe life into a stone ;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,⁸
With spritely fire and motion ; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this ?

Laf. Why, doctor she : My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness : Will you see her
(For that is her demand,) and know her business ?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration ; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [Exit LAFEU.]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways ;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him :
A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors

[7] This word, as has been already observed, is used when any pass of wit mis-carries. JOHNSON.

See *As you like it*, Act III. sc. iv. p. 52. STEEVENS.

[8] Mr. Rich. Brome, mentions this among other dances : " As for corantoes, la-volos, jigs, measures, pavins, brawls, galliards, or *canaries*: I speak it not swellingly, but I subscribe to no man." DR GREY.

His majesty seldom fears : I am Cressid's uncle,⁹
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [Exit.]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father ; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him ;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear ; I have so :
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned doctors leave us ; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ransome nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To émpiricks ; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful .
Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live :
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part ;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy :
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,

[9] I am like Pandarus. See *Troilus and Cressida*. JOHNSON

When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources ; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.¹
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind maid ;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows :
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim ;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure ?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise ; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.²

[1] The allusion is to *St. Matthew's Gospel*, xi. 25 : " O Father, Lord of heaven and earth ; I thank thee, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes." See also *1 Cor.* i. 27 : " But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise ; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty." MALONE.

See the Book of *Exodus*, particularly chap. xvii. 5, 6, &c. HENLEY.

[2] I would bear (says she) the tax of impudence, which is the denotement of a strumpet ; would endure a shame resulting from my failure in what I have under-

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak ;
 His powerful sound, within an organ weak :
 And what impossibility would slay
 In common sense, sense saves another way.
 Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate
 Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ;
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
 That happiness and prime can happy call :
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
 Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
 Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try ;
 That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;
 And well deserv'd : Not helping, death's my fee ;
 But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even ?
King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
 What husband in thy power I will command :
 Exempted be from me the arrogance
 To choose from forth the royal blood of France ;
 My low and humble name to propagate
 With any branch or image of thy state :
 But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
 Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,
 Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd ;
 So make the choice of thy own tife ; for I,
 Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely .
 More should I question thee, and more I must ;
 Though, more to know, could not be more to trust ;
 From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest
 Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
 —Give me some help here, ho !—If thou proceed
 As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[Flourish. *Exeunt*

taken, and thence become the subject of odious ballads ; let my maiden reputation be otherwise branded ; and, no worse of worst extended, i. e. provided nothing worse is offered to me (meaning violation) let my life be ended with the worst of tortures. The poet, for the sake of rhyme, has obscured the sense of the passage. *The worst that can befall a woman being extended to me*, seems to be the meaning of the last line. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger,^[3] as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned

[3] The allusion is to an ancient practice of marrying with a rush ring, as well in other countries as in England. Breval, in his *Antiquities of Paris*, mentions it as a kind of espousal used in France, by such persons as meant to live together in a state of concubinage; but in England it was scarce ever practiced except by designing men, for the purpose of corrupting those young women to whom they pretended love. Richard Poore, bishop of Salisbury, in his *Constitutions*, anno, 1217, forbids the putting of rush rings, or any the like matter, on women's fingers, in order to the debauching them more readily: and he insinuates, as the reason for the prohibition, that there were some people weak enough to believe, that what was thus done in jest, was a real marriage. Sir J. HAWKINS.

should speak truth of it : here it is, and all that belongs to't : Ask me, if I am a courtier ; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could :⁴ I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier ?

Clo. O Lord, sir,⁵—There's a simple putting off ;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, at your whipping, and *spare not me*? Indeed, your *O Lord, sir*, is very sequent to your whipping ; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, sir* : I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir—why, there's serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business : Give Helen this, And urge her to a present answer back :

Command me to my kinsmen, and my son ;

This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you : You understand me ?

Clo. Most fruitfully ; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE III.

Paris. A Room in the King's Palace. Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors ; ensconcing ourselves into

[4] The lady censures her own levity in trifling with her jester, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth. JOHNSON.

[5] A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court. WARBURTON

seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,⁷—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right: as 'twere, a man assured of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?—

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin⁸ is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit,⁹ that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be

[7] Shakespeare, as I have often observed, never throws out his words at random. Paracelsus, though no better than an ignorant and knavish enthusiast, was at this time in such vogue, even amongst the learned, that he had almost jostled Galen and the ancients out of credit. On this account *learned* is applied to Galen; and *authentic*, or fashionable, to Paracelsus. WARBURTON.

As the whole merriment of this scene consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not, I believe here are two passages in which the words and sense are bestowed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to Lafeu. I read this passage thus:

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists—

Par. So I say.

Laf. Both of Galen and Paracelsus, of all the learned and authentic fellows—

Par. Right, so I say. JOHNSON.

[8] By *dolphin* is meant the *dauphin*, the heir apparent, and the hope of the crown of France. His title is so translated in all the old books. STEEVENS.

[9] *Facinorous* is wicked. STEEVENS.

made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.¹

Enter King, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well: Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick,² as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please!—marry, to each, but one!

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal,³ and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

[1] I believe Parolles has again usurped words and sense to which he has no right; and I read this passage thus:

Laf. In a most weak and debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than the mere recovery of the king.

Par. As to be—

Laf. Generally thankful. JOHNSON.

When the parts are written out for players, the names of the characters which they are to represent, are never set down; but only the last words of the preceding speech which belongs to their partner in the scene. If the plays of Shakespeare were printed (as there is reason to suspect) from these piece-meal transcripts, how easily may the mistake be accounted for, which Dr. Johnson has judiciously strove to remedy? STEEVENS.

[2] Lustigh is the Dutch word for lusty, cheerful, pleasant. STEEVENS.

[3] I. e. a bay, a docked horse. STEEVENS.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid ; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid :—
Please it your majesty, I have done already :
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush, that thou shouldest choose ; but, be refus'd,
*Let the white death sit on thy cheek forever ;*⁴
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice ; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir ; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ame-
ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies :
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant ! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her ?⁵ An they were sons of
mine, I'd have them whipped ; or I would send them to
the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [To a Lord.] that I your hand
should take ;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake :
Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed
Fin'd fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her :
sure, they are bastards to the English ; the French ne'er
got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

[4] The *white death* is the *chlorosis*. JOHNSON.

The pestilence that ravaged England in the reign of Edward III. was called "the *black death.*" STEEVENS.

[5] None of them have yet denied her, or deny her afterwards, but Bertram.
The scene must be so regulated that Lafeu and Parolles talk at a distance, where
they may see what passes between Helena and the lords, but not hear it, so that
they know not by whom the refusal is made. JOHNSON.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen ; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you ; [To *Ber.*] but I give Me, and my service, ever whilst I live, Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege ? I shall beseech your highness, n such a business give me leave to use The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram, What she has done for me ?

Ber. Yes, my good lord ; But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down Must answer for your raising ? I know her well ; She had her breeding at my father's charge : A poor physician's daughter my wife !—Disdain Rather corrupt me ever !

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods, Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off In differences so mighty : If she be All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st, A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st Of virtue for the name : but do not so : From lowest place when virtuous things proceed, The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed : Where great additions swell,⁶ and virtue none, It is a dropsied honour : good alone Is good, without a name ; vileness is so : The property by what it is should go, Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ; In these to nature she's immediate heir ;⁷ And these breed honour : that is honour's scorn, Which challenges itself as honour's born,

[6] *Additions* are the titles and descriptions by which men are distinguished from each other. MALONE.

[7] To be *immediate heir* is to inherit without any intervening transmitter, thus she inherits beauty *immediately* from *nature*, but honour is transmitted by ancestors. JOHNSON.

And is not like the sire :⁸ Honours best thrive,
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a slave,
 Debauch'd on every tomb ; on every grave,
 A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said ?
 If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
 I can create the rest : virtue, and she,
 Is her own dower ; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad :
 Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake ; which to defeat,⁹
 I must produce my power : Here, take her hand,
 Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift ;
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up
 My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,
 We, poizing us in her defective scale,
 Shall weigh thee to the beam : that wilt not know,
 It is in us to plant thine honour, where
 We please to have it grow : Check thy contempt :
 Obey our will, which travails in thy good :
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
 Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims ;
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
 Into the staggers,¹ and the careless lapse
 Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and hate,
 Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
 Without all terms of pity : Speak ; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit
 My fancy to your eyes : When I consider,
 What great creation, and what dole of honour,
 Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late

[8] Honour's born is the child of honour. Born is here used, as *bairn* still is in the North. HENLEY.

[9] The French verb *defaire* (from whence our *defeat*) signifies *to free, to disembarrass, as well as to destroy. Defaire un nœud,* is to untie a knot ; and in this sense, I apprehend, *defeat* is here used. TYRWHITT.

[1] One species of the *staggers*, or the *horse's apoplexy*, is a raging impatience which makes the animal dash himself with a destructive violence against posts or walls. To this, the allusion, I suppose, is made. JOHNSON.

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine : to whom I promise
A counterpoise ; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the **king**,
Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,^[2]
And be perform'd to-night : the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious ; else, does err.

[Exe. King, BERT. HEL. Lords and Attendants.

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur ? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir ?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation ?—My lord ? my master ?

Laf. Ay ; Is it not a language, I speak ?

Par. A most harsh one ; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master ?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon ?

Par. To any count ; to all counts ; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man ; count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir ; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man ; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,^[3] to be a pretty wise fellow ; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel ; it might pass : yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee ; when I lose thee again, I care not : yet art

[2] The now-born brief, is the breve originaire of the feudal times, which, in this instance, formally notified the king's consent to the marriage of Bertram, his ward. HENLEY.

[3] While I sat twice with thee at table. JOHNSON.

thou good for nothing but taking up ;⁴ and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial ; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen ! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well ; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart ; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it ; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' th' contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge ; that I may say, in the default,⁵ he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal : for doing I am past ; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [Exit.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me ;⁵ scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord !—Well, I must be patient ; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you ; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs : He is my good lord : whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who ? God ?

Par. Ay, sir.

[4] To *take up* is to contradict, to call to account ; as well as to pick off the ground. JOHNSON.

[5] That is, *at a need*. JOHNSON

[6] This the poet makes Parolles speak alone ; and this is nature. A coward should try to hide his paltrounery even from himself. An ordinary writer would have been glad of such an opportunity to bring him to confession. WARBURTON

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master:- Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion ? dost make hose of thy sleeves ? do other servants so ? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee : methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir ; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate ; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller : you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit.

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good ; it is so then.—Good, very good ; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares forever !

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart ?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What ? what, sweet heart ?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me .— I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot : to the wars !

Ber. There's letters from my mother ; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known : To the wars, my boy, to the wars !

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home ;⁷
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed : To other regions !
France is a stable ; we that dwell in't, jades ;
Therefore, to the war !

Ber. It shall be so ; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,

[7] Sir T. Hanmer, in his Glossary, observes, that *kicksy-wicksy* is a made word in ridicule and disdain of a wife. GREY.

And wherefore I am fled ; write to the king
 That which I durst not speak : His present gift
 Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
 Where noble fellows strike : War is no strife
 To the dark house,⁸ and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure ?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
 I'll send her straight away : To-morrow
 I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound ; there's noise in it..
 'Tis hard ;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd :
 Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go :
 The king has done you wrong ; but, hush ! 'tis so. [Exe.

SCENE IV.

*The same. Another Room in the same. Enter HELENA
 and Clown.*

Hel. My mother greets me kindly : Is she well ?

Clo. She is not well ; but yet she has her health : she's
 very merry ; but yet she is not well : but thanks be
 given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' th' world ;
 but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's
 not very well ?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things ?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send
 her quickly ! the other, that she's in earth, from whence
 God send her quickly !

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady !

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine
 own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on ; and to
 keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave ! How
 does my old lady ?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money,
 I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

[8] The *dark house* is a house made gloomy by discontent. Milton says of death
 and the king of hell preparing to combat :

" So frown'd the mighty combatants, that bell

" Grew darker at their frown." JOHNSON

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man ; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing : To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title ; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave ; that is, before me thou art a knave . this had been truth, sir

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir ? or were you taught to find me ? The search, sir, was profitable ; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.⁹—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night ;

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge ;
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint ;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else ?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' th' king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.¹

Hel. What more commands he ?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another Room in the same. Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier ?
Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

[9] An allusion, perhaps to the old saying—" Better fed than taught :" to which the Clown has himself alluded in a preceding scene :—" I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught." RITSON.

[1] A specious appearance of necessity JOHNSON.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Bsr. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true ; I took this lark for a bunting.²

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour ; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes ; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir.

[To BERT.]

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor ?

Par. Sir ?

Laf. O, I know him well : Ay, sir ; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king ?

[Aside to PAR.]

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night ?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, Given order for our horses : and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride,— And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner ; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur ?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard ; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

[2] This is a fine discrimination between the possessor of courage, and him that only has the appearance of it. The *bunting* is, in feather, size, and form, so like the *sky-lark*, as to require nice attention to discover the one from the other ; it also ascends and sinks in the air nearly in the same manner : but it has little or no song, which gives estimation to the *sky-lark*. J. JOHNSON.

[3] This odd allusion is not introduced without a view to satire. It was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the *jester* or *zany* was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, set for the purpose, *to set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh*, as our poet says in his Hamlet. THEOBALD.



Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [Exit.]

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and required office On my particular: Prepar'd I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled This drives me to entreat you, That presently you take your way for home; And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you: For my respects are better than they seem; And my appointments have in them a need, Greater than shows itself, at the first view, To you that know them not. This to my mother:

[Giving a letter.]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient servant

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out that, Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go: My haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;

Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing,
indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would: my lord—'faith, yes;—
Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.

[Exit HELENA

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio!

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Florence. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*
Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two French Lords, and others.

Duke.

So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,⁴
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not

[4] i. e. One not in the secret of affairs. WARBURTON.
So *inward* is familiar, admitted to secrets. JOHNSON.

Say what I think of it ; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,⁵
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be ;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well ;
When better fall, for your avails they fell :
To-morrow to the field. [Flourish. Exeunt]

SCENE II.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you ?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing ; mend the ruff, and sing ;⁶ ask questions, and sing ; pick his teeth, and sing : I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [Opening a letter.]

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court : our old ling and our Isbels o' th' country are nothing like your old ling, and your Isbels o' th' court : the brains of my Cupid's knocked out ; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here ?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [Exit.]

Count. [Reads.] I have sent you a daughter-in-law : she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her ; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away ; know it,

[5] i. e. as we say at present, *our young fellows.* STEEVENS.

[6] The tops of the boots, in our author's time, turned down, and hung loosely over the leg. The folding is what the Clown means by the *ruff*. Ben Jonson calls it *ruffle* ; and perhaps it should be so here. " Not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruff* of my boot." *Every Man out of his Humour.* Act IV. sc. vi. WHALLEY.

before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king ;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter ?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort ; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd ?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does : the danger is in standing to't ; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more : for my part, I only hear, your son was run away. [Exit Clown.]

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone. .

2 Gent. Do not say so.—

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't :—Where is my son, I pray you ?

2 Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence;
We met him thitherward ; from thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam ; here's my passport.

[Reads] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,*
which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of
thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband : but in
such a then I write a never !

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?

1 Gent. Ay, madam ;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer ;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,

Thou robb'st me of a moiety : He was my son ;
 But I do wash his name out of my blood,
 And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he ?

2 Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier ?

2 Gent. Such is his noble purpose : and, believe't,
 The duke will lay upon him all the honour
 That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither ?

1 Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

'Tis bitter. [Reading]

Count. Find you that there ?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which
 His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife !
 There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
 But only she ; and she deserves a lord,
 That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
 And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him ?

1 Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman
 Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not ?

1 Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
 My son corrupts a well-derived nature
 With his inducement.

1 Gent. Indeed, good lady,
 The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
 Which holds him much to have.⁷

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
 I will entreat you, when you see my son,
 To tell him, that his sword can never win
 The honour that he loses : more I'll entreat you,
 Written to bear along.

2 Gent. We serve you, madam,
 In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
 Will you draw near ? [Exe. Countess and gentlemen.]

[7] That is, his vices stand him in stead. Helen had before delivered this thought in all the beauty of expression :

—“I know him a notorious liar;
 Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;
 Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
 That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
 Look bleak in the cold wind.”— WARBURTON

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
 Nothing in France, until he has no wife !
 Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
 Then hast thou all again. Poor lord ! is't I
 That chase thee from thy country, and expose
 Those tender limbs of thine to the event
 Of the none-sparing war ? and is it I
 That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
 Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
 Of smoky muskets ? O you leaden messengers,
 That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
 Fly with false aim ; move the still-piercing air,
 That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord !
 Whoever shoots at him, I set him there,
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,
 I am the caitiff, that do hold him to't ;
 And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
 His death was so effected : better 'twere,
 I met the ravin lion⁸ when he roar'd
 With sharp constraint of hunger ; better 'twere
 That all the miseries, which nature owes,
 Were mine at once : No, come thou home, Rousillon,
 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
 As oft it loses all ; I will be gone :
 My being here it is, that holds thee hence :
 Shall I stay here to do't ? no, no, although
 The air of paradise did fan the house,
 And angels offic'd all : I will be gone ;
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
 To console thine ear. Come, night ; end, day !
 For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Florence. Before the Duke's Palace. Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art ; and we,
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence,
 Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
 A charge too heavy for my strength ; but yet
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,

[8] i.e. the ravenous or ravening lion. To ravin is to swallow voraciously. MALONE.

To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth ;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress !

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :
Make me but like my thoughts ; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exit]

SCENE IV.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas ! and would you take the letter of her ?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

Stew. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone ;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son may hie ;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,
His name with zealous fervour sanctify :
His taken labours bid him me forgive ;
I, his despiteful Juno,⁹ sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth :
He is too good and fair for death and me ;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words !
—Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,¹
As letting her pass so ; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam :
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been q'erta'en ; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be in vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,

[9] Alluding to the story of Hercules. JOHNSON.

[1] Advice, is discretion or thought JOHNSON.

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife ;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger :—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return ; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love : which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction :—Provide this messenger :—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [Exe.

SCENE V.

Without the walls of Florence. A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander : and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way : hark ! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it.—Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl : the honour of a maid is her name ; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman, his companion.

Mar. I know that knave ; hang him ! one Parolles : a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana ; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under : many a maid hath been seduced by them ; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further ; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you

where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim : I know, she will lie at my house : thither they send one another : I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim ! Whither are you bound ?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers lodge,² I do beseech you ?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way ?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you ! [A march afar off They come this way :—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd ;

The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself ?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France ?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours, That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you ?

Dia. The count Rousillon ; Know you such a one ?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him : His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,

As 'tis reported, for the king had married him³

Against his liking : Think you it is so ?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth ; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count, Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name ?

[2] Pilgrims that visited holy places ; so called from a staff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places at Jerusalem. "A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus : a *pilgrim* had some dwelling place, the *palmer* none ; the *pilgrim* travelled to some certain place, the *palmer* to all, and not to any one in particular ; the *pilgrim* might go at his own charge, the *palmer* must profess wilful poverty ; the *pilgrim* might give over his profession, the *palmer* must be constant, till he had the *palm* ; that is, victory over his ghostly enemies, and life by death." Blount's *Glossography* voce *Pilgrim*. REED.

[3] For, in the present instance, signifies because. STEEVENS.

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated ; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.⁴

Dia. Alas, poor lady !

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. A right good creature : wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly : this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean ?

May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed ;
And brokes⁵ with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid :
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army,
BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else !

Wid. So, now they come :—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ,
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman ?

Dia. He ;
That with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow ;
I would, he lov'd his wife : if he were honester,
He were much goodlier :—Is't not a handsome gentleman ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest : Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places ; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he ?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs : Why is he melancholy ?

Hel. Perchance, he's hurt i' th' battle.

Par. Lose our drum ! well.

[4] That is, questioned, doubted. JOHNSON.

[5] To *broke* is to deal with panders. A *broker*, in our author's time, meant a bawd or pimp. MALONE.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something: Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you! [Exe. BER. PAR. &c.]

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

Wid. The troop is past:—Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Camp before Florence. Enter BERTRAM, and the two French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries,⁶ when we

[6] i.e. camp. DOUCE

bring him to our tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 Lord. O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed.⁷ Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 Lord That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.⁸

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further be-

[7] *Tom Drum's entertainment*, is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by the shoulders. THEOBALD.

[8] i. e. *Here lies*;—the usual beginning of epitaphs. I would (says Parolles) recover either the drum I have lost, or another belonging to the enemy; or die in the attempt. MALONE.

comes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening : and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it ?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord ; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant ; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

[Exit.]

1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord ? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done ; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned, than to do't ?

2 Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do : certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries ; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto ?

1 Lord. None in the world ; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies : but we have almost embossed him,⁹ you shall see his fall to-night ; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him.¹ He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu : when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him ; which you shall see this very night.

1 Lord. I must go look my twigs ; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 Lord. As't please your lordship : I'll leave you.

[Exit.]

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you The lass I spoke of.

2 Lord. But, you say, she's honest.

[9] To *emboss* a deer is to enclose him in a wood. JOHNSON.
When a deer is run hard, and foams at the mouth, in the language of the field, he is said to be *embosset*. STEEVENS.

[1] That is, before we strip him naked. JOHNSON

Ber. That's all the fault : I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold ; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' th' wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send ;
And this is all I have done : She's a fair creature ;
Will you go see her ?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's house.* Enter HELENA
and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.^[2]

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses ;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband ;
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,^[3]
Is so, from word to word ; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you ;
For you have show'd me that, which well approves
You're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her ; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand : A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it : this ring he holds

[2] I. e. by discovering herself to the count. WARBURTON.

[3] To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath of secrecy. JOHNSON.

In most rich choice ; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then : It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent : after this,
To marry her; I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded :

Instruct my daughter how she shall perséver,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness : It nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves ; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act ;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact :
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Florentine Camp. Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.*

1 Lord.

He can come no other way but by this hedge' corner :
When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language
you will ; though you understand it not yourselves, no
matter : for we must not seem to understand him ; unless
some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sol. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him ? knows he not
thy voice ?

1 Sol. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what linsy-woolsey hast thou to speak to us
again ?

1 Sol. Even such as you speak to me

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' th' adversary's entertainment.⁴ Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic.—But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [Aside.]

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [Aside.]

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 Lord. We cannot afford you so. [Aside.]

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 Lord. 'Twould not do. [Aside.]

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 Lord. Hardly serve. [Aside.]

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 Lord. How deep? [Aside.]

Par. Thirty fathom.

[4] That is, foreign troops in the enemy's pay. JOHNSON

1 Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [Aside.]

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I recovered it.

1 Lord. You shall hear one anon. [Aside.]

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! [Alarum within.]

1 Lord. Throcamovousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villienda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O! ransome, ransome:—Do not hide mine eyes.

[They seize him and blindfold him.]

1 Sol. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment.

And I shall lose my life for want of language: If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me, I will discover that which shall undo The Florentine.

1 Sol. Boskos vanvado:—

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—

Kerelybonto:—Sir,

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 Sol. O, pray, pray, pray.—

Manka revania dulche.

1 Lord. Oscorbi dulchos volivorca.

1 Sol. The general is content to spare thee yet; And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live, And all the secrets of our camp I'll show, Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that Which you will wonder at.

1 Sol. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 Sol. Acordo linta.—

Come on, thou art granted space.

[Exit, with PAR. guarded]

1 Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother, We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled, Till we do hear from them.

2 Sol. Captain, I will.

1 Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves:—

Inform 'em that.

2 Sol. So I will, sir.

1 Lord. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Florence. A Room in the Widow's House. Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will forever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
 Be not so holy-cruel : love is holy ;
 And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
 That you do charge men with : Stand no more off,
 But give thyself unto my sick desires,
 Who then recover : Say, thou art mine, and ever
 My love, as it begins, shall so perséver.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes, in such affairs,
 That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
 To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord ?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
 In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring :
 My chastity's the jewel of our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
 In me to lose : Thus your own proper wisdom
 Brings in the champion honour on my part,
 Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring :
 My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
 And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window ;
 I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
 Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
 When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
 Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :
 My reasons are most strong ; and you shall know them,
 When back again this ring shall be deliver'd :
 And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
 Another ring ; that, what in time proceeds,
 May token to the future our past deeds.
 Adieu, till then ; then, fail not : You have won
 A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [Ex.

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me !
 You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
 As if she sat in's heart ; she says, all men
 Have the like oaths : he had sworn to marry me,

When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll lie with him,
 When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,⁵
 Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid :
 Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
 To cozen him, that would unjustly win.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

The Florentine Camp. Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter ?

2 Lord. I have delivered it an hour since : there is something in't that stings his nature ; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown ; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour : he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion ; as we are ourselves, what things are we ?

2 Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends ; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents ? We shall not then have his company to-night ?

2 Lord. Not till after midnight ; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 Lord. That approaches apace : I would gladly have him see his company anatomized ; that he might⁶ take

[5] *Braid* signifies crafty or deceitful. STEEVENS.

[6] This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition.

JONSON.

a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.⁷

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come ; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars ?

2 Lord. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 Lord. What will count Rousillon do then ? will he travel higher, or return again into France ?

1 Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir ! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house ; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand ; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished : and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief ; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified ?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters ; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death : her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence ?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 Lord. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses !

2 Lord. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears ! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together : our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not ; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now ? where's your master ?

[7] *Counterfeit*, besides its ordinary signification,—(a person pretending to be what he is not,) signified also in our author's time a false coin, and a picture. The word *set* shows that it is here used in the first and the last of these senses. MAL

Ser. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave ; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.—How now, my lord, is't not after midnight ?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success : I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest : buried a wife, mourned for her ; writ to my lady mother, I am returning ; entertained my convoy ; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs ; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter : But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module ;⁸ he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 Lord. Bring him forth : [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter ; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long.⁹ How does he carry himself ?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already ; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood ; he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk : he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i' th' stocks : And what think you he hath confessed ?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he ?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face : if your lordship be in't, as, I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

[8] *Module* being the *pattern* of any thing, may be here used in that sense. Bring forth this fellow, who, by *counterfeit* virtue, pretended to make himself a *pattern.* JOHNSON.

[9] The punishment of a coward, was to have his spurs hacked off. MALONE.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him ! muffled ! he can say nothing of me ; hush ! hush !

1 Lord. Hoodman comes !—*Porto tartarossa.*

1 Sol. He calls for the tortures ; What will you say without 'em ?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint ; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 Sol. *Bosko, chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 Sol. You are a merciful general :—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 Sol. *First demand of him, how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that ?

Par. Five or six thousand ; but very weak and unserviceable : the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 Sol. Shall I set down your answer so ?

Par. Do ; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this !

1 Lord. You are deceived, my lord ; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theoretic of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean ; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 Sol. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't,^[1] in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 Sol. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir : a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

[1] See an account of the examination of one of Henry VIIIth's captains, who had gone over to the enemy (which may possibly have suggested this of Parolles) in *The Life of Jacke Wilton*, 1594. sig. C. iii. RITSON.

[2] To con thanks exactly answers the French *savoir gré*. To con is to know. STEEVENS.

1 Sol. *Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.*
What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour,³ I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vau-mond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,⁴ lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 Sol. Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i' th' camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.* What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories:⁵ Demand them singly.

1 Sol. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child;⁶ a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

[DUMAIN lifts up his hand in anger.]

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

[3] Perhaps he meant to say—if I were to die this present hour. But fear may be supposed to occasion the mistake, as poor frightened Scrub cries: “Spare all I have, and take my life.” TOLLET.

[4] *Cassock* signifies a horseman's loose coat. STEEVENS.

[5] *Interrogatories*: i. e. *interrogatories*. REED.

[6] We are not to suppose that this was a *fool* kept by the *sheriff* for his diversion. The custody of all *ideots*, &c. possessed of landed property, belonged to the king, who was entitled to the income of their lands, but obliged to find them with necessaries. This prerogative, when there was a large estate in the case, was generally granted to some court-favourite, or other person who made suit for and had interest enough to obtain it, which was called *begging a fool*. But where the land was of inconsiderable value, the *natural* was maintained out of the profits by the *sheriff*, who accounted for them to the crown. As for those unhappy creatures who had neither possessions nor relations, they seem to have been considered as a species of property, being sold or given with as little ceremony, treated as capriciously, and very often, it is to be feared, left to perish as miserably as dogs or cats. RITSON.

1 Sol. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp ?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me ; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 Sol. What is his reputation with the duke ?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine ; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o' th' band : I think, I have his letter in my pocket

1 Sol. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know : either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 Sol. Here 'tis ; here's a paper : Shall I read it to you ?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

1 Sol. Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold,*—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir ; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish : I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Sol. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning int', I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid : for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy ; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue !

1 Sol. *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*

After he scores, he never pays the score :

Half won, is match well made ; match, and well make it ;

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before ;

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss :

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sol. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case : not that I am afraid to die ; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature : let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' th' stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 Sol. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely ; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain : You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour : What is his honesty ?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister ;⁷ for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths ; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool : drunkenness is his best virtue ; for he will be swine-drunk ; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him ; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty ; he has every thing that an honest man should not have ; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty ? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 Sol. What say you to his expertness in war ?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not ; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files : I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villaned villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him ! he's a cat still.⁸

1 Sol. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

[7] I know not that *cloister*, though it may etymologically signify *any thing shut*, is used by our author otherwise than for a *monastery*, and therefore I cannot guess whence this hyperbole could take its original : perhaps it means only this—He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy. JOHNSON.

[8] That is, throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs. The speech was applied by King James to Coke, with respect to his subtleties of law, that throw him which way we would, he should still, like a cat, light upon his legs.

JOHNSON

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*⁹ he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it ; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 Sol. What's his brother, the other captain Dumar?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me ?

1 Sol. What's he ?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest ; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is : In a retreat he outruns any lackey ; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 Sol. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine ?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming ; a plague of all drums ! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger : Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken ? [Aside.]

1 Sol. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die : the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use ; therefore you must die.—Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir ; let me live, or let me see my death !

1 Sol. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Unmuffling him.]

So, look about you ; Know you any here ?

Ber. Good-morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu ? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon ? an I were not a very coward, I'd compell it of you ; but fare you well. [Exeunt BERT. Lords, &c.

[9] The fourth part of the smaller French crown : about eight-pence of our money. MALONE.

[1] This is nature. Every man is, on such occasions, more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own. JOHNSON

1 Sol. You are undone, captain : all but your scarf,
that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot ?

1 Sol. If you could find out a country where but women
were that had received so much shame, you might begin
an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir ; I am for France
too ; we shall speak of you there. [Exit.

Par. Yet am I thankful : if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this : Captain I'll be no more ;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall : simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this ; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame ! being fool'd, by foolery thrive !
There's place, and means, for every man alive. }
I'll after them. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Florence. A Room in the Widow's House. Enter HELENA,
Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd
you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety ; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel :
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks : I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marseilles ; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead : the army breaking,
My husband hies him home ; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love ; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,

As it hath fated her to be my motive
 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men !
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
 When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
 Defiles the pitchy night ! so lust doth play
 With what it loaths, for that which is away :
 But more of this hereafter :—You, Diana,
 Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
 Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
 Go with your impositions, I am yours
 Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—
 But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
 When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
 And be as sweet as sharp.³ We must away ;
 Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us :
All's well that ends well : still the fine's, the crown ;⁴
 Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there ; whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour :⁵ your daughter-in-law had been alive at

[3] The meaning of this observation is, that as briars have sweetness with their prickles, so shall these troubles be recompensed with joy. JOHNSON.

[4] i. e. the end. MALONE.

[5] Parolles is represented as an affected follower of the fashion, and an encourager of his master to run into all the follies of it ; where he says, ‘ Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords—they wear themselves in the cap of time—and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed.’ Here some particularities of fashionable dress are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation ; but *villainous saffron* is more obscure. This alludes to a fantastic fashion, then much followed, of using yellow starch for their bands and ruffs. This was invented by one Turner, a tire-woman, a court-bawd, and, in all respects of so infamous a character, that her invention deserved the name of *villainous saffron*. This woman was, afterwards, amongst the miscreants concerned in the murder of sir Thomas Overbury, for which she was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention : which made yellow starch so odious, that it immediately went out of fashion. WARBURTON.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595, speaks of starch of various colours.—“ The one arch or pillar wherewith the devil's kingdome of great ruffles is underproped, is a certain kind of liquid matter, which they call starch, wherein the devil hath learned them to wash and die their ruffles, which being drie, will stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. And this starch, they make of divers substances of wheate flower, of branne, and other graines : sometimes of rootes, and sometimes of other thinges : of all colours and hues, as white, redde, blewe, purple, and the like.” STEEVENS.

this hour ; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him ! it was the death of the most virtuous gentle woman, that ever nature had praiso for creating : if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady : we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself ; a knave, or a fool ?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction ?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave, at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.⁶

Laf. I will subscribe for thee ; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that ? a Frenchman ?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name, but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that ?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness ; *alias*, the devil.

[6] Part of the furniture of a *fool* was a *bauble*, which, though it be generally taken to signify any thing of small value, has a precise and determinable meaning. It is in short, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the *fool* anciently carried in his hand. SIR J. HAWKINS.

When Cromwell, 1653, forcibly turned out the rump-parliament, he bid the soldiers, "take away that *fool's bauble*," pointing to the speaker's mace.

BLACKSTONE.

The word *bauble* is here also used in another sense, besides that which the editor alludes to. M. MASON

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court.⁷ I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.]

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.⁸

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace,⁹ but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere

[7] Shakespeare is but rarely guilty of such impious trash. And it is observable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his *fools*, which is now grown the characteristic of the *fine gentleman*. WARBURTON.

[8] I. e. mischievously waggish, unlucky. JOHNSON.

[9] A *pace* is a certain or prescribed walk; so we say of a man meanly obsequious, that he has learned his *paces*, and of a horse who moves irregularly, that he has *no paces*. JOHNSON.

I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night : I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter ; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son, with a patch of velvet on's face : whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows ; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet : his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour ; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.¹

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you : I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers which bow the head, and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Marseilles. A Street. Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.*

Helena.

BUT this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low : we cannot help it ;
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time ;—

Enter a gentle Astringer.²

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

[1] Carbonadoed—i. e. scotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron. So, in *Coriolanus* : “ Before Coriolani, he scotched and notched him like a carbonado.”

STEEVENS.

[2] An *ostringer* or *astringer* is a falconer, and such a character was probably to be met with about a court which was famous for the love of that diversion. So in *Hamlet* :—“ We'll s'en to it like French falconers.” A *gentle astringer* is a gentleman falconer. The word is derived from *ostercus* or *anstercus*, a goshawk.

STEEVENS.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness ;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will ?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king ;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir ?

Gent. Not, indeed :

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains !

Hel. All's well that ends well ; yet ;
Though time seems so adverſe, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon ;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his graciouſ hand ;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it :
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd.
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again ;
—Go, go, provide.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II.

Rousillon. The inner Court of the Countess's Palace. Enter
Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good monſieur Lavatch, give my lord Laſeu this
letter : I have ere now, sir, been better known to you,
when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes ; but I
am now, sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and smell ſome
what strong of her ſtrong displeaſure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir: I speake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away; A paper from fortune's close-stool, to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [Exit Clown

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [Trumpets sound.] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk

of you last night : though you are a fool and a knave,
you shall eat ; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Flourish. Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her ; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it : but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.⁴

Count. 'Tis past, my liege :
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' th' blaze of youth ;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all ;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say.—
But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note ; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all : he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes ; whose words all ears took captive ;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither ;
—We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition :—Let him not ask our pardon ;

[3] Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff, and seems to be the character which Shakespeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his *vices sit so fit in him* that he is not at last suffered to starve. JOHNSON.

[4] That is, completely, in its full extent. JOHNSON.

[5] The first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past. Shakespeare is now hastening to the end of the play, finds his matter sufficient to fill up his remaining scenes, and therefore, as on such other occasions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and disobedience, joined likewise with some hypocrisy, should raise more resentment ; and that though his mother might easily forgive him, his king should more pertinaciously vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit : of all this Shakespeare could not be ignorant, but Shakespeare wanted to conclude his play. JOHNSON.

The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it : let him approach,
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [Exit Gentleman.

King. What says he to your daughter ? have you spoke ?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,

That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season⁶,
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once : But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way ; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repent'd blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole ;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them : You remember
The daughter of this lord ?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege : at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :
Where the impression of mine eye enfacing,
Contempt his scornful pérpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour ;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n ;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object : Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd :

{6} That is, of uninterrupted rain : one of those wet days that usually happen about the vernal equinox. The word is still used in the same sense in Virginia, in which government, and especially on the eastern shore of it, where the descendants of the first settlers have been less mixed with later emigrants, many expressions of Shakespeare's time are still current. HENLEY

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
 From the great compt: But love, that comes too late,
 Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
 To the great sender turns a sour offence,
 Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash faults
 Make trivial price of serious things we have,
 Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
 Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
 Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
 Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
 While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
 Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
 Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
 The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
 To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
 Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
 Must be digested, give a favour from you,
 To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
 That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
 And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
 Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
 The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
 I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
 While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
 This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
 I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
 Necessitated to help, that by this token
 I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
 Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
 Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
 The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life,
 I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
 At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:
 In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,⁷

[7] Bertram still continues to have too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window. JOHNSON.

Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
 Of her that threw it : noble she was, and thought
 I stood ingag'd :⁸ but when I had subscrib'd
 To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
 I could not answer in that course of honour
 As she had made the overture, she ceas'd.
 In heavy satisfaction, and would never
 Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
 That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,⁹
 Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
 Than I have in this ring : 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
 Whoever gave it you : Then, if you know
 That you are well acquainted with yourself,
 Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
 You got it from her : she call'd the saints to surety,
 That she would never put it from her finger,
 Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
 (Where you have never come,) or sent it us
 Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour ;
 And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
 Which I would fain shut out : If it should prove
 That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so ;—
 And yet I know not :—thou didst hate her deadly,
 And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close
 Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
 More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[*Guards seize BERTRAM.*

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
 Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
 Having vainly fear'd too little !—Away with him ;—
 We'll sift this matter further.

[8] *Ingag'd*, in the sense of *engaged*, is a word of exactly the same formation as *inhabitable*, which is used by Shakespeare and the-contemporary writers for *uninhabitable*. MALONE.

[9] Plutus, the grand alchymist, who knows the tincture which confers the properties of gold upon base metals, and the matter by which gold is multiplied, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mass of base metal.—In the reign of Henry the Fourth, a law was made to forbid “all men thenceforth to multiply gold, or use any craft of multiplication.” Of which law Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of transmutation, procured a repeal. JOHNSON.

[1] The proofs which I have already had are sufficient to show that my fears were not vain and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than I ought, and have unreasonably had too little fear. JOHNSON.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit BERTRAM, guarded.]

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not ;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes,^[2] come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending : her business looks in her
With an importing visage ; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads.] Upon his many protestations to marry
me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me.
Now is the count Rousillon a widower ; his vows are for-
feited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from
Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country
for justice : Grant it me, O king ; in you it best lies ;
otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll him :
for this, I'll none of him.^[3]

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants*
—I am afear'd, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers !

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monstrous to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that ?

[2] *Removes* are journeys or post-stages. JOHNSON.

[3] I'll buy me a son-in-law as they buy a borse in a fair ; *toll* him, i. e. enter
him on the *toll* or *toll* book. Alluding (as Dr. Grey observes) to the two statutes
relating to the sale of horses, 2 and 3 Phil. and Mary, and 31 Eliz. c. 12, and publicly
tolling them in fairs, to prevent the sale of such as were stolen, and to preserve the
property to the right owner. STEEVENS.

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet; My suit, as I do understand, you know, And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour Both suffer under this complaint we bring, And both shall cease,⁴ without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry, You give away this hand, and that is mine; You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine; You give away myself, which is known mine; For I by vow am so embodied yours, That she, which marries you, must marry me, Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation [To BERTRAM.] comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature, Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour, Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend, Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour, Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord, Ask him upon his oath, if he does think He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord; And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so, He might have bought me at a common price: Do not believe him: O, behold this ring, Whose high respect, and rich validity, Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that, He gave it to a commoner o' th' camp, If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:

[4] i. e. cease, die. So, in *King Lear*—“Fall and cease.” STEEVENS.

Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
 Conferred by testament to th' sequent issue,
 Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife ;
 That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
 You saw one here in court could witness it ?

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
 So bad an instrument ; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him ?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
 With all the spots o' th' world tax'd and debosh'd ;
 Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth :
 Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
 That will speak any thing ?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has : certain it is, I lik'd her,
 And boarded her i' th' wanton way of youth :
 She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
 Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
 As all impediments in fancy's course
 Are motives of more fancy ;⁶ and, in fine,
 Her insult coming with her modern grace,
 Subdued me to her rate : she got the ring ;
 And I had that, which any inferior might
 At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient ;
 You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
 May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
 (Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
 Send for your ring, I will return it home,
 And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you ?

Dia. Sir, much like
 The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring ? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

[5] Quoted has the same sense as noted, or observed. STEEVENS.

[6] ' Every thing that obstructs love is an occasion by which love is heightened
 And, to conclude, her solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance, she
 got the ring.' I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word
 modern, which, perhaps, signifies rather meanly pretty. JOHNSON.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.
—Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but, tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you ?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an
honourable gentleman ; tricks he hath had in him, whicn
gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose : Did he love this
woman ?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her ; But how ?

King. How, I pray you ?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that ?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave :—What an
equivocal companion is this ?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage ?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st ?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty ; I did go between
them, as I said ; but more than that, he loved her,—for,
indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of
limbo, and of furies, and I know not what : yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their
going to bed ; and of other motions, as promising her
marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak
of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst
say they are married : But thou art too fine in thy evi-
dence ; therefore, stand aside.—This ring, you say, was
yours ?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

[7] *Too fine*, too full of finesse ; too artful. A French expression—*trop fine*. MAL.

King. Where did you buy it ? or who gave it you ?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you ?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then ?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him ?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord ; she goes
off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now ;
To prison with her : and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.⁸

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while ?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty ;
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't :
I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life ;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[Pointing to LAFER]

King. She does abuse our ears ; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir ;

[Exit Widow

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surely me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him :
He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd,⁹
And at that time he got his wife with child :

[8] i. e. a common woman. STEEVENS.

[9] The dialogue is too long, since the audience already knew the whole transaction; nor is there any reason for puzzling the king and playing with his passions; but it was much easier than to make a pathetical interview between Helen and her husband, her mother, and the king. JOHNSON.

Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick ;
 So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick :
 And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist¹
 Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ?
 Is't real, that I see ?

Hel. No, my good lord ;
 'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
 The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both ; O, pardon !

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
 I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
 And, look you, here's your letter ; This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done :
 Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
 I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
 Deadly divorce step between me and you !—
 O, my dear mother, do I see you living ?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon :—
 Good Tom Drum, [To PAR.] lend me a handkerchief :
 So, I thank thee ; wait on me home, I'll make sport with
 thee : Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
 To make the even truth in pleasure flow :—
 If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

[*To DIANA.*

[1] This word is used, not very properly, for *enchanter*. JOHNSON.
 Shakespeare invariably uses the word *exorcist*, to imply a person who can raise spirits, not in the usual sense of one that can lay them. So, Ligarius, in *Julius Caesar*, says—

" Thou, like an *exorcist*, hast conjur'd up
 " My mortified spirit." M. MASON.

Such was the common acceptation of the word in our author's time. So, Minshew, in his *Dict.* 1617 : " The *Conjurer* seemeth by praiers and invocations of God's powerfull names, to compel the Devil to say or doe what he commandeth him. The *Witch* dealeth rather by a friendly and voluntarie conference or agreement between him or her and the Devil or Familiar, to have his or her turne served, in lieu or stead of blood or other gift offered unto him, especially of his or her soule :— And both these differ from *Inchanters* or *Sorcerers*, because the former two have personal conference with the Devil, and the other meddles but with medicines and ceremonial formes of words called *charmes*, without apparition."

MALONE.

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower,
For I can guess, that, by the honest aid,
Thou keepest a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express :
All yet seems well ; and, if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[Flourish.]

Advancing.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done :
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content ; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day :
*Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;**
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[Exequat.]

[3] The meaning is : Grant us then your patience ; hear us without interruption
And take our parts ; that is, support and defend us. JOHNSON.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

OBSERVATIONS.

TWELFTH-NIGHT : OR, WHAT YOU WILL.] There is great reason to believe, that the serious part of this Comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the 4th vol. of *Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques*. Belleforest took the story as usual, from Bandello. The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakespeare. It is not impossible, however, that the circumstances of the Duke sending his Page to plead his cause with the Lady, and of the Lady's falling in love with the Page, &c. might be borrowed from the Fifth Eglog of Barnaby Googe, published with his other original Poems in 1563.

STEEVENS.

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Ague-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic ; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life.

JOHNSON.

The first edition of this play is in the folio of 1623.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, duke of Illyria.

SEBASTIAN, a young gentleman, brother to Viola.

ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.

A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.

VALENTINE, } gentlemen, attending on the duke.

CURIOS,

Sir TOBY BELCH, uncle of Olivia.

Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.

FABIAN, } servants to Olivia.

Clown,

OLIVIA, a rich countess.

VIOLA, in love with the duke.

MARIA, Olivia's woman.

*Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other
Attendants.*

SCENE—a City in Illyria; and the Sea coast near it.

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Duke's Palace. Enter Duke, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.*

Duke.

IF music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.² Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity

[1] Amongst the beauties of this charming similitude, its exact propriety is not the least. For, as a south wind, while blowing over a violet bank, wafts away the odour of the flowers, it at the same time communicates its own sweetness to it; so the soft affecting music, here described, though it takes away the natural sweet tranquillity of the mind, yet, at the same time, it communicates a new pleasure to it. Or, it may allude to another property of music, where the same strains have a power to excite pain or pleasure, as the state is, in which it finds the hearer. Hence Milton makes the self-same strains of Orpheus proper to excite both the affections of mirth and melancholy, just as the mind is then disposed. If to mirth, he calls for such music,

" That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumbers on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice." *L'Allegro.*

If to melancholy,—

" Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek." *Il Penseroso.* WARB.

[2] Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, B. IV. has very successfully introduced the same image:

" ——now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils." STEEVENS.

Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute ! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?

Duke. What, Curio ?

Cur. The-hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have :
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence ;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;³
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now ? what news from her ?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer :
The element itself, till seven years heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine : all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft,
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections,) with one self king !—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers ;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

The Sea-coast. Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria ?

[3] This image evidently alludes to the story of Acteon, by which Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Acteon, who saw Diana naked and was torn to pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis

My brother he is in Elysium,
Perchance, he is not drown'd :—What think you, sailors ?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother ! and so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam : and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea ;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold :
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

Cap. Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here ?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino ! I have heard my father name him :
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now,
Or was so very late : for but a month
Ago I went from hence ; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur (as, you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she ?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That dy'd some twelve-month since ; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died : for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I served that lady :

Bacon, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, supposes this story to warn us against inquiring into the secrets of princes by shewing that those who know that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. JOHNSON.

And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass ;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain ;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am ; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke ,
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit ;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be .
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see !

Vio. I thank thee : Lead me on.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

A Room in OLIVIA'S House. Enter *Sir Toby BELCH*, and *MARIA*.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus ? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights ; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine ? I'll confine myself no finer than I am : these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too, an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you : I heard my lady talk of it yesterday ; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o' th' viol-de-gambo,⁴ and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and subcontractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystril,⁵ that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.⁶ What, wench? Castiliano vulgo;⁷ for here comes sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

[5] The *viol-de-gambo* seems, in our author's time, to have been a very fashionable instrument; from the Italian word *Gamba*, the leg; it being held between the legs when played upon. STEEVENS.

[6] i. e. a coward cock. It may however be a *keystril*, or a bastard hawk; a kind of stone-hawk. A *coystril* is a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them. TOLLET.

[7] This is one of the customs now laid aside. A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants may be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work. STEEVENS.

"To sleep like a *torn-top*," is a proverbial expression. A top is said to sleep, when it turns round with great velocity, and makes a smooth humming noise.

BLACKSTONE.

[8] We should read *vulgo*. In English, put on your *Castilian* countenance; that is, your grave, solemn looks. WARBURTON.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accost*?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.⁹

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit MAR.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir Tc. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in

[9] According to the rules of physiognomy, she may intend to insinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moist hand being vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution. JUNINSON

fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a house-wife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby; your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one, she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture?^[1] why dost

[1] The real name of the woman whom I suppose to have been meant by *Sir Toby*, was *Mary Frith*. The appellation by which she was generally known, was *Mall Cutpurse*. She was at once an *hermaphrodite*, a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c. &c. A life of this woman was published, 12mo. in 1662. As this extraordinary personage appears to have partook of both sexes, the curtain which *Sir Toby* mentions would not have been unnecessarily drawn before such a picture of her as might have been exhibited in an age, of which neither too much delicacy or decency was the characteristic. STEEVENS.

It is for the sake of correcting a mistake of Dr. Grey, that I observe this is the character alluded to in the second of the following lines: and not *Mary Carleton*, the German Princess, as he has very erroneously and unaccountably imagined:

"A bold virago stout and tall,

As Joan of France, or English Mall."

Hudibras, P. I. c. iii.

The latter of these lines is borrowed by Swift in his *Baucis and Philemon*.

RITSON.

thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto ? My very walk should be a jig ; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace.^[2] What dost thou mean ? is it a world to hide virtues in ? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels ?

Sir To. What shall we do else ? were we not born under Taurus ?

Sir And. Taurus ? that's sides and heart ?

Sir To. No, sir ; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper : ha ! higher : ha, ha !—excellent ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace. Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced ; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love : Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours ?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho ?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord ; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all ; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul : Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her ; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

[2] I. e. a *cinqe-pace* ; the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[3] Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body to the predominance of particular constellations. JOHNSON

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; What then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes:
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo your lady: yet, [Aside.] a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A Room in OLIVIA's House. Enter MARIA, and Clown.⁴

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer:⁵ I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, *I fear no colours.*

[4] *Clown.*—It may not be amiss, from a passage in *Tarleton's News out of Purgatory*, to point out one of the ancient dresses appropriated to this character: “I saw one attired in russet, with a button'd cap on his head, a bag by his side, and a strong bat in his hand; so artificially attired for a clowne, as I began to call Tarleton's wooned shape to remembrance.” STEEVENS.

Such perhaps was the dress of the Clown in this comedy, in *All's well that ends well*, &c. The Clown, however, in *Measure for Measure*, (as an anonymous writer has observed,) is only the tapster of a brothel, and probably was not so apparelled.

MALONE.

[5] A *leas*, or as we now call it, a *dry answer*. JOHNSON.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars ; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it ; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent : or, to be turned away ; is not that as good as a hanging to you ?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage ; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.⁶

Mar. You are resolute then ?

Clo. Not so, neither ; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold ; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.⁷

Clo. Apt, in good faith ; very apt ! Well, go thy way ; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that ; here comes my lady : make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.

Enter OLIVIA, and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling ! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools ; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man : For what says Quinapalus ? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady !

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows ? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool ; I'll no more of you : besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend : for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry ; bid the dishonest man mend himself ; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest ; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him : Any thing, that's mended, is but patched : virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin ; and, sin that amends, is but patched with virtue : If

[6] It is common for unsettled and vagrant serving-men, to grow negligent of their business towards summer ; and the sense of the passage is : " If I am turned away, the advantages of the approaching summer will bear out, or support all the inconveniences of dismission ; for I shall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge." STEEVENS.

[7] Points were metal hooks, fastened to the hose or breeches, (which had then no opening or buttons,) and going into straps or eyes fixed to the doublet, and thereby keeping the hose from falling down. BLACKSTONE.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: " Their points being broken,—down fell their hose." STEEVENS

that this simple syllogism will serve, so ; if it will not, What remedy ? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower :—the lady bade take away the fool ; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree !—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum* ; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it ?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna ; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou ?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know, his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio ? doth he not mend ?

Mal. Yes ; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him : Infirmitie, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmitie, for the better increasing your folly ! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox ; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio ?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal ; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already ; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.⁸

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-

[8] I.e. *Fools' bubbles*, which had upon the top of them the head of a fool. DOUCE.

bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets : There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail ; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools.⁹

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it ?

Mar. I know not, madam ; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Olt. Who of my people hold him in delay ?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you ; he speaks nothing but madman : Fye on him ! [Exit MARIA.]—Go you, Malvolio : if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home ; what you will, to dismiss it. [Exit MALVOLIO.]—Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool : whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin ?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman ? What gentleman ?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here——A plague o'these pickle-herrings !—How now, sot ?

Clo. Good sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy ?

Sir To. Lechery ! I defy lechery : There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry ; what is he ?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not : give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool ?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman : one draught above heat makes him a fool ; the second mads him ; and a third drowns him.

[9] May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools. JOHN

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz ; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd : go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna ; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit Clown.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick ; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you : I told him you were asleep ; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady ? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so ; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,¹ and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he ?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man ?

Mal. Of very ill manner ; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he ?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy ; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple : 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly ; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach : Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil : come, throw it o'er my face ; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she ?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her : Your will ?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, —I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her : I would be loath to cast away my

[1] It was the custom for that officer to have large *posts* set up at his door, as an indication of his office. The original of which was, that the king's proclamations, and other public acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication. **W.A.B.**

speech ; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn ; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir ?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian ?

Vio. No, my profound heart : and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house ?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself ; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission : I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't : I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned ; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates ; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone ; if you have reason, be brief : 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir ? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber ; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.*

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage ; I hold the olive in my hand : my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you ? what would you ?

[2] Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advances. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, entreats Olivia to pacify her giant. JOHNSON.

To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder.

STEEVENS.

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appeared in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: [*Exit Mar.*] we will hear this divinity.—Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face?

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present: Is't not well done?

[*Unteiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.³

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will. As, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?⁴

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,

[3] How much more elegantly is this thought expressed by Shakespeare, than by Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Philes*:—

"I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth,
Without an heir."

[4] i. e. to *appraise* or *appreciate* me. The foregoing words, *schedules*, and *inventories*, shew, I think, that this is the meaning. MALONE.

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.⁵

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him :
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulg'd,⁶ free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,⁷
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air⁸
Cry out, Olivia ! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much : What is your parentage ?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord ;
I cannot love him : let him send no more ;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well :
I thank you for your pains : spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady ; keep your purse ;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love makes his heart of flint, that you shall love ;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd ir contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.]

Oli. What is your parentage ?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art ;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,

[5] This line is worthy of Dryden's *Almansor* and if not said in mockery of amorous hyperboles, might be regarded as a ridicule on a passage in Chapman's translation of the first book of *Homer*, 1598 :

" Jove thunder'd out a sigh."

[6] Well spoken of by the world. MALONE.

[7] *Canton* was used for *canto* in our author's time. MALONE.

[8] A most beautiful expression for an *echo*. DOUCE

Do give thee five-fold blazon :—Not too fast :—soft ! soft
 Unless the master were the man.—How now ?
 Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?
 Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
 With an invisible and subtle stealth,
 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
 What, ho, Malvolio !—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
 The county's man : he left this ring behind him,
 Would I, or not : tell him, I'll none of it.
 Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
 Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :
 If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
 I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

[Exit]

Oli. I do I know not what : and fear to find
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
 Fate, shew thy force : Ourselves we do not owe ;
 What is decreed, must be ; and be this so !

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast. Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.*

Antonio.

WILL you stay no longer ? nor will you not, that I go
 with you ?

— *Seb.* By your patience, no : my stars shine darkly over
 me ; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper
 yours ; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I
 may bear my evils alone : It were a bad recompense for
 your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound ?

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir ; my determinate voyage is mere
 extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch
 of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am
 willing to keep in ; therefore it charges me in manners
 the rather to express myself. You must know of me
 then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rod-
 dorigo ; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom
 I know, you have heard of : he left behind him, myself,
 and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had

been pleased, 'would we had so ended ! but you, sir, altered that ; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day !

— *Seb.* A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful : but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair : she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

— *Seb.* O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once : my bosom is full of kindness ; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court : Farewell. [Exit.]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee !
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there :
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit]

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter VIOLA ; MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia ?

Vio. Even now, sir ; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir ; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him : And one thing more ; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me ; I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her ; and her will is, it should be so returned : if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye ; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.]

Vio. I left no ring with her ; What means this lady ?
 Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her !
 She made good view of me ; indeed, so much,
 That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,
 For she did speak in starts distractedly.
 She loves me, sure ; the cunning of her passion
 Invites me in this churlish messenger.
 None of my lord's ring ! why, he sent her none.
 I am the man ;—If it be so, (as 'tis,)
 Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
 Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
 Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
 How easy is it, for the proper-false
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we ;
 For, such as we are made of, such we be.
 How will this fadge ?⁸ My master loves her dearly ;
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him ;
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me :
 What will become of this ! As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love ;
 As I am woman, now alas the day !
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe ?
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I ;
 It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

A Room in OLIVIA's House. Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and
 Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew : not to be a-bed after
 midnight, is to be up betimes ; and *diluculo surgere*, thou
 know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not : but I know,
 to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion ; I hate it as an unfilled cann :
 To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early ;
 so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed be-
 times. Do not our lives consist of the four elements ?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say ; but, I think, it rather
 consists of eating and drinking.⁹

[8] To *fadge*, is to suit, to fit, to go with. STEEVENS.

[9] A ridicule on the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to con-
 sist in the just temperament and balance of the four elements in the human
 frame. WARBURTON.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar ; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say !—a stoop of wine !¹

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts ? Did you never see the picture of we three ?²

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg ; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spakest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus ; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee six-pence for thy leman ;³ Hadst it ?

Clo. I did impetigos thy gratility ;⁴ for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock :⁵ My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent ! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on ; there is sixpence for you : let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too : if one knight give a —

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life ?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay ; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. O mistress mine, where are you roaming ?

O, stay and hear ; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low :

Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;

[1] A stoop seems to have been something more than half a gallon. REED.

[2] An allusion to an old print, sometimes pasted on the wall of country ale-houses, representing two, but under which the spectator reads—

"We three are asses." HENLEY.

[3] The money was given him for his leman, i. e. his mistress. STEEVENS.

[4] We must read—I did impetticoat thy gratuity. The fools were kept in long coats, to which the allusion is made. There is yet much in this dialogue which I do not understand. JOHNSON.

It is a very gross mistake to imagine this character was habited like an *idiot*. Neither he nor *Touchstone*, though they wear a particoloured dress, has either *coccomb* or *bauble*, nor is by any means to be confounded with the *Fool* in *King Lear*, nor even, I think, with the one in *All's well that ends well*.—A Dissertation on the Fools of Shakespeare, a character he has most judiciously varied and discriminated, would be a valuable addition to the notes on his plays. RITSON.

[5] A *whip-stock* is I believe, the handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the *whip* itself STEEV

*Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know*

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith !

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;*
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come, is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.
 But shall we make the welkin dance indeed ?⁶ Shall we
 rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls
 out of one weaver?⁷ Shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a
 catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight?* I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one
 to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! come, begin.

[They sing a catch:⁸

[5] This line is obscure; we might read:

Come, a kiss then, sweet and twenty.

Yet I know not whether the present reading be not right, for in some counties
sweet and twenty, whatever be the meaning, is a phrase of endearment.

JOHNSON

[6] That is drink till the sky seems to run round. JOHNSON.

[7] Our author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have shown the cause of it elsewhere. And the peripatetic philosophy then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three souls; the *vegetative* or *plastic*, the *animal*, and the *rationai*. By the mention of these three, therefore, we may suppose it was Shakespeare's purpose, to hint to us those surprising effects of music, which the ancients speak of. When they tell us of Amphion, who moved stones and trees; Orpheus and Arion, who tamed savage beasts; and Timotheus, who governed as he pleased the passions of his human auditors. So noble an observation has our author conveyed in the ribaldry of this buffoon character. WARBURTON.

I doubt whether our author had any allusion to this division of souls. I believe, he here only means to describe Sir Toby's catch as so harmonious, that it would bale the soul out of a weaver (the warmest lover of a song,) thrice over. MAL.

[8] This catch is lost. JOHNSON.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here ! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians ; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.⁹* Am not I consanguineous ? am I not of her blood ? Tilly-valley,¹ lady ! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady !* [Singing.]

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too ; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. *O, the twelfth day of December,—[Singing.]*

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad ? or what are you ? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night ? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice ?² Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you ?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up !³

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house ; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

[9] *Three merry men be we*, may, perhaps, have originally been taken from the song of *Robin Hood and the Tanner*. TYRWHITT.

Peggy Ramsey is the name of some old song. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[1] *Tilly-Valley* is a hunting phrase borrowed from the French. DOUCE.

[2] The ballad of *Susanna*, from whence this line is taken, was licensed by T. Colwell, in 1562, under the title of *The goodly and constant Wyfe Susanna*. T. WARTON.

[3] A *cotier* is a tailor, from *cordre* to sew, part. *cousu*, Fr. JOHNSON. Minshieu tells us, that *cotier* is a cobler or souter : and, in Northamptonshire, the waxed thread which a cobler uses in mending shoes, we call a *codger's end*. WHALLEY.

[4] In *King Henry IV*. P. I. Falstaff says : " The Prince is a Jack, a *sneak-cup*, to i. e. one who takes his glass in a sneaking manner. I should not however omit to mention that *sneck the door* is a northern country expression for *latch the door*.

Mr. Malone and others observe, that from the manner in which this cant phrase is employed in our ancient comedies, it seems to have been synonymous to the modern expression—*Go hang yourself*. STEEVENS

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.⁵

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so ?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go ?

[Singing.]

Clo. What an if you do ?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not ?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time ? sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward ? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale ?⁶

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne ; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs :—A stoop of wine, Maria !

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule ;⁷ she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit.]

Mar. Go, shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's hungry, to challenge him to the field ; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight ; I'll write thee a challenge ; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night ; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him : if I do not gull him into a nayword,⁸ and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed : I know, I can do it.

[5] This entire song, with some variations, is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

[6] It was the custom on holidays, and saints' days to make cakes in honour of the day. The Puritans called this superstition ; and in the next page Maria says, that *Malvolio is a kind of Puritan*. See Quarlous's *Account of Rabbi Bury*, Act 1. sc. iii. in B. Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*. LETHERLAND.

[7] Stewards anciently wore a chain as a mark of superiority over other servants. The best method of cleaning any gilt plate, is by rubbing it with crumbs. See Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

" Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to scour his gold chain." STEEVENS.

[8] Rule is method of life; so misrule is tumult and riot. JOHNSON.

[9] A nayword is what has been since called a *bysword*, a kind of proverbial reproach. STEEVENS.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us ; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan ? thy exquisite reason, dear knight ?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time pleaser ; an affectioned ass,¹ that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths² the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him ; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do ?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love ; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated : I can write very like my lady, your niece ; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent ! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you : I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter ; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.³

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me ; What o'that ?

[1] *Affection'd* means *affected*. STEEVENS.

[2] A *swarth* is as much grass or corn as a mower cuts down at one stroke of his scythe. STEEVENS. [3] i. e. Amazon. STEEVENS.

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.³

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to-bed now: Come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace. Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music:—Now, good-morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollect'd terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
—Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit CURIO.*—*Music.*]

—Come hither, boy; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke Thou dost speak masterly:

[3] i. e. call me horse. So, Falstaff in *King Henry IV.* P. I.: “—spit in my face, call me horse.” *Curtal*, which occurs in another of our author's plays, (i. e. a horse, whose tail has been docked,) and *Cut*, were probably synonymous. MALONE.

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
 Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves ;
 Hath it not, boy ?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't ?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith ?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven ; Let still the woman take
 An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
 So sways she level in her husband's heart.
 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 Mbre longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
 Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :
 For women are as roses ; whose fair flower,
 Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas, that they are so ;
 To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Re-enter CURIO, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night :
 —Mark it, Cesario ; it is old, and plain :
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free maids⁴ that weave their thread with bones,
 Do use to chaunt it ; it is silly sooth,⁵
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age.⁶

Clo. Are you ready, sir ?

Duke. Ay ; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Music.*]

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid ;⁷
 Fly away, fly away, breath ;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

[4] Free is, perhaps, vacant, unengaged, easy in mind. JOHNSON.

[5] It is plain, simple truth. JOHNSON.

[6] The old age is the ages past, the times of simplicity. JOHNSON.

[7] i. e. in a shroud of cypress or cypris. Thus Autolycus, in *The Winter's Tale* : "Lawn as white as driven snow," "Cyprus black as e'er was crow."

There was both black and white cypris, as there is still black and white crepe ; and ancient shrouds were always made of the latter. STEEVENS.

*My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it ;
My part of death nob one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir ; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee ; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal ! ^[8]—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where ; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [Exit.]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[Exe. CURIO and ATTENDANTS.

—Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty :
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune ;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir ?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,

[8] So Milton, describing the walls of heaven :

" With opal tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd."

The *opal* is a gem which varies its appearance as it is viewed in different lights. " In the *opal* (says P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. History*, B. XXXVII. c. 6.) you shall see the burning fire of the carbuncle or rubie, the glorious purple of the amethyst, the green sea of the emerald, and all glittering together mixed after an incredible manner." STEEVENS.

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia : you canot love her ;
You tell her so ; Must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can 'bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much : make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe :
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history ?

Vio. A blank, my lord : She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought ;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed ?

[9] Mr. Theobald supposes this might possibly be borrowed from Chaucer.

" And her besidie wonder discreetlie
Dame patience ysittyng there I fonde
With face pale, upon hill of sonde."

And adds: " If he was indebted, however, for the first rude draught, how amply has he repaid that debt, in heightening the picture ! How much does the *green and yellow melancholy* transcend the old bard's *pale face* ; the *monument bis hill of sand*." I hope this critic does not imagine Shakespeare meant to give us a picture of the face of patience, by his *green and yellow melancholy* ; because, he says it transcends the pale face of patience given us by Chaucer. To throw patience into a fit of melancholy, would be indeed very extraordinary. The *green and yellow* then belonged not to patience, but to her who sat like patience. To give patience a pale face was proper ; and had Shakespeare described her, he had done it as Chaucer did. But Shakespeare is speaking of a marble statue of patience ; Chaucer of patience herself. And the two representations of her are in quite different views. Our poet speaking of a despairing lover, judiciously compares her to patience exercised on the death of friends and relations : which affords him the beautiful picture of *patience on a monument*. The old bard speaking of patience herself, directly, and not by comparison, as judiciously draws her in that circumstance where she is most exercised, and has occasion for all her virtue ; that is to say under the losses of shipwreck. And now we see why she is represented as *sitting on a hill of sand*, to design the scene to be the sea-shore. It is

We men may say more, swear more : but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too ;—and yet I know not :—
Sir, shall I to this lady ?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste ; give her this jewel ; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.²

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

OLIVIA's Garden. Enter *Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and Fabian.*

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come ; if I lose a scruple of this sport,
Let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame ?

Fab. I would exult, man : you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again ;
and we will fool him black and blue :—Shall we not, sir Andrew ?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

finely imagined ; and one of the noble simplicities of that admirable poet. But the critic thought, in good earnest, that Chaucer's invention was so barren, and his imagination so beggarly, that he was not able to be at the charge of a monument for his goddess, but left her, like a stroller, sunning herself upon a heap of sand.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Percy thinks, that *grief* may here mean *grievance*, in which sense it is used in Dr. Powel's *History of Wales*, quarto, p. 356. MALONE.

Ancient tombs, indeed, (if we must construe *grief* into *grievance*, and Shakespeare has certainly used the former word for the latter,) frequently exhibit cumbent figures of the deceased, and over these an image of *Patience*, without impropriety, might express a smile of complacency :

“ Her meek hands folded on her modest breast,
With calm submission lift the adoring eye
Even to the storm that wrecks her.”

I cannot help adding, that, to smile at grief, is as justifiable an expression as to rejoice at prosperity, or repine at ill fortune. It is not necessary we should suppose the good or bad event, in either instance, is an object visible, except to the eye of imagination. STEEVENS.

[1] This was the most artful answer that could be given. The question was of such a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct answer must have raised suspicion. This has the appearance of a direct answer, that the sister died of her love ; she (who passed for a man) saying, she was all the daughters of her father's house. WARBURTON.

[2] *Denay*, is *denial*. To *denay* is an antiquated verb sometimes used by Holinshed. STEEVENS.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain :—How now, my nettle of India ?³

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree : Malvolio's coming down this walk ; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour. observe him, for the love of mockery ; for, I knew, this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Close, in the name of jesting ! [The men hide themselves.] Lie thou there ; [throws down a letter.] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.⁴

[Exit MARIA.]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me : and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't ?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue !

Fab. O, peace ! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him ; how he jets under his advanced plumes !⁵

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue :—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio ;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue !

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace !

Mal. There is example for't ; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.⁶

Sir And. Fye on him, Jezebel !

Fab. O, peace ! now he's deeply in ; look, how imagination blows him.

[3] The nettle of India is the plant that produces what is called cow-itch, a substance only used for the purpose of tormenting, by its itching quality.

M. MASON.

[4] Cogan, in his *Haven of Health*, 1595, will prove an able commentator on this passage : " This fish of nature loveth flatterie : for, being in the water, it will suffer itselfe to be rubbed and clawed and so to be taken. Whose example I would wish no maides to follow, least they repent afterclaps."

[5] To jet is to strut, to agitate the body by a proud motion. STEEVENS.

[6] Here is an allusion to some old story which I have not yet discovered.

JOHNSON.

The story which our poet had in view, is perhaps alluded to by Lylly in *Euphues and his England*, 1580 : "—assuring myself there was a certain season when wemen are to be won ; in the which moments they have neither will to deny, nor wit to mistrust. Such a time I have read a young gentleman found to obtain the love of the Dutchess of Milaine : such a time I have heard that a poor *yeoman* chose, to get the fairest lady in Mantua." MALONE.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,⁷—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye !⁸

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown ; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping :

Sir To. Fire and brimstone !

Fab. O, peace, peace !

Mal. And then to have the humour of state : and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby :

Sir To. Bolts and shackles !

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace ! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him : I frown the while ; and, perchance, wind up my watch,⁹ or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches ; court'sies there to me :¹

Sir To. Shall this fellow live ?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.²

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control :

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then ?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:*—

Sir To. What, what ?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab !

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

[7] A *state*, in ancient language, signifies a chair with a canopy over it.

STEEVENS.

[8] That is, a cross-bow, a bow which shoots stones. JOHNSON.

[9] In our author's time watches were very uncommon. When Guy Faux was taken, it was urged as a circumstance of suspicion that a watch was found upon him. JOHNSON.

[1] From this passage one might suspect that the manner of paying respect, which is now confined to females, was equally used by the other sex. It is probable, however, that the word *courtly* was employed to express acts of civility and reverence by either men or women indiscriminately. REED.

[2] I believe the true reading is: "Though our silence be drawn from us with ears, yet peace." In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, one of the Clowns says: "I have a mistress, but who that is, a team of horses shall not pluck from me." So in this play: "Oxen and wainropes will not bring them together." JOHNSON. It is well known that *cars* and *cart*s have the same meaning. STEEVENS.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew.

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I ; for many do call me fool

Mal. What employment have we here ?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace ! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him !

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand : these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's ; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's : Why that ?

Mal. [Reads.] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes :* her very phrases !—By your leave, wax.—Soft !—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal : 'tis my lady : To whom should this be ?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [Reads.] *Jove knows, I love :*

But who ?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows ? the numbers altered !

—*No man must know* :—If this should be thee, Malvolio ?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock !⁴

Mal. I may command, where I adore :

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore ;

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle !

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him !

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel checks at it !⁵

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me ; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this

[4] i. e. badger. He uses the word as a term of contempt, as if he had said, Hang thee, cur ! Owt, filth ! to stink like a brock being proverbial. RITSON.

[5] Stannyel, is the name of a kind of hawk. HANMER.

To check, says Latham, in his book of Falconry is, "when crows, rooks, pica or other birds, coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight to fly at them." STEEVENS.

is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this ;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend ? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly !—M, O, A, I.—

Sir To. O, ay ! make up that :—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't; for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.⁶

Mal. M,—Malvolio ;—M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out ? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation : A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.⁷

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O.

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I ;—This simulation is not as the former :—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft ; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness : Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands ; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants : let thy tongue tang arguments of state ; put thyself into the trick of singularity : She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings ; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered : I say, remember. Go to thou art made, if thou desirest to be so ; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,*

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champion discovers not more : this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be

[6] *Sowter* is here, I suppose, the name of a hound. STEEVENS.

[7] By O is meant what we now call a *hempen collar*. JOHNSON.
I believe he means only, *it shall end in sighing.* STEEVENS.

point-device, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me ; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered ; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised !—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling ; thy smiles become thee well : therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.*—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile ; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.

[Exit.]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device :

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck ?

Sir And. Or o' mine either ?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave ?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either ?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true ; does it work upon him ?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady : he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors ; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests ; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt : if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit !

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—OLIVIA's Garden. Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabor.

Vio. SAVE thee, friend, and thy music : Dost thou live by thy tabor ?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman ?

Clo. No such matter, sir ; I do live by the church : for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him : or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age !—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit ; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward !

Vio. Nay, that's certain ; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man ?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word ; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton : But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. The reason, man ?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words ; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something : but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you ; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool ?

Clo. No, indeed, sir ; the lady Olivia has no folly : she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married ; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger ; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun ; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress : I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee.
Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send
thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee ; I am almost sick for
one ; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy
lady within ?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir ?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to
bring a Cressida to this Troilus.⁹

Vio. I understand you, sir ; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but
a beggar ; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within,
sir. I will construe to them whence you come ; who
you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin : I
might say, element ; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.]

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool ;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit :
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time ;
And, like the haggard,¹ check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art :
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit ;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur*

Vio. *Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house ? my niece is
desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir : I mean, she is the
list of my voyage.²

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I un-
derstand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

[9] See our author's play of *Troilus and Cressida*. JOHNSON.

[1] The hawk called the *haggard*, if not well trained and watched, will fly after
every bird without distinction. STEEVENS.

[2] The *list* is the bound, limit, farthest point JOHNSON

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

—Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.³

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [Exe. *Sir Toby, Sir And. and Maria.*]—

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours; Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, 'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you; I bade you never speak again of him: But, would you undertake another suit, I had rather hear you to solicit that, Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send, After the last enchantment you did here, A ring in chace of you; so did I abuse Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you: Under your hard construction must I sit, To force that on you, in a shameful cunning, Which you knew none of yours: What might you think? Have you not set mine honour at the stake, And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts

[3] Pregnant for ready. STEEVENS.
Vouchsafed for vouchsafing. MALONE.

That tyrannous heart can think ? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown ; a cypress,⁴ not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart : So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise ;⁵ for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again :
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf ? [Clock strikes.
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you :
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man .
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe .⁶

Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship !
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay :

I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right ; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be !

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might ; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip !
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter :
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

[4] A cypress is a transparent stuff. JOHNSON.

[5] A step, sometimes written *griese*, from *degres*, French. JOHNSON.

[6] This is the name of a comedy by T. Decker, 1607. STEEVENS.

And that no woman has ; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam ; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again : for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Room in OLIVIA'S House. Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon me ; I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy ? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight ! will you make an ass o' me ?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver : You should then have accosted her ; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked : the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion ; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour ; for policy I hate : I had as lief be a Brownist,⁷ as a politician.

[7] The Brownists were so called from Mr. Robert Browne, a noted Separatist in Queen Elizabeth's reign. (See Strype's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol. III. p. 15, 16, &c.) In his life of Whitgift, p. 323, he informs us, that

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him ; hurt him in eleven places ; my niece shall take note of it : and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him ?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand ;^[8] be curst and brief ; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention : taunt him with the license of ink : if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss ; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down ; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink ; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter : About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you ?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo* : Go.

[Exit Sir ANDREW]

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad ; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him : but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then ; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh your-

Browne, in the year 1589, " went off from the separation, and came into the communion of the church. This *Browne* was descended from an ancient and honourable family in Rutlandshire ; his grandfather Francis had a charter granted him by K. Henry VIII. and confirmed by act of parliament : giving him leave "to put on his hat in the presence of the king, or his heirs, or any lord spiritual or temporal in the land, and not to put it off, but for his own ease and pleasure." *Neal's History of New-England*, Vol. I. p. 58. GREY.

The *Brownists* seem, in the time of our author, to have been the constant objects of popular satire. STEEVENS.

[8] *Martial hand*, seems to be a careless scrawl, such as shewed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curst* is petulant, crabbed. A *curst cur*, is a dog that with little provocation snarls and bites. JOHNSON.

selves into stitches, follow me : yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado ; for there is no christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered ?

Mar. Most villainously ; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer : He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies : you have not seen such a thing as 'tis ; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him ;⁹ if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Street. Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you ; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth ; And not all love to see you, (though so much, As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skilless in these parts ; which to a stranger, Unguided, and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable : My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks : Often good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay : But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do ? Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, sir ; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night ;

[9] We may suppose, that in an age when ladies struck their servants, the box on the ear which Queen Elizabeth is said to have given to the Earl of Essex, was not regarded as a transgression against the rules of common behaviour.

STEEVENS.

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me ;
I do not without danger walk these streets :
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his gallies,
I did some service ; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature ;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them ; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did : only myself stood out :
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse ;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town ; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase ; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

OLIVIA'S Garden. Enter *OLIVIA* and *MARIA*.

Oli. I have sent after him : He says, he'll come ;
How shall I feast him ? what bestow on him ?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio ?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes ;—
Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He's coming, madam ;
But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.

Oli. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ?

Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile : your ladyship
Were best have guard about you, if he come ;
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

—How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho ! [Smiles fantastically.]

Oli. Smil'st thou ?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady ? I could be sad : This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering ; But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is : *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man ? what is the matter with thee ?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs : It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio ?

Mal. To bed ? ay, sweet-heart ; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee ! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft ?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio ?

Mal. At your request ? Yes ; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady ?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness :—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio ?

Mal. Some are born great,—

Oli. Ha ?

Mal. Some achieve greatness,—

Oli. What say'st thou ?

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them.

Oli. Heaven restore thee !

Mal. Remember, who commanded thy yellow stockings ;—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings ?

Mal. And wished to see thee cross-gartered.

Oli. Cross-gartered ?

Mal. Go to : thou art made, if thou desirest to be so ;—

Oli. Am I made ?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned ; I could hardly entreat him back ; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him —[Exit Serv.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby ? Let some of my people have a special care of him ; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exe. OLI. and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho ! do you come near me now ? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me ? This concurs directly with the letter : she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him ; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she ;—*be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants*,—*let thy tongue tang with arguments of state*,—*put thyself into the trick of singularity* ;—and, consequently, sets down the manner how ; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her ; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful ! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to* :—Fellow !² not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together ; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said ? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity ? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is :—How is't with you, sir ? how is't with you, man ?

Mal. Go off ; I discard you ; let me enjoy my private ; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him ! did not I tell you ?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha ! does she so ?

Sir To. Go to, go to ; peace, peace, we must deal

[2] This word, which originally signified *compassion*, was not yet totally degraded to its present meaning ; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense.

JOHNSON

gently with him ; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio ? how is't with you ? What, man ! defy the devil consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say ?

Mar. La, you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart ! Pray God, he be not bewitched !

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress ?

Mar. O lord !

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace ; this is not the way : Do you not see, you move him ? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness ; gently, gently : the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock ? how dost thou, chuck ?

Mal. Sir ?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man ! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan : Hang him, foul collier !³

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx ?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all ! you are idle shallow things : I am not of your element ; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir To. Is't possible ?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now ; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he his mad ; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance,

³) The devil is called *Collier* for his blackness : " Like Will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier." JOHNSON.

till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him : at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen.⁴ But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it ; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy ?

Sir And. Ay, is it ? I warrant him : do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [Reads.] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note : that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly : but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home ; where if it be thy chance to kill me, —

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou killst me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law : Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well ; and God have mercy upon one of our souls ! He may have mercy upon mine ; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy.

ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot : I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't ; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew ; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff : so soon as ever thou seest him, draw ; and, as thou drawest, swear

[4] This is, I think, an allusion to the *witch-finders*, who were very busy.

JOHNSON.

Finders of madmen must have been those who acted under the writ *De iusticie inquirendo* ; in virtue whereof they *found* the man *mad*. It does not appear that a *finder of madmen* was ever a profession, which was most certainly the case with *witch-finders*. BITSON.

horrible :³ for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter : for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding ; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less ; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth ; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour ; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receiye it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece : give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, FABIAN, and MARIA.*]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too uncharly out :
There's something in me, that reproves my fault ;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'baviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture :
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you :
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny ;
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give ?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you ?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow : Fare thee well ; A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [Exit.]

[3] Adjectives are often used by our author and his contemporaries, adverbially. MALONE.

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't : of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not ; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end : dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir ; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me ; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard ; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he ?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet consideration ;⁶ but he is a devil in private brawl : souls and bodies hath he divorced three ; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre : hob, nob,⁷ is his word ; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour : belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no ; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury ; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him : therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked ; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is ; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

[6] That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a Knight Banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, *on carpet consideration*, at a festivity or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling, not on the ground as in war, but on a carpet. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term a *carpet-knight*, who was naturally held in scorn by the men of war. JOHNSON.

[7] Hob, nob.—This adverb is corrupted from *hap, ne hap*; as would ne would, will ne will ; that is, let it happen or not ; and signifies at random, at the mercy of chance. STEEVENS.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit Sir TOBY.]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Sir TOBY, with Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in,⁸ with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you⁹ as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you [Aside.]

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLET.

I have his horse, [To FAB.] to take up the quarrel; have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him;¹ and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

[8] The *stuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing. STEEVENS. [9] i. e. hits you, does for you. STEEVENS. [1] That is, he has as horrid an idea or conception of him. MALONE.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir ; he will fight with you for his oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of : therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow ; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me ! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [Aside.]

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy ; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you ; he cannot by the duello avoid it :² but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on ; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath ! [Draws.]

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [Draws.]

Ant. Put up your sword ;—If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me ; If you offend him, I for him defy you. [Drawing.]

Sir To. You, sir ? why, what are you ?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To Nay, if you be an undertaker,³ I am for you.

[Draws.]

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold ; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [To ANTONIO.]

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please.

[To Sir ANDREW.]

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir ;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word : He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man ; do thy office

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot ; I know your favour well,

[2] i. e. By the laws of the *Duello*, which, in Shakespeare's time, were settled with the utmost nicety. STEEVENS.

[3] *Undertakers* were persons employed by the King's purveyors to take up provisions for the royal household, and were no doubt exceedingly odious. But still, I think, the speaker intends a quibble; the simple meaning of the word being one who undertakes, or takes up the quarrel or business of another. RITSON.

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away ; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you ;
But there's no remedy ; I shall answer it.
What will you do ? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse : It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd ;
But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir ?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something : my having is not much,
I'll make division of my present with you :
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now ?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none ;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature :
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves !
2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.
Ant. Let me speak a little This youth that you see
here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us ? The time goes by ; away.
Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god !—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind ;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind :

Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.⁴

1 Off. The man grows mad ; away with him.

—Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exe. Officers with ANTONIO.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself ; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !

Sir To. Come hither, knight ;—come hither, Fabian ;
We'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian ; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass ;⁵ even such, and so,
In favour was my brother ; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornamant,
For him I imitate : O, if it prove,

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love ! [Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare : his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him ; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [Exit Sir ANDREW.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street before OLIVIA'S House.* Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

Clown.

WILL you make me believe, that I am not sent for you ?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow ;
Let me be clear of thee.

[4] In the time of Shakespeare, trunks, which are now deposited in lumber-rooms, or other obscure places, were part of the furniture of apartments in which company was received. I have seen more than one of these, as old as the time of our poet. They were richly ornamented on the tops and sides, with scroll work, emblematical devices, &c. and were elevated on feet. STEEVENS.

[5] I suppose Viola means—*As often as I behold myself in my glass*, I think I see my brother alive : i. e. I acknowledge that his resemblance survives in the reflection of my own figure. STEEVENS.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith ! No, I do not know you ; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her ; nor your name is not master Cesario ; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else ; Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly ! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly ! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady ; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming ?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,⁶ depart from me ; There's money for thee ; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand :—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.⁷

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again ? there's for you. [Striking SEBASTIAN.]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there : Are all the people mad ? [Beating Sir ANDREW.]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight : I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [Exit Clown.]

Sir To. Come on, sir ; hold. [Holding SEB.]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him ; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria : though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron : you are well fleshed ; come on.

[6] Greek, was as much as to say bawd or pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called Corinth, and the frequenters of it Corinthians, which word occurs frequently in Shakespeare, especially in *Timon of Athens* and *Henry IV*. WARBURTON.

[7] Perhaps fourteen years' purchase was, in Shakespeare's time, the highest price for land. Lord Bacon's *Essay on Usury* mentions sixteen years purchase. "I will not give more than according to fifteen years purchase," said a dying usurer to a clergyman, who advised him to study for a purchase of the kingdom of heaven. TOLLET.

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd :—
 Of charity, what kin are you to me ? [To VIOLA.
 What countryman ? what name ? what parentage ?

Vio. Of Messaline : Sebastian was my father ;
 Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
 So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb.
 If spirits can assume both form and suit,
 You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed ;
 But am in that dimension grossly clad,
 Which from the womb I did participate.
 Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
 I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
 And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola !

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day when Viola from her birth
 Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul !
 He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
 That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
 But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
 Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
 Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
 That I am Viola : which to confirm,
 I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
 Where lie my maiden weeds ; by whose gentle help
 I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count :
 All the occurrence of my fortune since
 Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook :

[To OLIVIA.

But nature to her bias drew in that.
 You would have been contracted to a maid ;
 Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
 You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd ; right noble is his blood.—
 If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
 I shall have share in this most happy wreck :—
 Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [To VIOLA
 Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over swear ;

And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand ;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments : he, upon some action,
Is now in durance ; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him :—Fetch Malvolio hither :—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy⁴ of mine own .
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah ?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do : he's here write a letter to you ; I should have given it you to-day morning ; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman :—*By the Lord, madam,*— [Reads.]

Oli. How now ! art thou mad ?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness : an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madona ; but to read his right wits, is to read thus : therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah.

[To FABIAN.]

Fab. [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it : though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on ; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as*

[4] I. e. a frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object.

WARBURTON

[5] To represent his present state of mind, is to read a madman's letter as I now do, like a madman. JOHNSON

you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

The madly-used MALVOLIO

Oli. Did he write this ?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian ; bring him hither.—

[*Exit FABIAN.*]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—Your master quits you ; and, for your service done him, So much against the mettle of your sex, [To VIOLA] So far beneath your soft and tender breeding, And since you call'd me master for so long, Here is my hand ; you shall from this time be Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister ?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman ?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same :—

How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio ? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase ;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention :
You can say none of this : Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour ;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people :⁶
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck,⁷ and gull,

[6] People of less dignity or importance. JOHNS. [7] A fool. JOHNS.



That e'er invention play'd on ? tell me why ?

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character :
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she

First told me, thou wast mad ; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content :
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee ;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak ;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him : Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance ;
In recompense whereof, he hath marry'd her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge ;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool ! how have they baffled thee !

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness,*
and some have greatness thrown upon them. I was one, sir
in this interlude ; one sir Topas, sir ; but that's al-
one :—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad ;*—But do you
remember ? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal ? an you smile not, he's gagg'd :* And thus the whirli-
gig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[Exit]

Oli. He bath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace :—
He hath not told us of the captain yet ;
When that is known and golden time convents,⁸
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls—Meantime, sweet sister,

⁸ i. e. shall serve, agree, be convenient.

We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come
 For so you shall be, while you are a man;
 But, when in other habits you are seen,
 Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

Exeunt.

SONG.

*Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate,
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my bed,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 With toss-pots still had drunken head,
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 But that's all one, our play is done,
 And we'll strive to please you every day.*

END OF VOL. II.

